Liberty

MARCH 24, 1945 10c

HE

An Erle Stanley Gardner Mystery

America Needs a Strong Britain

By WILLIAM L. BATT

U.S. NAVY
U.S. NAVY

Before DINNER
After DINNER
ROMA
Estate
California
SHERRY
Bottled at our Winery in Calif
MADE AND BOTTLED BY ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.
ROMA
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California
PORT
our Winery in California
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"Before dinner, there's nothing so smart, so delightful, as a glass of amber-golden ROMA California Sherry!

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So says Elsa Maxwell, international authority on entertaining smartly and graciously!

Try it! In ROMA Sherry or Port—or *any* ROMA wine—you have the peak of taste, aroma and lovely color ... perfected by the ancient skill of ROMA's noted wineries. That's why superb quality and flavor do *not vary* ... they're *always good.* Yet for only PENNIES A GLASS you enjoy the finest—in ROMA!

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MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE

Friend to Returning Veterans

Of 18,778 veterans who have been employed in Bethlehem plants, shipyards and mines, 6,055 are former employees. 77,162 former Bethlehem employees are currently serving with the armed forces.

Put yourself in the place of a veteran, just home after many months overseas, his Army discharge in his pocket.

After his long absence the busy, wartime USA has an unfamiliar look. He feels somehow alien, and perhaps a little lonesome, for most of his friends are in the service. He wonders if he'll have trouble getting back into the swing of civilian life after his years in the Army. Just how--and where—will he fit in? And could he really hold down a job anyway, with that bad leg he got at St. Lo?

That's the one question above all that he's concerned about—a job. If only he knew someone wise and experienced who would listen to his story and suggest what to do!

★ ★ ★

If he pays a visit to a Bethlehem employment office the returning serviceman will find just such a friendly, informed person waiting to welcome him and to advise him—the Veterans' Counsellor. The counsellor is sincerely glad to see him. He knows what jobs are open in the plant and what they require in the way of experience and skill. Best of all, he sees the veteran's problem from the same angle as the veteran, because usually the counsellor is a veteran himself.

Veterans' Counsellors have been appointed at each Bethlehem plant and shipyard. In the counsellor the returning serviceman finds a mentor and friend. Does the veteran need special training, or special consideration in his work? . . . Has he acquired new skills in the service? . . . Is he unfamiliar with his legal rights as an ex-serviceman? . . . These are just a few of the many questions that are likely to arise as veteran and counsellor sit down together to "talk things over."

And after the veteran has been placed in a job the counsellor continues his interest in him, regularly checks his progress, helps and encourages him in every way he can.

Up to the beginning of the new year Bethlehem had employed 18,778 returned servicemen, with more arriving every day. By helping these men to find congenial jobs, and to fill them effectively, Bethlehem Veterans' Counsellors are easing the often difficult adjustment back to civilian life and work.

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If she always struggles like this...

When you wish she'd snuggle like this...

TRY THIS

MORAL: ***Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.***

WINT-O-GREEN
LIFE SAVERS

Where, oh where, has my favorite flavor gone? To the men in the Armed Services, of course! But please keep looking. Or better yet, try one of the other delicious Life Savers' flavors.

In This Week's Liberty

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Paul Hunter 82

Cover: Everything's Shipshape Now

A Navy nurse receives a wounded man

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO BY ROY PINNEY

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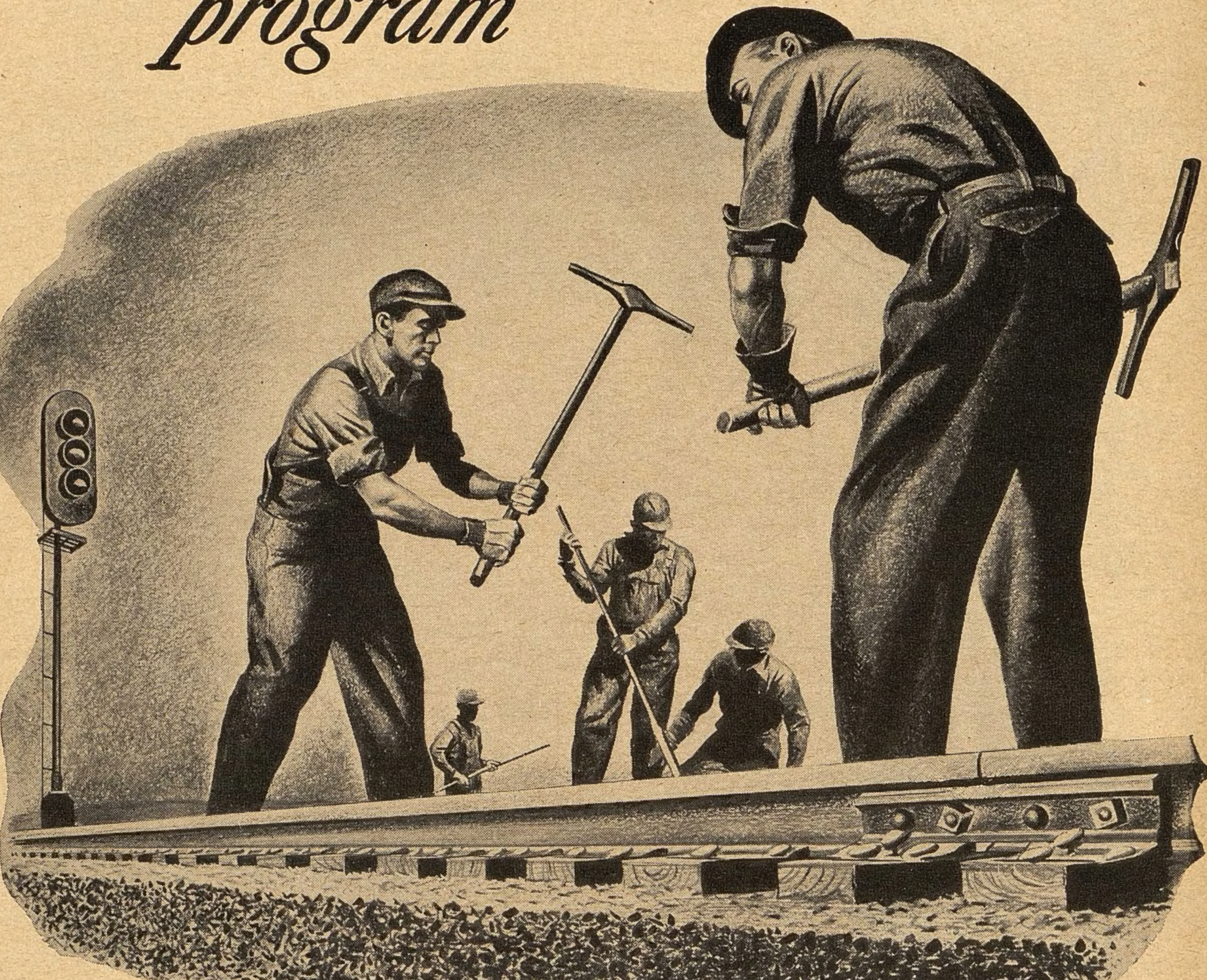
Another billion dollar highway program



In thinking about work after the war, don't overlook the 230,000 miles of steel "highways" which the railroads have built and maintain at their own expense. These "highways" provide jobs for more than a quarter of a million men working on construction and maintenance of tracks and roadway — jobs for more than a million other railroad workers — besides still other thousands in the mines, the mills and the forests where roadway materials and supplies are produced.

More than that — the railroads pay real taxes on these "highways," not for their own special benefit, but for the support of schools and other general services, including public highways and streets.

After the last war, between 1920 and 1930, the railroads spent more than four billion dollars for improvements on these "highways," and in addition more than three-and-a-half billion dollars for betterments in equipment. After this war, a similar program will be required.

So there's another highway program which could make a lot of postwar jobs, and which needs no more than a public policy of treating all forms of commercial transportation alike — letting each one pay its own way, which includes the payment of the general taxes upon which governmental services depend.

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WHEN TRISTAN GOES A-HUNTING

New Guinea—In the Camera Eye (December 23) you printed a picture called Tristan and Buffalo. You state a special permit was granted to Lauritz Melchior, Danish-born gentleman.

Now, I ask you, is it right for one person to get a permit to shoot and kill one of America's vanishing herd?

Aren't these beasts being protected by our Government? On top of this, he had to shoot the buffalo while dressed in a monkey suit which is certainly very unbecoming. Clothes rationing can't be that bad.—*Captain J. B.*

"BETTER DIS VAY?"
FAFNIR
F C

Our government does protect the buffalo. That's why a special permit is needed. As for Melchior's clothes, they come from choice, not rationing.—Vox Pop Editor.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE?

Charlotte, N. C.—The view you express in your editorial, Here's One Change It Is Time For! (February 3), is good, but you do not go far enough. A treaty of such importance as the one we shall make at the end of the war should have the approval of more than a bare majority of our population; for a bare majority may quickly turn into a minority, in which case the treaty is likely to become just another scrap of paper.

I believe that any treaty of great importance should have the approval of a sufficient number of our senators so that the vote will represent the opinion of at least 60 per cent of the people.—*Harry Wells.*

New York, N. Y.—I must disagree with your editorial, Here's One Change It Is Time For!

The mere fact that any thirty-four senators representing a minority of 11,000,000 people can block adoption of a treaty is no reason for changing the provision requiring two thirds of the Senate to ratify treaties.

If a majority rule were substituted, you could find fifty senators, still representing only 25,000,000 people, accepting or rejecting a treaty. You would have a majority of the Senate but still a minority of the people.

This same situation would prevail if the treaty-confirming powers were delegated to a majority of the Congress. Representatives from ten large states could secure a majority in the House of Representatives, and smaller states would have little representation.

The Founding Fathers evidently realized that international treaties are of much longer duration than the usual Presidential term of four or eight years. Any legislation which is to affect generations of Americans should have more than usual deliberation, and a two-third vote of the Senate on such matters is decidedly a check upon thoughtless decision.—*A. H. Ude.*

ARE WE FORGETTING?

New York, N. Y.—I am a torpedoed seaman. I spent twenty days in a lifeboat, and recently was discharged, after three months in the Marine Hospital and in rest homes.

I saw veterans of the merchant marine who were physical and mental wrecks. And I began to wonder what's going to happen to the veterans of the merchant marine when this war is over—especially our disabled veterans?

The men of the merchant marine belong on the same high pedestal of patriotism and heroism as the men of the Army, Navy, or Air Corps. And they should share the same benefits.

But there is no American Legion or similar organization for our men of the unarmed forces. Out of the thirteen organizations which control the enlisted and officer personnel, not one has made any plans for battle-scarred civilian sailors.

The nation should be aroused to this fact. The veterans of the merchant marine should be given due recognition. Let's do more than sing "Hats off to the merchant marine." A pat on the back won't buy a cup of coffee or create a job.—*George Jack Kessel.*

CIGARETTES—TWO TO ONE

Tiffin, Ohio—Having smoked furiously for years, the current cigarette shortage has caused quite a problem for my husband and me, among millions of other Americans.

However, the picture in the February 10 Camera Eye gave us a brilliant inspiration. Now, we both have brand-new cigarette holders, and one package of cigarettes cut in half with a butcher knife gives us both a supply of smokes.

Thanks very much for the swell idea!—*Mrs. John T. Rex.*

MOVIE MATERIAL

Charlottesville, Va.—I hope you will interest someone in making a movie of your book condensation High Time, by Mary Lasswell (January 13). It was a most entertaining story and should make a splendid picture.—*Mrs. Windsor.*

"Don't leave me, Mummy!"

"I'll never forget the look on my little girl's face the day I left her at the Home. I told myself I was not to blame yet in my heart I knew I could have prevented this tragedy—once.

"That was the day I decided not to renew my husband's auto insurance. Fred had left us fairly well off but I felt I couldn't afford it. *Afford it!* I could have afforded it twenty times over! You see, I had that accident I thought I wasn't going to have. The driver of the other car was seriously hurt. The court judgment took everything I owned. I had to go to work, put my child in the Home It was the price we paid because I neglected such a trifle as my auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,000,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.

IMPORTANT NOW! You can save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan, also shows you how to compare auto insurance values before you buy as well as giving you basic facts on life, fire, personal and residence liability insurance. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today.*

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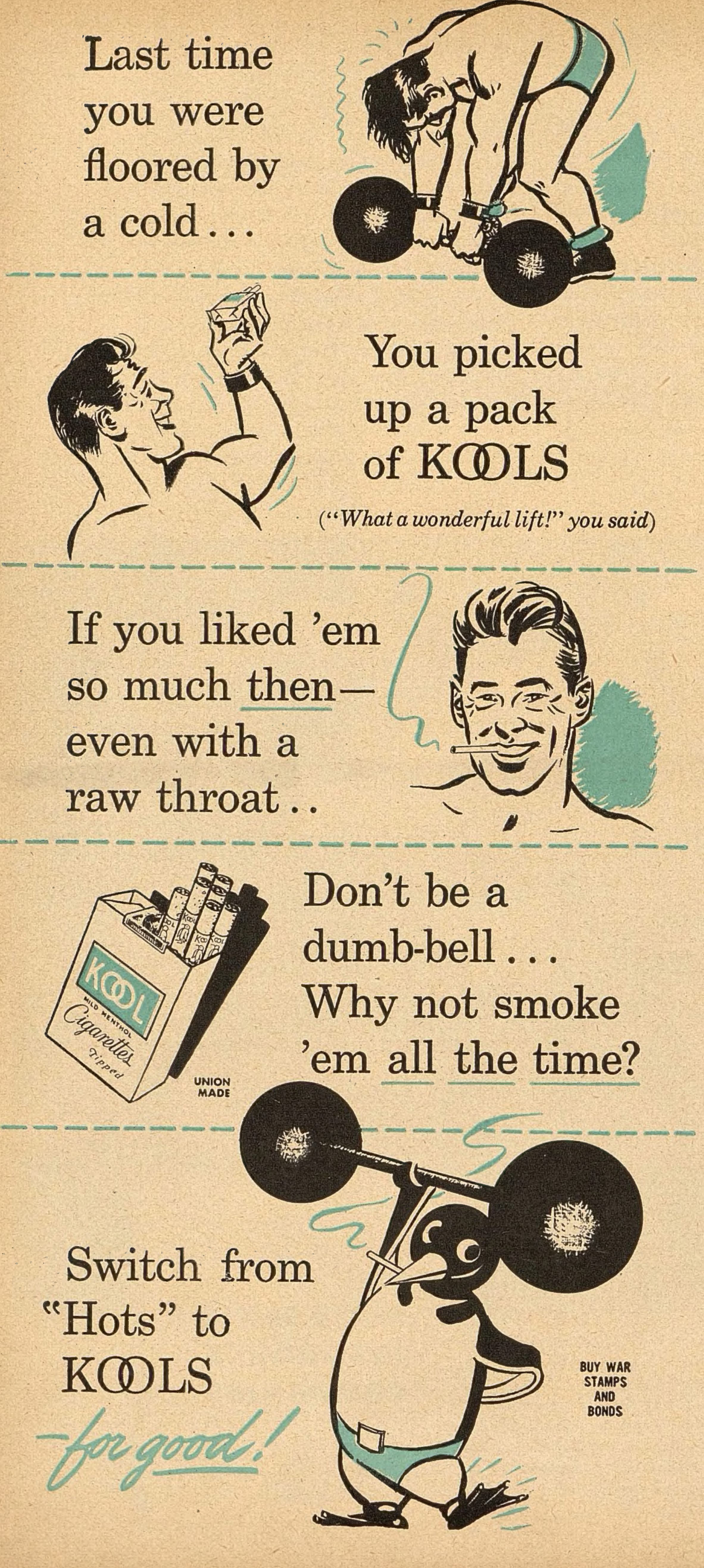

Last time you were floored by a cold...
You picked up a pack of KOOLS
("What a wonderful lift!" you said)
If you liked 'em so much then—even with a raw throat..
Don't be a dumb-bell... Why not smoke 'em all the time?
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

INDUSTRIAL TYCOON

WHEN it comes to production, William L. Batt, author of AMERICA NEEDS A STRONG BRITAIN, has an inside track. President of SKF Industries since 1922 and chairman of a score of business committees, he invaded Washington in 1940 as Stettinius' deputy and alternate on the National Defense Advisory Commission. Now vice-chairman of the War Production Board, he also represents the U. S. at joint meetings with Great Britain as well as with Canada.

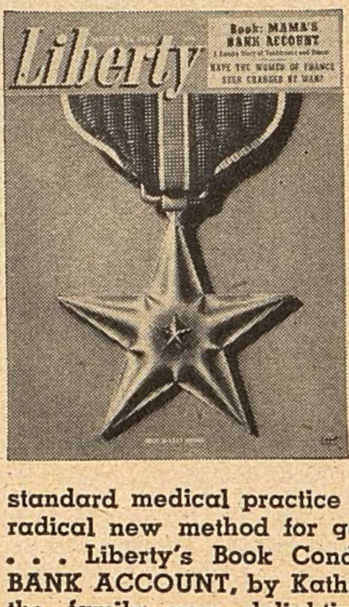
TELLER OF TALES

WALTER C. BROWN'S literary career began all of a sudden—when his first novel was accepted by the first publisher who saw it. A storyteller ever since, he particularly likes to use a Chinese setting and knows it well—as witness his latest, THE SCALES OF YAN TAN.

THESE EYES OF TEXAS HAVE SEEN MUCH

A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Texan, Staff Sergeant James H. Winchester, author of THE LAST DAY OF KWEILIN, has piled up a lot of mileage traveling around on special assignment with the Army Air Transport Command. On his return from one trip, a WAC recruiting tour of the States, he discovered his wife had enlisted and gone overseas. He's away himself again now—in the Pacific with the ATS.

NEXT WEEK


Liberty
Book: MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT

SOMETHING new has been added to the Mademoiselle from Armentières of 1918. And Betty Milton Gaskill tells what it is in CHARMAINE IS STILL CHARMING, a revealing picture of the Gallic miss of today. . . . IS IT BAD TO STAY IN BED? by Hannah Lees, upsets standard medical practice with a report on a radical new method for getting well quickly. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, MAMA'S BANK ACCOUNT, by Kathryn Forbes presents the family now delighting Broadway in I Remember Mama.

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ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

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Hunted... by the Law!
Harrowed.. by a Secret they dared not Disclose!

The Army's Biggest One-Man Office

Whenever the Army wants to ship something "high, wide, and heavy," it calls in the one man who knows all about every low bridge, tunnel, and tight pinch in the United States

By Helen Weigel Brown

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER WHILLDIN, Jr., a quiet little guy who looks like a younger edition of Ernie Pyle, has the giant-sized job of seeing that all war shipments the Army labels "high, wide, and heavy" get through fast and all in one piece. Captain Whilldin, as Clearance Chief, holds down the only job of its kind in the armed forces. And it rightfully comes under the classification of Mental Anguish.

Last war, there weren't many problems in shipping what are known as high-wide-and-heavies because little of our equipment could be called that. This war, an invasion boat built in Boston may be loaded for fast shipment to the South Pacific via San Francisco. But the loading is just beginning. If a tunnel through a chunk of the Rockies happens to be, say, a quarter of an inch too narrow to allow for "sway," the boat would be pretty well smashed up by the time it was squeezed through. Somebody has to know the measurements of that tunnel before the boat starts on its journey. This is where Captain Whilldin comes in. Some nights he can't sleep, wondering if he was dead right about the width of a mountain cut in Kentucky, the height of power lines over a stretch of Arizona desert, or the measurements of that station platform that juts out at Chitling Switch. Sometimes he has to reroute cargoes in the middle of the night and send them hundreds of miles out of their course, all because the loads are a few inches higher or wider than the manufacturers figured they were going to be.

A locomotive recently built for Russia had to ride 224 miles to reach a point actually only sixteen miles from its starting point. This was necessary because Russian locomotives are whoppers, made for rails wider than ours. And the engine had to be loaded on flatcars, routed so as not to interfere with other shipping.

Holding the title of Clearance Chief and burdened by a maze of detail, you'd expect Captain Whilldin to have a whale of a staff. Actually, he doesn't have even a full-time secretary. Doesn't need one, he says. He relies on an amazing photographic memory and a couple of notebooks for facts and figures on every rail, inland water, and trucking line in the U. S. A., plus some foreign countries to boot.

The captain is a walking encyclopedia of information on transportation bottlenecks like low bridges, projecting station shelters, power lines and poles, rock cuts, third rails, tunnels, and tight pinches in general. He has been storing away all this knowledge during the past fourteen years, when he worked for his dad, Alexander Whilldin, Sr., clearance engineer for the Pennsylvania.

The Pennsy's official clearance car, which, head-on, looks like a giant porcupine with quills up for battle, was born in 1910, four years before young Whilldin came into the world in West Philadelphia. By the time Whilldin, Jr., was six, he was spending his summer vacations with his father and the clearance crew on this car. Used to check changes in roadbeds, tunnels, bridges, and the like, the car was not only a boy's paradise but a school on wheels for the Army's future Clearance Chief. The crew found plenty of odd jobs for him to do, and by the time he finished school he'd learned enough about the business to take a job on the Pennsylvania in his father's office, first as draftsman, and finally as a full-fledged clearance expert.

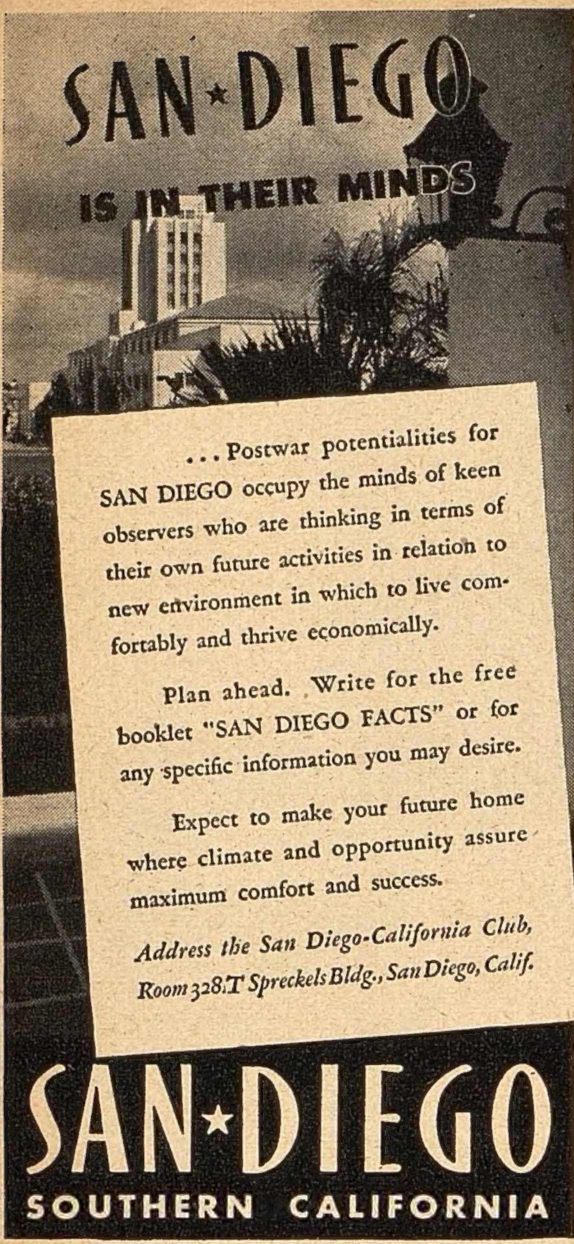
Learning the hard way and without benefit of any formal engineering training, he found the work was pretty rough at times. Once, young Whilldin was overcome by carbon-monoxide gas in a tunnel, from which accident he didn't recover completely for a year or so. Another time he measured a clearance with a metallic tape that touched a power line of several thousand volts. He came to, some distance from the car and flat on his back, but happily uninjured. The metallic tape he'd been holding, however, had completely disintegrated. "The damn thing just disappeared," he says, "and it was only luck that I didn't go with it."

WHEN the captain was married to a pretty English girl a few years ago, the old colored chef from the clearance car turned up with a very special gift for Mrs. Whilldin: a set of recipes for Alexander's favorite dishes.

While learning clearance the hard way, Whilldin developed some amazing methods of computation understood by him alone. Calculating projections of a load as it rounds curves at various speeds is a problem in higher mathematics. How Whilldin arrives at his figures is a mystery to the War Department. Asked once by a colonel how he did it, the captain explained, "I just go by dead reckoning." However, his figures usually turn out to be right.

Before we entered the war, high-wide-and-heavies were the problem of the Association of American Railroads. But the stream of heavier and bigger equipment rolling off assembly lines soon made it necessary for the Army to take responsibility for its own loads. That's where Whilldin came in, in 1942.

"Handle it your own way. Just get the job done," were the only instructions the then Second Lieutenant Whilldin got from his superior officer, Lieutenant Colonel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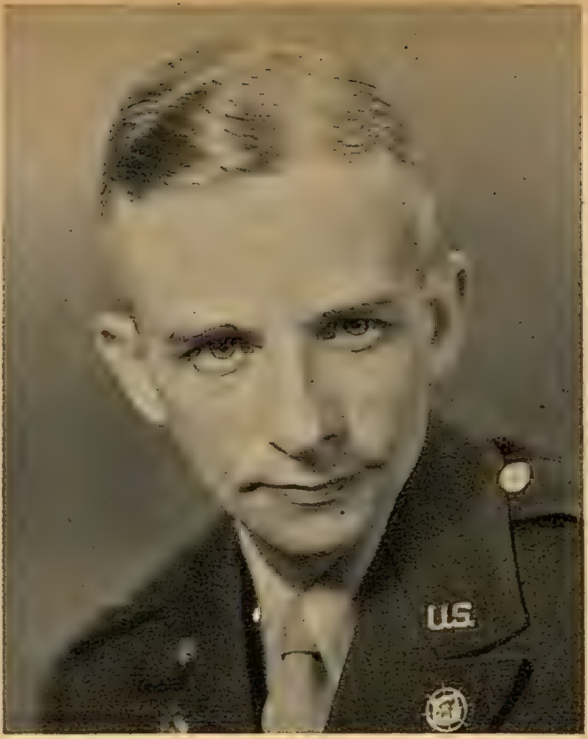
R. M. Boyd, chief of the Freight Branch of the Army Transportation Corps' Traffic Control Division.

And Whilldin gets the job done. He uses long-distance telephone almost exclusively in place of the usual letters and telegrams. He does this, he says, because it saves hours, days, even weeks of time, and because errors in vital figures are less likely to creep into direct phone conversations than into correspondence going through a number of hands. So all day long now—and often far into the night—he's on the phone, speeding high-wide-and-heavies on their way at the rate of some 5,000 carloads a month.

Captain Whilldin can take care of an ordinary problem of routing in about an hour of brisk phone conversation. He always begins his day by phoning the Eastern lines. (Western offices, because of the difference in time, open up three hours later.) By the time he has the Eastern problems solved, the Western office forces have warmed up for the day, and he puts through his calls to the coast.

Some routings, however, are far from easy. For instance, let's suppose the Army has designed a piece of equipment that it is anxious to have manufactured in quantity, but it is so enormous that it can't get through all those tight spots Captain Whilldin has squeezed equipment through before. It can't be manufactured until some way to ship it has been devised. Captain Whilldin might work like mad for six months or more, trying to find a railroad, highway, inland waterway, or combination of all three that would clear it through tunnels, over bridges, or through sufficient depth of water. But Whilldin says he has never been licked yet by a high-wide-and-heavy.


Capt. Alexander Whilldin, Jr.

Strangely enough, of all the cargoes he has had to route, the little jeep has been the captain's biggest headache. Simplest way to ship it is to place three on a flatcar in single file. But the government said no soap; not a paying load. So someone thought about loading the jeeps crosswise on flatcars and increasing the number to seven. This was done, and here was where the captain's headache really began. For as long as the jeep kept its front and rear within the limits of the flatcar floor, nothing could happen. Turned sideways, things could and did happen. In the northeastern part of the United States trouble turned up in the form of narrow bridges and close clearances between passing trains. The jeeps had to be detoured, reloaded, or rerouted. For months different methods were tried. Finally a government employee thought up the answer. He suggested building a special cradle, wide enough to carry two jeeps side by side, and putting both cradle and its load on an ordinary flatcar. Now, double-decked, they ride sixteen on a car, and Whilldin takes fewer aspirins.

ANOTHER problem was the tugs the Army once shipped in quantity. They were too high for many tunnels and bridges. And because of their round bottoms, they couldn't be easily turned on their sides.

Removing smokestacks and pilot houses made it possible to get them through the bottlenecks; but when shipped on cars using a middle track the tracks on both sides were put out of service until they had passed through. Captain Whilldin gave a long, low whistle of relief when manufacture of these was recently stopped.

The captain has an East-Is-East-and-West-Is-West problem, too. In the West, freight and passenger cars are higher and wider than those in use on Eastern lines. This didn't worry anybody much until the present war, when oversized cars from the Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, and other Western lines began running on Eastern tracks. This has resulted in a lot of trouble. The captain first met up with the problem when a hospital train from the West Coast started out for the East. Ordinarily, it could have run on the Pennsylvania from Chicago; but the fact that it had to run through the New York tubes prevented that. The tubes were too narrow and low for the big Western cars. That one kept the captain up plenty late one night and resulted in some tricky reroutes and detours that finally brought the

(Continued on page 62)

It's easier than A B C,
Well-groomed and thrifty men agree,
To get slick shaves that save you time
With Thin Gillettes four for a dime!
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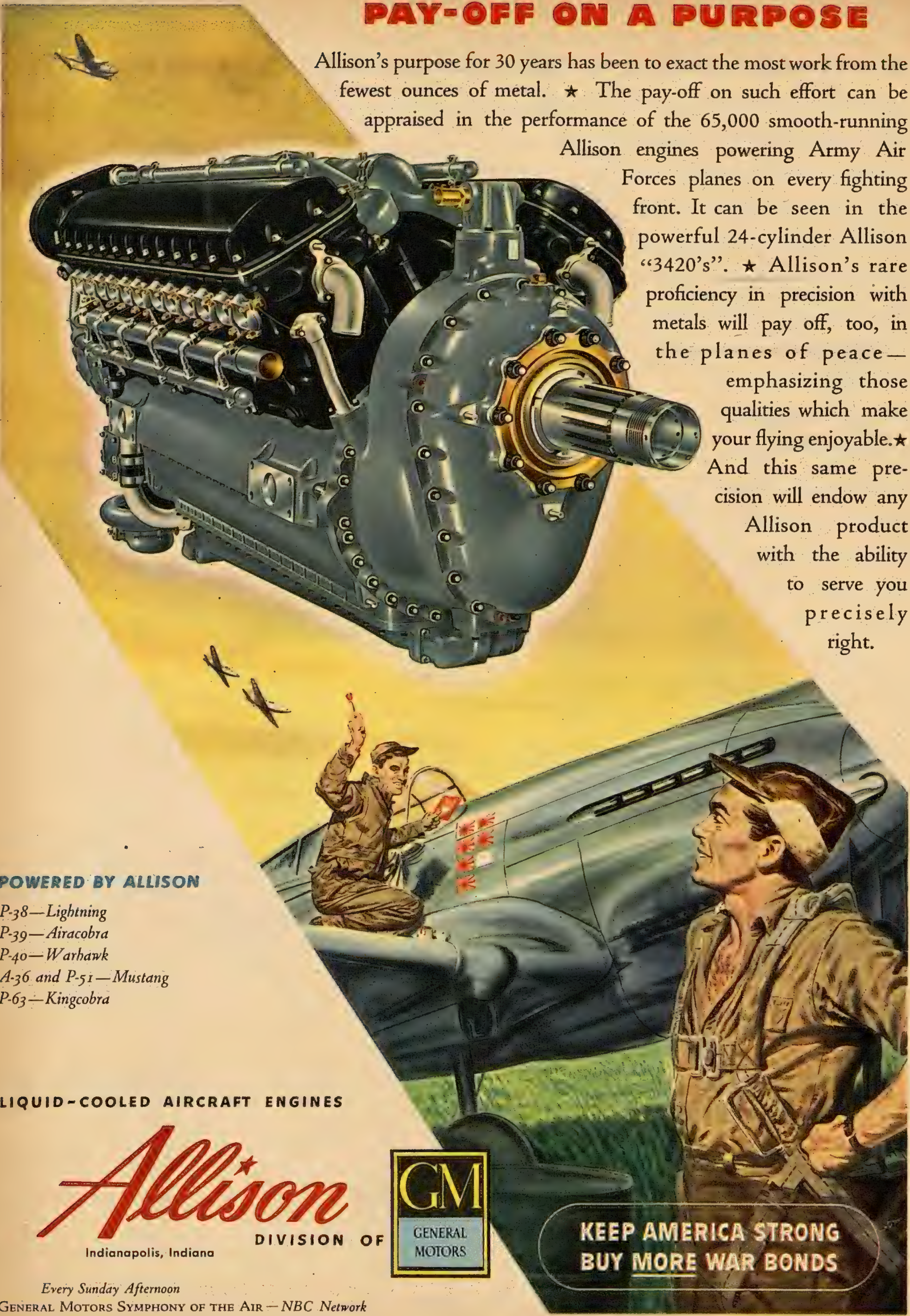

PAY-OFF ON A PURPOSE

Allison's purpose for 30 years has been to exact the most work from the fewest ounces of metal. ★ The pay-off on such effort can be appraised in the performance of the 65,000 smooth-running Allison engines powering Army Air Forces planes on every fighting front. It can be seen in the powerful 24-cylinder Allison "3420's". ★ Allison's rare proficiency in precision with metals will pay off, too, in the planes of peace—emphasizing those qualities which make your flying enjoyable.★ And this same precision will endow any Allison product with the ability to serve you precisely right.

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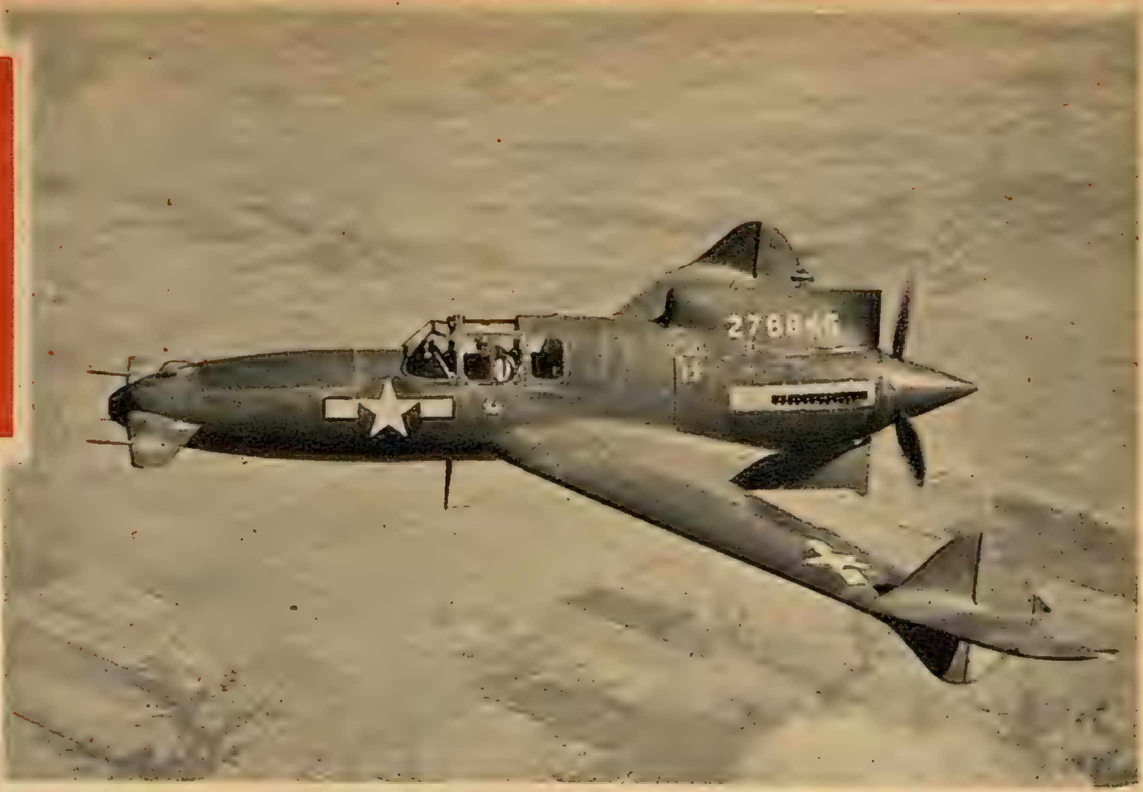
LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison
Indianapolis, Indiana
DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon
General Motors Symphony of the Air—*NBC Network*

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Flying backward? Nix! There's nothing backward about this fast, highly maneuverable new experimental fighter plane, the Curtiss Ascender (XP-55).

"The Ceiling Was Zero"

Much has been said in the press about the supposed failure of the Allies on the western front to spot the concentration of German equipment and men prior to the Nazis' December break-through to Belgium and France.

Weather so tough that no aerial reconnaissance could be conducted for the ten-day period before the break-through was an important factor. It wasn't that the Allies didn't know the Germans were grouping; it was the inability to plot the German forces' movements during that bad-weather period.

Actually there were full reports on the Sixth Panzer Army available up to that period. A break-through attempt was expected. But just where, and when, was the question.

Colonel George W. Peck, commanding officer of the 67th Tactical Reconnaissance Group which is assigned to Major General Elwood R. Quesada's Ninth Tactical Air Command, told the story when he was home recently on a thirty-day leave.

"Before the bad weather started we knew that the Sixth Panzer Army was grouped east of the Rhine, but it might have moved in any one of a number of directions," Colonel Peck said. "For the next ten days the weather was so bad that, although planes were able to take off in the vicinity of Liège, by the time they reached the front line the ceiling was zero.

"During the whole time of the break-through the weather was relatively clear east of Aachen, while to the south, around Stavelot, no flying was possible."

But, Once the Weather Cleared—

But when four days of good weather came, beginning December 23, the Allied airmen went to town. On one day it is estimated that the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces flew 6,000 sorties. In view of the small area of the bulge, this meant that there were about 1,000 aircraft visible from the ground at all times.

Probably there have been few times in the entire history of aviation when as many as 1,000 airplanes have been visible from one spot.

Colonel Peck's Group hasn't wasted a precious hour of good weather in aerial reconnaissance. An average of 400,000 photographic prints a month has been turned out, and during the tough month of December, despite the numerous non-flying days, a record of 690,228 prints was turned out. In a single day the Group's laboratories turned out more than 50,500 prints.

Because of this effective work, a great deal of the German mobile equipment was destroyed and the westward march was stopped.

Reconnaissance pilots lead hazardous lives along with combat crews. For one thing, they always fly over enemy territory. For another, they must often fly low. Using P-38s and P-51s, many equipped with special cameras, the Group has accounted for a good many enemy airplanes destroyed, even though its primary job is not combat.

The 67th Group, incidentally, has been commended for outstanding performance in support of the U. S. First Army. Colonel Peck, who wears the D. F. C., the Bronze Star, and the Air Medal with six oak-leaf clusters, lives at 225 Puritan Avenue, Detroit. He has since returned to the Group in Europe.

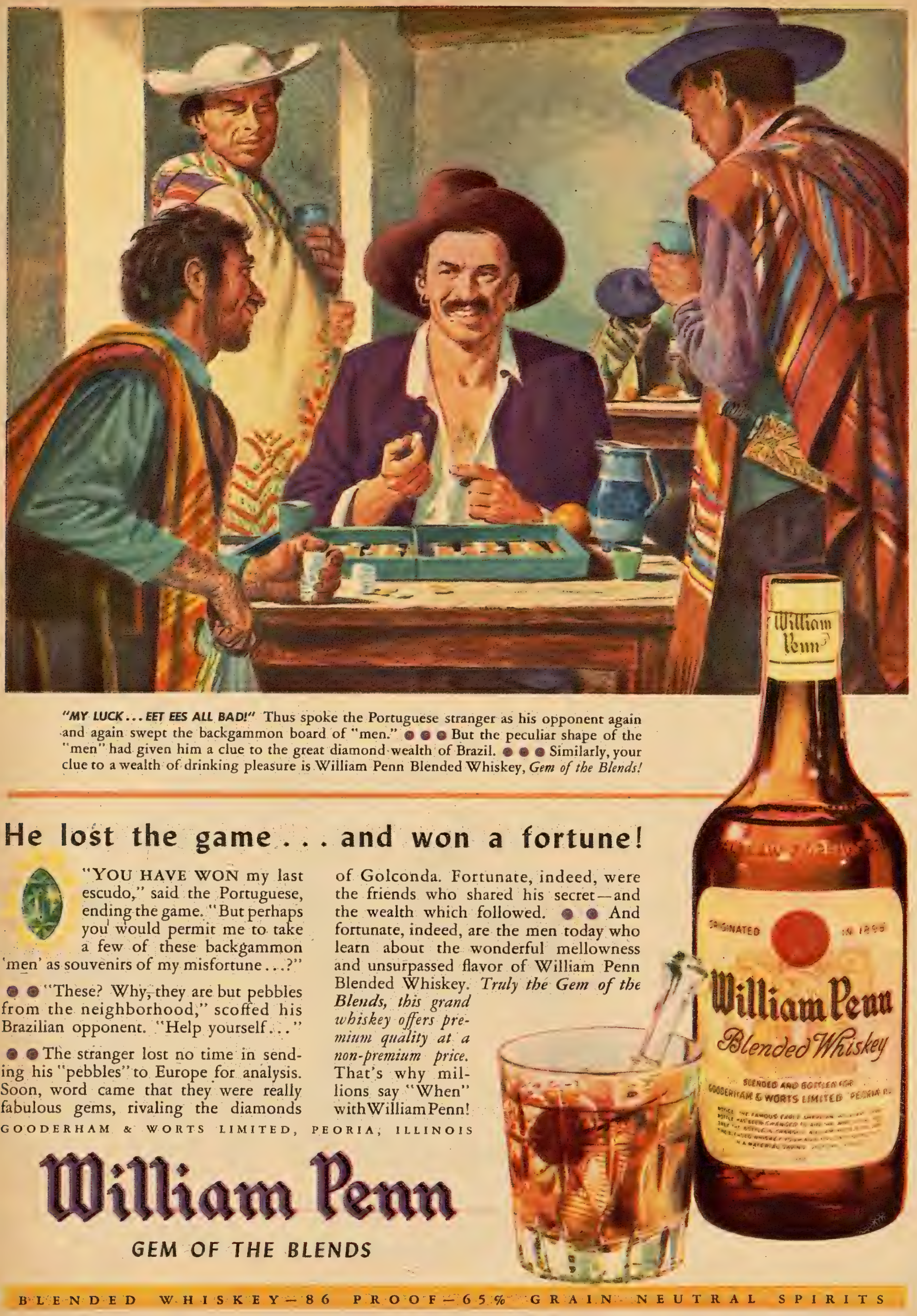
Will Farmers' Daughters Fly?

Air-traveling salesmen aren't new, but

(*Continued on page 15*)

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"You got a bottle opener?"



"MY LUCK . . . EET EES ALL BAD!" Thus spoke the Portuguese stranger as his opponent again and again swept the backgammon board of "men." ● ● ● But the peculiar shape of the "men" had given him a clue to the great diamond wealth of Brazil. ● ● ● Similarly, your clue to a wealth of drinking pleasure is William Penn Blended Whiskey, *Gem of the Blends!*

He lost the game . . . and won a fortune!

"YOU HAVE WON my last escudo," said the Portuguese, ending the game. "But perhaps you would permit me to take a few of these backgammon 'men' as souvenirs of my misfortune . . .?"

● ● "These? Why, they are but pebbles from the neighborhood," scoffed his Brazilian opponent. "Help yourself . . ."

● ● The stranger lost no time in sending his "pebbles" to Europe for analysis. Soon, word came that they were really fabulous gems, rivaling the diamonds of Golconda. Fortunate, indeed, were the friends who shared his secret—and the wealth which followed. ● ● And fortunate, indeed, are the men today who learn about the wonderful mellowness and unsurpassed flavor of William Penn Blended Whiskey. *Truly the Gem of the Blends, this grand whiskey offers premium quality at a non-premium price.* That's why millions say "When" with William Penn!

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

(Continued from page 13)

you can expect a substantial increase in their number when the war is over and private flying restrictions are lifted. The salesman with a one- or two-passenger airplane will be a common sight on local airfields.

Even today certain companies are sending their field men to cover their rounds by small airplanes.

Breeze Corporations, Inc., manufacturers of aircraft accessories, reports that one of its salesmen, Gordon Verrier of Long Beach, California, makes all his calls by plane. Recently, on a 4,000-mile round trip through Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas, Verrier made approximately one third more business calls than would have been possible by other means of travel, and he made the whole trip in two days less than he would have had to spend on the same route by surface transport.

Aviation people have been well aware that weather often has been a handicap to private fliers who were trying to fly on planned schedules, and also that private airplanes have often cost more to maintain than manufacturers' brochures had claimed they would cost. But there's no question that, with better airplanes and many more fully equipped airfields, the traveling salesmen and pleasure fliers will increase in numbers greatly after the war.

DC-7, Leviathan of the Air

Latest of the postwar sky giants to be contracted for by an American air carrier is the DC-7 transport, to carry 108 passengers. It is a super-brother from the Douglas "stable," destined to outdo the DC-4 and the DC-6, built on the successful history of the DC-3.

Contracts for twenty-six of these huge substratosphere super-Clippers, carrying a crew of thirteen, besides a passenger load of 108, at better than 300 miles an hour, have been signed by Pan American Airways.

Since DC-7s cost approximately $1,500,000 each, this purchase represents a total figure of $39,000,000.

The range of these leviathans of the air will be 5,000 miles and their wingspread will be as great as the height of a sixteen-story building. They will have four Pratt & Whitney engines of a new type with even greater displacement than the 2,100-horsepower double Wasp C series.

They will carry passengers and cargo from New York to Rio in nineteen hours, or from New York to Buenos Aires in twenty-two hours, at rates which represent reductions as great as two thirds of prewar costs.

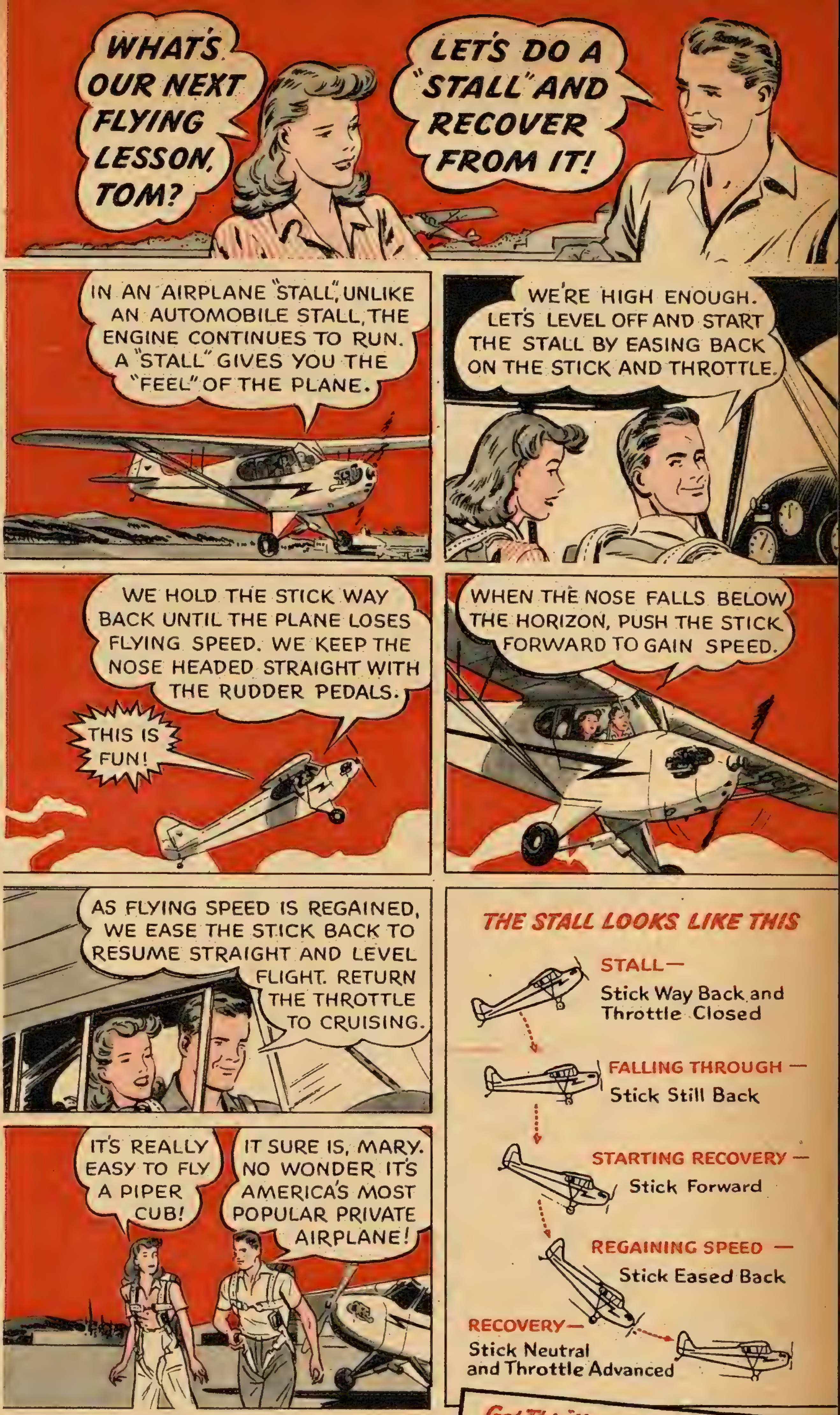
This Plant *Will* "Know Its Stuff"

Learning the know-how of flying planes as well as building them is an important item on the agenda for key personnel at the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation's plant at Akron, Ohio.

Through the Wingfoot Fliers Club, vice-presidents, department managers, engineers, production men, and even attorneys and accountants have been given flight training.

Already ten men holding key posts with the big war industry have used spare hours to win private licenses. At this writing, seven others are ready to take their flying examinations.

Latest to solo is H. E. Blythe, vice-president and general manager of the company. Although in his fifties, Blythe was convinced that "it's never too late to learn."


WHAT'S OUR NEXT FLYING LESSON, TOM?
LET'S DO A "STALL" AND RECOVER FROM IT!
IN AN AIRPLANE "STALL", UNLIKE AN AUTOMOBILE STALL, THE ENGINE CONTINUES TO RUN. A "STALL" GIVES YOU THE "FEEL" OF THE PLANE.
WE'RE HIGH ENOUGH. LET'S LEVEL OFF AND START THE STALL BY EASING BACK ON THE STICK AND THROTTLE.
WE HOLD THE STICK WAY BACK UNTIL THE PLANE LOSES FLYING SPEED. WE KEEP THE NOSE HEADED STRAIGHT WITH THE RUDDER PEDALS.
THIS IS FUN!
WHEN THE NOSE FALLS BELOW THE HORIZON, PUSH THE STICK FORWARD TO GAIN SPEED.
AS FLYING SPEED IS REGAINED, WE EASE THE STICK BACK TO RESUME STRAIGHT AND LEVEL FLIGHT. RETURN THE THROTTLE TO CRUISING.
IT'S REALLY EASY TO FLY A PIPER CUB!
IT SURE IS, MARY. NO WONDER IT'S AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR PRIVATE AIRPLANE!
THE STALL LOOKS LIKE THIS
STALL— Stick Way Back and Throttle Closed
FALLING THROUGH — Stick Still Back
STARTING RECOVERY — Stick Forward
REGAINING SPEED — Stick Eased Back
RECOVERY— Stick Neutral and Throttle Advanced

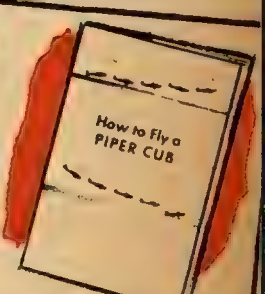
This lesson and others that follow explain only the fundamentals. See your Piper Cub dealer for actual flying instruction.

16 mm. SOUND FILM—"The Construction of a Light Airplane." For distribution points write: Supervisor, Audio-Visual Aids, Extension Services, Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.

PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
LOCK HAVEN, PENNA.

Get This "How to Fly" Booklet NOW!

Describes and pictures all the basic steps in flying. Over 50 step-by-step photos. Many other facts and full-color pictures of Piper Cubs. Write Dept. LB35, enclosing 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling.


How to Fly a PIPER CUB

PIPER CUB

Points the Way to Wings for ALL Americans

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

FM Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

PHIL BAKER—star of "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" every Sunday night over CBS.

FM radio brings a greater Phil Baker—in vibrant natural color

A BRILLIANT new Phil Baker . . . a glittering shower of melody . . . performance so real you almost see him swaying there before you, fingers racing over the keys!

This is General Electric's miraculous new FM—the genuine Frequency Modulation radio! Such "natural color" tone and amazing realism have been impossible up to now. Even the best conventional sets miss more than half the true tonal range of the music. So far, you have been able to hear radio in "black-and-white" only.

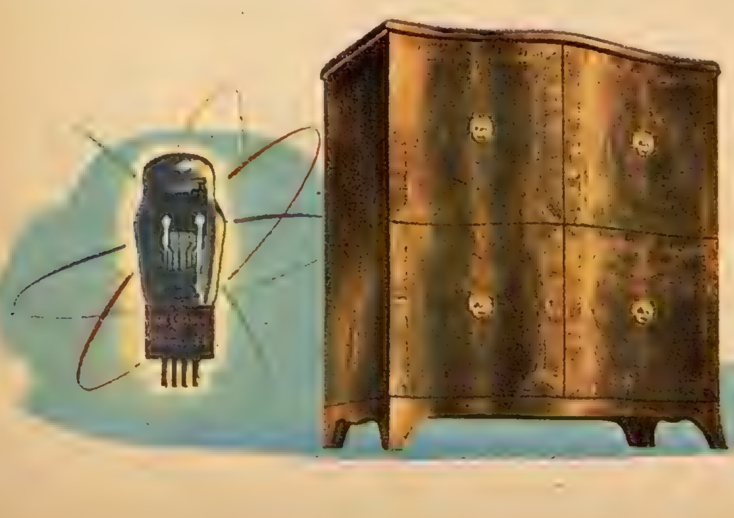
But with the new General Electric FM radio you will hear the fragile and beautiful *overtones* that spring so magically from the notes of *each* instrument, and which give to each, its own rich, "natural color."

And you enjoy it all against a velvety background of silence because static, fading and station interference are reduced to the vanishing point.

Entirely different, magnificently finer . . . this is the coming General Electric FM "natural color" radio.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews the revolutionary, new General Electric Radio and Television sets. For your free copy mail a postcard request to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

Hear the G-E radio programs: *"The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.*



GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-D3

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

FM RADIO

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
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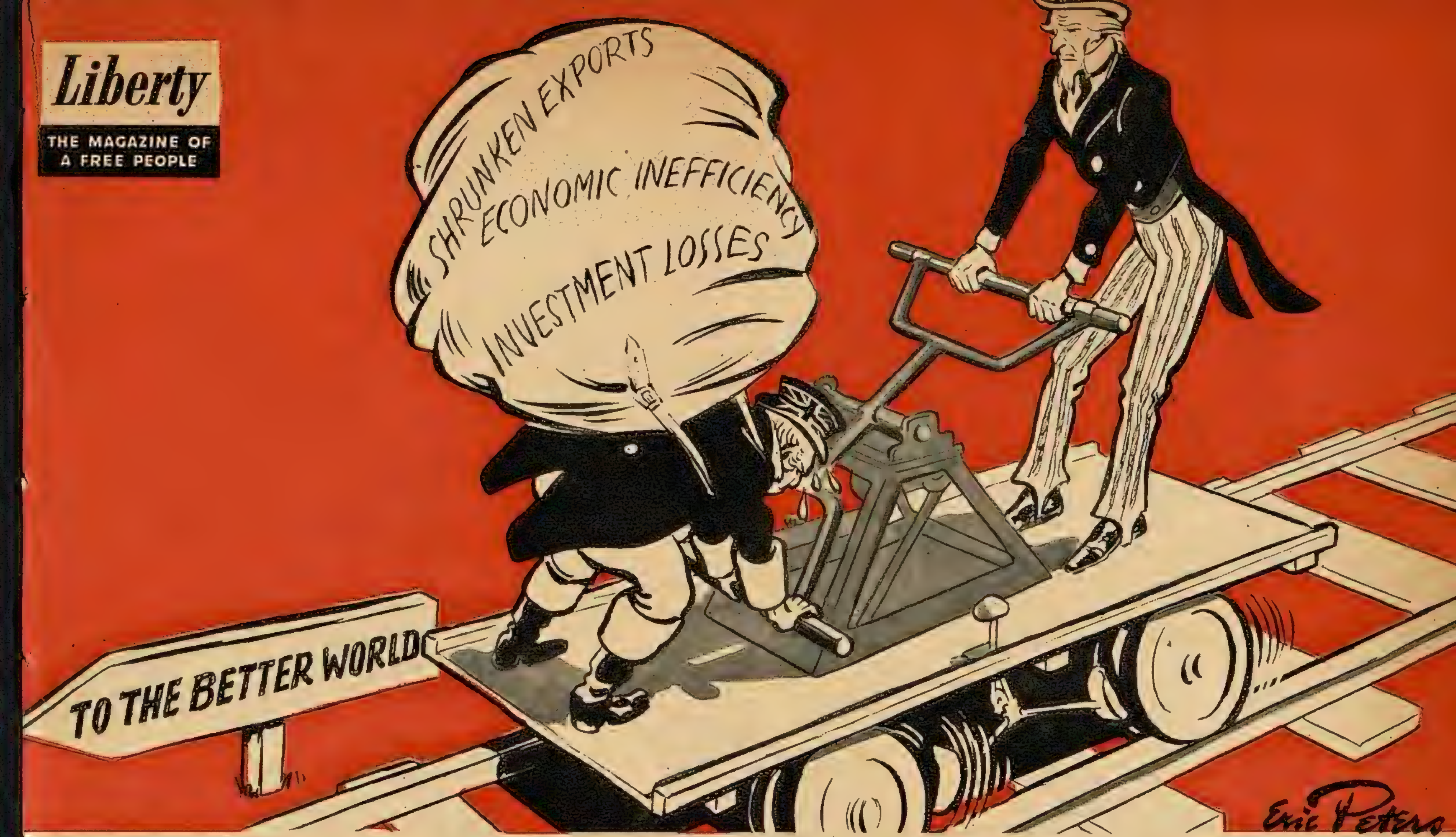


CARTOON BY ERIC PETERS

The people of America look forward to peace and prosperity at home and abroad. Both will be easier to achieve if our allies can co-operate energetically. That's why

AMERICA NEEDS A STRONG BRITAIN

BY WILLIAM L. BATT

THOSE of us who have been familiar with world trade in the years immediately before and during the war know the world is emerging from the fighting with less free trading than ever before in its history. Untangling the lines of trade will be a Gargantuan task. If we are to have a democratic peace, however, this task must be undertaken, and the untangling must be done. If we see the objectives clearly enough, we should not despair of finding ways and means.

In this undertaking we need all the partners we can get. We particularly need the healthy and fullhearted participation of Great Britain. For the United States will require the economic co-operation of Britain in winning the peace every bit as much as it has required the military co-operation of Britain in winning the war.

In order to understand this we must take a realistic look at Britain as she is today.

In the past, Britain had three major sources of wealth, outside, that permitted her to prosper far beyond the limitations of her own natural resources. One of these was Britain's activities as banker and insurer abroad. Another was her overseas trade, both with the dominions and colonies and with the world at large. The third was her large capital investments abroad, investments in such things as many of our American railroads and industries. Interest on these investments was remitted to Britain and was a great factor in maintaining her economic well-being.

What has happened to these things today? The overseas investments have now been at least 50 per cent liquidated. In the early days of the war, before lend-lease, newspaper accounts told how the British government was compelling the sale of such British-owned properties as American Viscose. That was only one example of many such sales. Money obtained was spent for shells, aircraft, and other expendables of war that have long since been hurled at the enemy.

Whether Britain will remain the commercial center for the banking and other services of the world remains to be seen, though in a general way such services are normally adjuncts of the main stream of world trade.

And world trade, the really central factor in Britain's economy, has dwindled to less than one third of what it was before the war. Lend-lease, which gave Britain supplies of food, munitions, and other requirements, removed her pressing necessity to export. Indeed, lend-lease largely prohibited such exports, since a part of the lend-lease agreement was that Britain would not re-export lend-lease goods or even goods of lend-lease categories. For example, if Britain accepted a big gang plow on lend-lease, she could not export to India or anywhere else a simple moldboard plow of her own manufacture.

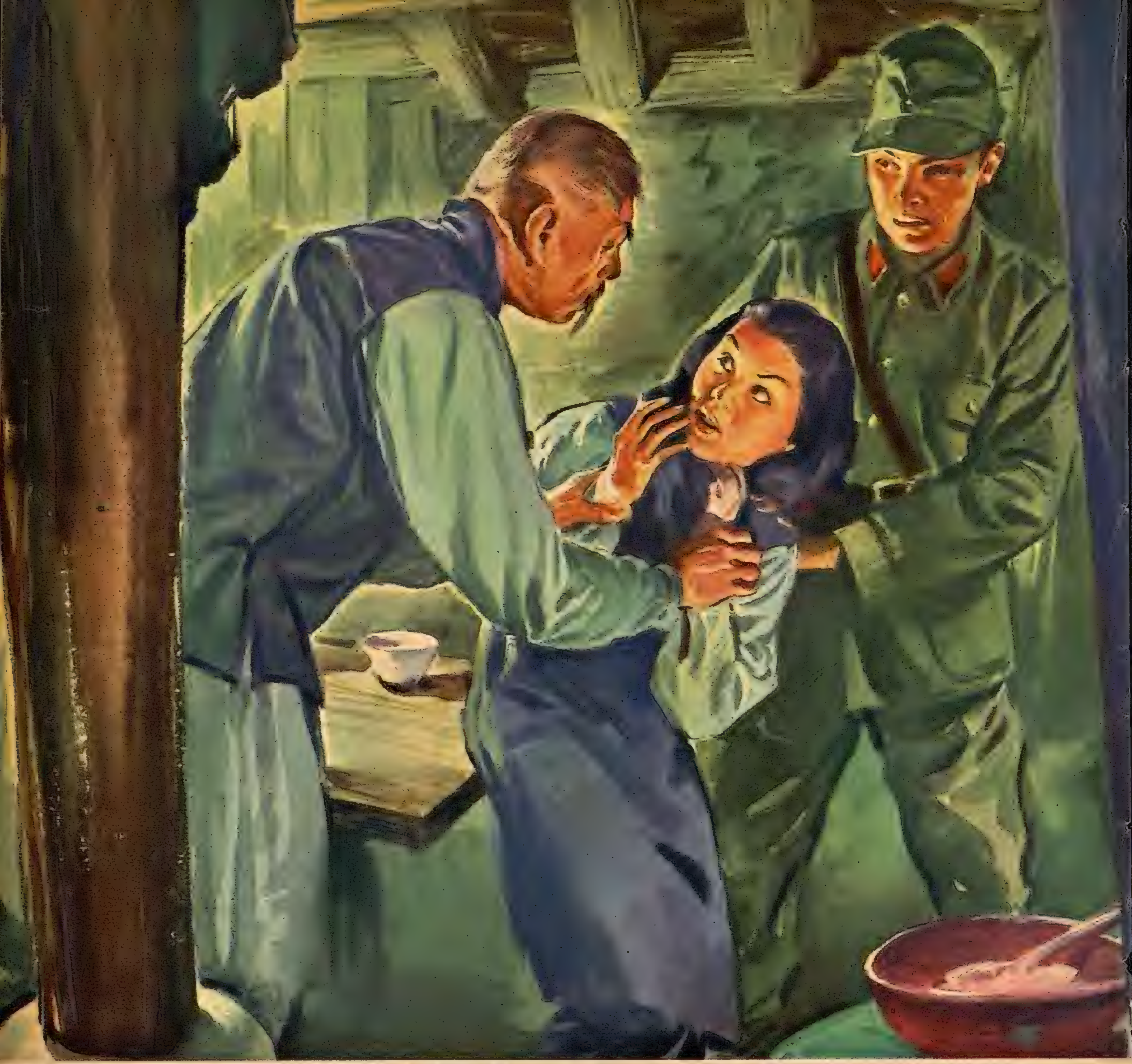
So while lend-lease was a marvelous device, and perhaps the most feasible method for aiding Britain without violating the Johnson Act (which bars loans to governments in default), it did have a direct and negative effect on Britain's overseas trade.

Lend-lease, by mutual agreement, stops when the war stops. Therefore the British people now clearly foresee the day when they must, for sheer reasons of survival, rebuild their foreign trade. They are understandably intense about this. They realize that they must not only regain but also enlarge that trade to make up for what they have lost in income from their foreign assets and to meet the billions of debt they have incurred around the globe. That is why in Britain today they are talking of increasing their foreign trade 50 per cent above what it was in 1939. They must do this if they are to approximate their prewar living standard.

That is a great target to aim at, and, like the Americans, the British love to think of moving onward and upward. It has been all the more painful for them, therefore, to discover, as they have done lately, that they are going to be tremendously handicapped in their efforts to achieve any such goal. This handicap has to do with British efficiency.

When it became apparent that textiles were to be one of the Allies' most critically

(*Continued on page 63*)



"Let my daughter answer for herself." Foon Tai spoke harshly, and pinned the girl's eyes with his own gaze. "Speak, girl!"

It was Kim Lee's duty to find the traitor in the valley. When his search led to the home of Mei-Mei, he thought he had found the traitor at last—and lost his love

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

It was at the unhappy termination of his rendezvous with dark-eyed Mei-Mei, only daughter of Foon Tai the farmer, that the first suspicion of the shameful secret connected with Seven Willows Farm came to young Kim Lee.

Their meeting was brief, as always, for Kim Lee was a patriot hill soldier, with a Japanese price upon his head, and Mei-Mei was a farm daughter now, a mere girl trying to replace as best she could the labor of the four brothers who had formerly helped their father cultivate these fertile acres.

Mei-Mei came quickly when she heard Kim's secret call, stealing across the fields toward their meeting place.

"Hola!" Kim exclaimed, his young face lighting up as he sprang across the water ditch that separated them. "My eyes rejoice at sight of you, little one!"

"You are well, Kim Lee?" the dark-haired girl inquired. "It has been a long time since I last heard your signal."

"Aye, too long a time," he said.

"And all goes well in the hills?" Mei-Mei asked. "There were rumors of fighting beyond Singing Pine Temple."

"It is true. We have not been idle," Kim replied proudly. "And I have been promoted. I was a leader of ten; now I am captain over twenty men and sit in council with Colonel Chou Yen, our commander. . . . But you do not smile, little one. Are you not proud of your betrothed?"

"Oh, Kim Lee, you know I am both pleased and proud," Mei-Mei protested swiftly. "But I fear also for your safety. You should not risk coming here. The Brown Devils are everywhere—hiding and spying."

Kim smiled and pointed toward the

THE SCALES OF YAN TAN

BY WALTER C. BROWN

flawless arc of powder-blue sky. "Behold, little one, there is no present danger—not a signal kite flies anywhere. The Brown Devils never suspect that the moment their patrols and search squads enter the valley our little farm children send up their dragon kites in warning to all who have eyes."

"But there are other dangers, Kim Lee," Mei-Mei warned earnestly. "You must not risk coming here again. Promise me!"

Kim's eyes widened. "But how, then, am I to see you? Even now our meetings are few and long between."

"We must not meet again, Kim Lee," Mei-Mei said steadily. "You must not come again to Seven Willows Farm."

"Hoya!" Kim exclaimed. "These are indeed strange words to give your betrothed upon his return from the hills."

"Well, then, go back to your hills, Kim Lee," the girl said, pleading. "You will be safer there. And put me from your thoughts, for we can no longer be betrothed!"

"Not betrothed!" Kim echoed, bewildered. "Have we not exchanged pledge and promise? Did you not accept my betrothal gift?"

"That is true, Kim Lee," the girl said sorrowfully. "But I must withdraw my promise, even as I now return your pledge-gift—"

From inside her robe Mei-Mei drew out a small package and thrust it into Kim's hand. Mechanically Kim Lee unfolded the wrapper and glanced down at his betrothal gift—a prayer necklace of ninety-nine carved crystal beads of the color called moon silver.

"But—but—but what means this?" Kim said helplessly. "Tell me what it is, Mei-Mei, so that I may understand—"

"Ai-yee! I can never bring myself to tell it!" the girl whispered.

"But you must—you must!" Kim insisted. "You cannot send me away in silence—"

Mei-Mei looked into his face then, her eyes blinded with sudden tears. "Kim Lee, our betrothal must end because I am not worthy. I would not be worthy to be the mother of thy sons—"

"What words are these?" Kim Lee gasped, his face darkening. "If one of the Brown Devils has dared to lay hands upon you—*Ma-pa-tzu!* Speak his name and, by Tao, the swine shall not see tomorrow's sun!"

"No, no, Kim Lee, it is not that!" Mei-Mei cried swiftly.

"Then, why—why do you say you are not worthy? Did I hear such words from another's lips," Kim declared vehemently, "my knife would be instantly at his throat!"

"Oh, Kim Lee, do not press me for an answer," the girl pleaded. "Only go away—quickly—and do not come here again. I beg it of you!"

Wrenching her hands from Kim's hold, Mei-Mei ran blindly from their rendezvous, while Kim stared in bewilderment after her swift figure until she disappeared beyond the tall stems of the kaoliang field.

And it was at that moment the first suspicion of Foon Tai, Mei-Mei's father, entered Kim Lee's mind.

"It must be a matter of broken honor which leads Mei-Mei to deny her pledge to me," Kim muttered. "But how—and what? There is only Mei-Mei and her father here at Seven Willows. Can it be that Foon Tai has wrought some secret deed that is so shameful Mei-Mei dare not speak of it, even to me?"

As he looked across the fields, his eye picked out the sturdy figure of Mei-Mei's father wielding his hoe.

"But surely these are unworthy thoughts," Kim told himself. "It is known to all that Foon Tai is a man of strictest honor, who models his every deed upon the precepts of Yan Tan, Lord of Justice. And has he not given his four sons to our fighting armies, and have not three of them already given their lives for our country's cause? *Tsai!* Could such a man become a *han-gien*—a traitor? No! No! It is impossible!"

Nevertheless Kim Lee could not shake off the seed of doubt that had planted itself in his mind. For all knew there was indeed a hidden traitor somewhere among the loyal sons of Han in these valley farms.

So Kim Lee puzzled over Mei-Mei's strange action as he made his cautious way back to Wu Pao Mountain where Colonel Chou's hill soldiers were gathered.

Twilight was gathering as Kim Lee started up the lower slopes of Wu Pao. As he entered a certain narrow gorge, Kim slowed his steps, and picking up two small stones, struck them together in a rhythmic signal.

"Chan-choh! Halt!" a voice commanded.

"It is Captain Kim Lee returning!" he called back.

"Wah! Proceed!" the sentry replied, invisible even to Kim Lee's sharp eyes, for those who guarded the approaches to Wu Pao stained their uniforms and rifle barrels to blend into the stony background.

Following a knifelike upward trail, Kim finally reached a broad grassy dell where some scores of the hill soldiers crouched around the cooking fires.

Colonel Chou himself was there, and seeing Kim, beckoned him toward the sod hut which served as headquarters.

As usual on entering the hut, Kim's eyes went to the wall where a large silken portrait of the Emperor Hirohito dangled limply from a wooden peg. This was the treasured trophy of Colonel Chou's most spectacular exploit—a lightning raid on the Japanese staff headquarters in Lao-Shan village.

Colonel Chou smiled when he saw Kim looking at the trophy. "It is good to look upon, not so, captain?" he said proudly. "Our enemy has lost many lives, trying to recapture that piece of painted silk, and they will lose many more, for they dare not stop trying. It is a matter of lost face."

"Aye, colonel," Kim replied. "But it is slow work. A few Brown Devils killed today, a few tomorrow, a few the next day. Time passes, and they are so many—"

"A small leak will empty the largest barrel," the colonel reminded softly. *"Wah!* There is truth in the ancient saying. We must make these Brown Devils bleed—and bleed. For we will not always fight alone. The Americans come, and they bring weapons. Island by island they draw closer to our shores, and we must fight to keep a path ready for their coming."

KIM LEE listened carefully, for he had a Number One respect for his Colonel Chou Yen.

"But enough of tomorrow talk," Colonel Chou said. "There is work to be done now. I have a special mission for you, captain."

"I am ready, colonel," Kim replied.

"Nai Lang has just sent a messenger. His men have cornered another Brown Devil straggler on Singing Pine Hill. There were two of them, but one was killed, and the other takes refuge within the shrine, where our soldiers are forbidden to pursue him. It is likely the Japanese will try to make his way back to his garrison at Lao-Shan."

"He shall not succeed," Kim said quietly.

But Colonel Chou shook his head. "This time I do not want the man killed, captain. Let him pass through our night lines. But follow him, silently and secretly! There is a traitor in our valley, someone offering shelter to these fugitive Brown Devils. It is time we learn the name of this *han-gien,* so that we may deal with him as he deserves."

"Yes, colonel," Kim said. His face set and inscrutable, he felt shaken by an inner voice that whispered, "And what shall you do, Kim Lee, should this Brown Devil lead you straight to Seven Willows Farm? What if the name of this traitor is Foon Tai, father of thy Mei-Mei? Will it be your hand that strips the mask from his secret guilt, your voice that sends him to his death? How, then, shall you speak to Mei-Mei of love and marriage?"

Thrusting aside these foreboding thoughts, Kim Lee bade his men make haste over their meal, and went into consultation with Shu Gat, the shaven-pated Yünnanese, his friend and companion in arms.

"Do we go mounted or afoot?" Shu Gat inquired.

"We ride," Kim replied. "We must reach Singing Pine Hill before the moon rises. Once there, we will proceed on foot."

"Wah!" Shu Gat said. "I go now to select our horses."

(Continued on page 52)

Army nurse on duty. Lt. Margaret Lechner in an Army Hospital in France.

NURSES to the FRONT

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

What are the facts behind the move to draft nurses for the Army and Navy? Liberty's reporter gives you a round-up on a situation which affects the home front as well

THE nurse shortage, recently sprung on the American public in good old bombshell fashion, created the general impression that nurses are unpatriotic shirkers; that it is necessary to rewrite the Constitution to counterbalance this characteristic; and that, because of it, our wounded men are not getting the care they need. Closer scrutiny of the reasons underlying the critical shortage of military nurses and of the record marked up by nurses in the services disproves this impression.

Meanwhile the proposal to draft 18,000 civilian nurses into the armed forces has thrown the entire profession into a scramble of uncertainty and brought forth a deluge of vague rumors. Pleas for clarification come from nurses' associations throughout the country, and Red Cross recruitment centers are swamped with inquiries. The officials of some dozen Washington agencies are sending out enough weighty cross-purpose directives to create a paper shortage even if there were not one already.

In July, 1940, the American Red Cross set up an elaborate nation-wide recruiting service for supplying the armed forces with nurses. During the first two years of recruiting, nearly 75,000 nurses (30 per cent of the active nurses in the country) applied for military duty—a response which is perhaps the highest of any single profession. Of the nurses who volunteered, almost 25,000 were rejected after resigning from whatever jobs they held and after an average waiting period of three months. Despite the fact that the induction system at that time was so complex and the rigid requirements of the Army and Navy barred a high percentage of the nurses provided by the Red Cross, the recruitment went along according to schedule, even in some months exceeding the quota requested by the War Department. The Red Cross was feeling justifiably happy about the whole situation.

In December, 1943, a War Department directive announced a ceiling of 40,000 nurses for the Army Nurse Corps. As that quota was almost full, Army nurses and other personnel who had been assisting in the Red Cross recruitment stations throughout the country were withdrawn. The news that nurses were no longer needed by the armed forces spread throughout the profession and recruitment slackened.

Some five months later the War Department changed its mind again and raised the Army Nurse Corps ceiling from 40,000 to 50,000. The Red Cross recruiting machinery by then had been largely dismantled. Due to the success of the invasion, the whole country, nurses included, was inclined to think the war was practically over. These facts in no way diminished the naïve surprise expressed by the War Department when nurses failed to fall all over each other in a wild stampede to enlist when the quota was raised. Also, by that time the country's civilian nurses were chary of the red tape involved in enlistment and were not at all sure the Army knew its own mind. Many thousands were in essential civilian jobs, and thousands that had already been rejected were not inclined to be disappointed again.

Under the circumstances it is easy to picture the consternation among nurses when Washington announced it would be necessary to draft them into the armed forces, since "the need is too pressing to await further efforts at recruiting." The official announcement from the White House stated the Army Nurse Corps required 60,000 nurses, or approximately 18,000 more than were already enrolled. Yet the ceiling of 50,000 was still officially in effect as far as the War Department was concerned. However, a high-ranking Navy doctor optimistically remarked at the time that this would in no way increase the existing confusion, "because it would be literally impossible to do so."

At the present writing the draft is still in the discussion stage. Superintendent of the Army Nurse Corps, Colonel Florence Blanchfield, believes that by the time any action is taken the present shortage will be a thing of the past. Since the President's appeal on January 6, seventeen new recruiting stations have been opened and recruitment has jumped more than 600 per cent. At the present rate, in Colonel Blanchfield's opinion, the shortage will be taken care of in three months. Also, there are 32,586 seniors in nursing schools and in the Cadet Nurse Corps who will graduate in 1945. A large percentage of these will soon be available for military service.

Proposals also have been made to ease the physical requirements for both the Army and Navy Nurse Corps and for the Navy to lift its present ban against accepting married nurses. How far these suggestions will get is uncertain. As one naval commander put it: "It requires a certain amount of time for an official directive to undergo the transition from a kaleidoscopic idea into its finished form of a composite maze of incorrect thinking."

Meanwhile the country's supply of 42,000 Army nurses and 9,000 Navy nurses is fast being depleted because of the urgent need for nurses overseas. However, Lieutenant Colonel Jeanette Blech, head nurse at Halloran General Hospital in Staten Island, says this great need has been misconstrued by the public. "The impression that our wounded are not getting the proper care is very wrong and unjust," Colonel Blech stated emphatically. "We do need more nurses to help take care of the patients, but we need them also to relieve the girls who have been working for years overseas."

Pointing up this statement is the fact that when the war started, the allotment was 120 nurses for a 1,000-bed general hospital. That allotment was cut to 105, then to 100, finally to eighty-three. Today new hospital units are arriving at the front without any nurses, and some of those already serving with front-line units

(*Continued on page 69*)

OFFICIAL ARMY AIR FORCE PHOTOS

Evacuation transports flew into Kweilin all that day, to load up with high-priority equipment.

The Last Day of Kweilin

By Staff Sergeant James H. Winchester

We built our Chinese air bases by sweat and strain. Only someone who was there can realize the heartbreak it is to blow one of them up when the Jap armies are advancing

FROM the top of a hill just outside Kweilin, China, a red flare arched lazily into the moonlit sky. Infiltrated Japanese were sending up marker beacons for their nightly raiders. The wail of a siren echoed between the limestone masses that cradled each of the three runways of the Fourteenth Air Forces' strategic Kweilin air bases. The American soldiers who had been planting thousand-pound bombs across the landing strips as a prelude to blowing them up, began to trek up toward the hillside air-raid shelters. In a shallow gun emplacement a G. I. crouched behind his light-caliber gun and said over and over to himself, "Oh, the lousy bastards! The lousy bastards!"

It was shortly after one o'clock in the morning of September 14. Down the road toward the China Sea, beyond the beautiful city of Kweilin itself, the Japanese armies were moving up through the night with their armored columns. Somewhere out there, too, was the Chinese Ninety-third Army, the defenders, but no one knew exactly where.

It was the beginning of the last day of official life for the base. Late in the afternoon before, "Uncle Joe" Stilwell, the four stars on his collar still new, had stomped into the Air Transport Command operations office at Kunming and said, in effect:

"I want every transport plane you can lay your hands on to be in Kweilin tomorrow morning. We've got to get the boys and equipment out of there before we blow the place sky-high."

The Air Transport Command in Kunming lost no time. Within a few minutes the radio was signaling across the Hump. Pilots, already headed toward their home bases in India, listened, turned around and headed back for China. At Chinese bases, crews coming in with their cargoes from Assam were told the news. As quickly as their planes could be unloaded they took off and headed for Kunming. By midnight more than twenty-five huge C-46 transports had gathered on the field. All of the crews had made one trip across the Hump that day; most of them had completed two.

A bitter cold rain was beating down on Kunming as weary ground crews struggled with the planes. Tonight each plane had to be gassed to the limit, and it had to be done by hand.

Bombs and drums of gasoline were loaded aboard the transports to be dropped off in Luichow on the way to Kweilin. Luichow would now be our southernmost China base, for a time, at least.

As fast as they could be serviced and loaded the C-46 Commandos roared off into the stormy night.

There was no heating system aboard our plane, and it was bitterly cold. Our radio was tuned to a Chungking station broadcasting American dance records. We sat listening to songs like I'll Get By, and Smoke Rings, and thinking of home.

It was strange to be listening to American songs and knowing that we were heading toward the scene of a humiliating

(Continued on page 65)

Destruction of the barracks at Kweilin was accomplished by firing incendiary bullets into gasoline drums. Air strips were blown up along with most equipment.

The Touch

The professor thought psychology was an academic subject—until he got some exciting results by trying out a few theories on his family

BY ALWYN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY N. MACHTEY

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

"WE'RE running behind schedule," Mrs. Putnam sniffed, looking out the train window as though the flat Maryland countryside had something to do with it. She focused her myopic blue eyes on her husband and added severely, "Now remember, Herbert, be gracious to poor dear Avery—he's had a tough row to hoe."

Herbert Putnam nodded dutifully, wondering whether his brother-in-law would ever reach the end of any of the rows he hoed so ineptly. Herbert had a high forehead and wore spectacles. He looked a little like a professor of psychology, which is precisely what he was. *As though Emily would let him forget that.*

Emily continued to regard him with amused contempt. "Use some of your precious applied psychology on Avery," she said with barbed sweetness. "You're always saying his self-confidence has been shattered."

Herbert looked stubbornly out the train window. For as long as he could remember, Emily had taken a perverse delight in twitting him about his professorship. Well, he did well enough: the students liked his course, and his background and professional acumen were rather more than adequate.

It was true, he thought wryly, that psychology had done little to lighten his marital cross. But then, the only way you could apply psychology to Emily was with a club; and with Emily, one walked softly and did *not* carry a big stick. The feminine weapons of ill temper and illogic which she employed against him could be analyzed but not bested.

". . . Herbert, will you kindly stop mooning and answer when I speak?"

Herbert jumped. "Yes, my dear."

"Poor dear Avery will make a go of this new job. I'm sure of it!"

"It might be better," Herbert said meekly, "if he could get a job on his own initiative."

Emily made a clucking sound with her tongue. "Nonsense. He needs a position that—that is worthy of his talents. All those other jobs failed to challenge his imagination."

Herbert reflected dourly that the other jobs had challenged *his* imagination, and no mistake. Nor had he any illusions about Avery's making good at the new position he had lined up for him. Avery was too used to failure. Not a bad chap—even if he was Emily's brother—but he had lost confidence in himself, and for too many years now he had failed to make the grade in jobs procured for him by the sweat of other people's brows. What Avery needed was to get a job under his own steam, but it would take a cataclysmic occurrence to make the worm turn enough for that. A psychological cataclysm, that is.

Emily took her knitting from the big needlepoint bag she carried, and not until they pulled out of the Baltimore station did she speak to him again, which gave Herbert ample time to regret having talked one of the influential alumni into giving Avery a rather important position in his brokerage business. Applied psychology had done the trick, but you couldn't tell Emily that. And there was this to consider, too: A little more psychology applied in Avery's behalf with the alumni and there might be a vacant professorship in Midland University.

"Another thing, love," Emily said too pleasantly. "This time we've got to advance Avery a loan commensurate with his new responsibilities."

Minute lines of worry fissured Herbert's scholarly brow. Still, the loans you advanced to Avery were the kind you could deduct from your income tax, and that was something.

"This will be the last time," Emily said; and Herbert wondered for the hundredth time at her capacity for self-hypnosis.

THAT evening they *rescued* Avery, as Emily put it, from his Washington roominghouse on F Street, and took him to a Mexican restaurant near by for dinner. Avery was expansive and gay over his cocktail. He always was on these occasions.

"Herb, old boy, this is damn white of you. You won't be sorry; I guarantee it!" He sobered abruptly and spoke apologetically to Herbert—it was almost as if his sister were not there:

"It's a funny thing, Herb. Before this opportunity opened up, I'd almost decided to take a defense job. Got wind of it through a pal, and—"

Herbert carefully put down his glass and watched Avery with studied attention. It was the first time he had seen this strange look of pride on his brother-in-law's face.

Emily dropped her fork and looked at them both. "Nonsense," she said decisively. "Eat your salad, dear."

The fleeting look of pride faded. "Well, it was just an idea, folks. Nothing but an idea."

Emily tapped her thin lips delicately with a napkin. "I never heard of anything so idiotic. Why, Herbert would be mortified if you turned down the job with Lusk, Lusk and Ferguson! Wouldn't you, Herbert?"

Herbert said absently, "Oh, sure," and turned to Avery. "What sort of defense job?" he asked quietly.

"Well, just clerical work," Avery admitted, eagerly. "But it would be a part of the war effort, wouldn't it?"

Herbert started to say, "Absolutely," but Emily overrode him.

"I won't hear another word about it. The position Herbert has stumbled onto for you—" Herbert winced—"is the chance you have been waiting for. It means position, money, prestige, a chance to look your fellow man in the eye. . . ."

The next morning Herbert rose early, dressed without waking Emily. With a last odd look at the prewar metal curlers which anchored her head to the pillow, he slipped out of the hotel. He had an idea; he had to see Avery at the latter's room—alone. Time and again Emily had taunted him to use his knowledge of psychology to help her brother. Well, by George, he *would;* and it might work, too!

Cementing Herbert's decision was the painful vista, in retrospect, of Avery's failures: salesman, clerk, insurance counselor, publicity hack, garage mechanic—these and other jobs which Avery had secured through *his* intervention and miserably failed at, to say nothing of the countless loans, prescribed by Emily, to bolster Avery's self-confidence.

Herbert puffed up the three flights of stairs to Avery's attic room. He hesitated before knocking, not so sure of the validity of his skulduggery now that he was here. Still, from the psychological standpoint the idea was sound; no doubt of it.

Herbert knocked. The thing was, Avery had almost taken that defense job. Almost, but not quite. One little push would do it. Just one little shove. If Avery's self-respect could only be bolstered to the point where he himself would make the decision—

"Come in!"

Herbert opened the door, the picture of a man about to be abjectly humiliated, and went in.

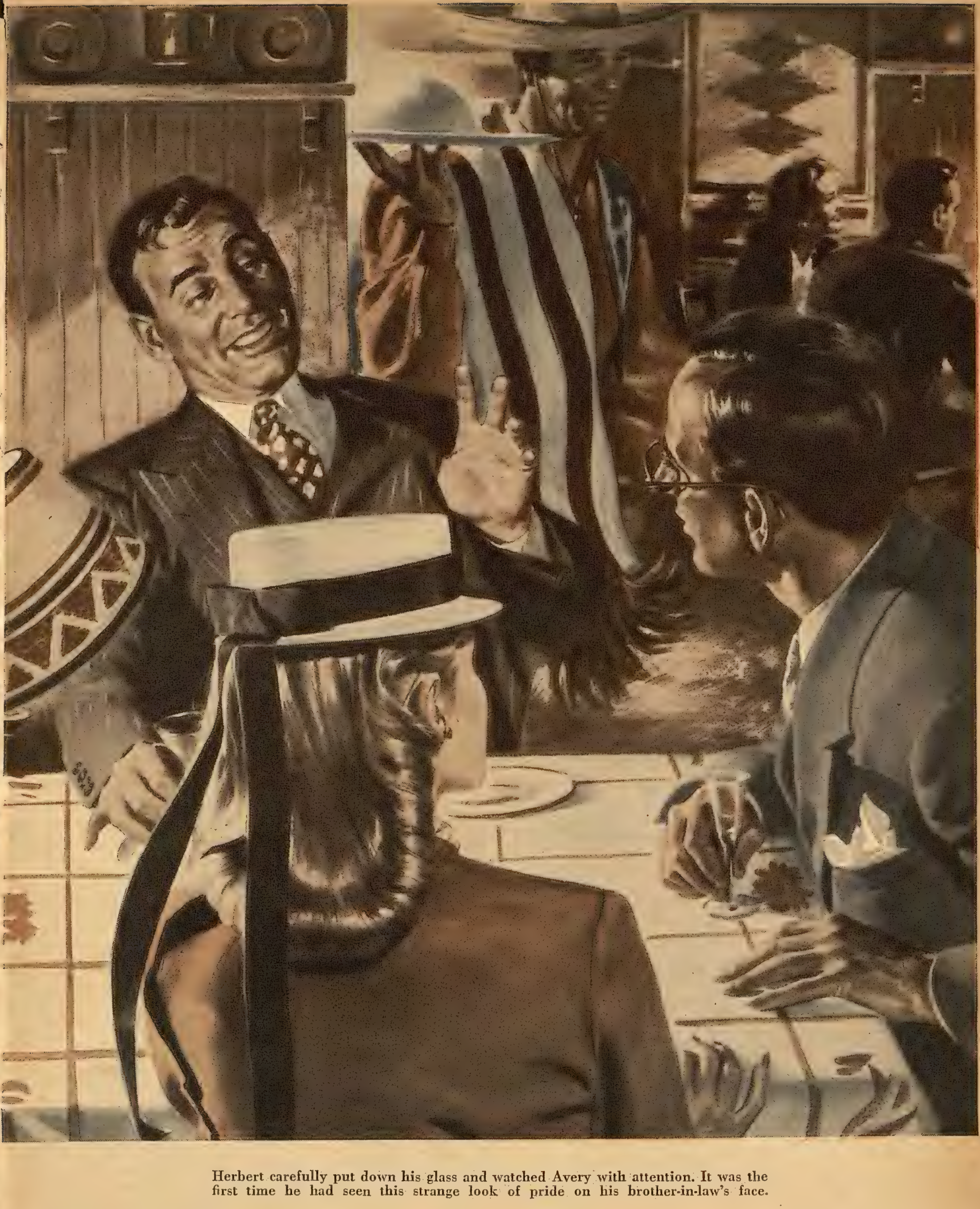
"IT'S perfectly ridiculous!" Emily said, and the angry eyes she turned upon her husband were puzzled. "Why didn't you try a little applied psychology on poor Avery?" she demanded bitterly.

"I did," Herbert said, and looked out the train window. Now the Maryland landscape flowed smoothly past in the opposite direction. They were going home, and Avery was not with them. He had elected to stay in Washington and take the defense job. Emily had hit the ceiling when she heard his decision, but Avery—a strange, new Avery—had stuck to his guns.

"I just don't understand at all," she said presently, "what made Avery change his mind."

A barely perceptible smile showed in Herbert's eyes and was gone. He was remembering his visit of that morning to Avery. He had obliquely praised the defense job and endorsed the true Americanism of a man who, quite naturally, wanted to help the war effort. And then he had gently squeezed the trigger, improvising from chapter three of Greig's A Study of Man's Reactions to Confidence Stimuli.

"Avery," he had said with contrived



Herbert carefully put down his glass and watched Avery with attention. It was the first time he had seen this strange look of pride on his brother-in-law's face.

distress, "I'm in a jam. Financially, I mean. Nothing permanent, you understand, but—well, if you could loan me twenty-five dollars—just for a week or two—it would mean an—" And he had made his eyes miserable and distressed and allowed the words to trail off to an embarrassed silence.

It had been a remarkable thing to watch the way Avery changed right before his eyes. And when Avery said that, by gosh, he guessed he could do it, he had added:

"Holy cat, Herb, imagine *me* loaning *you* money!"

"But don't tell Emily," Herbert had begged. "Somehow, I don't think she would understand."

THE END

Lecturer's Lot

Lecturing must be a great life—you think. Well, there's more to it than strikes the ear and meets the eye. Listen to a lecturer who knows

BY ERIKA MANN

You're not fussy about transportation. Even milk trucks will do.

LECTURING is a strictly American existence. Nowhere else in the world is it a full-fledged profession. In no other country I know of can you spend your life—and earn your living—merely traveling about and making speeches.

I have been at it for seven years now. I have filled some 400 engagements, covered some 140,000 miles, and addressed some 200,000 people. So perhaps I'll be forgiven if I consider this an authoritative account of a lecturer's chatty and lonely existence in the United States.

If you want to be a professional lecturer, the first thing for you to do is to "sell" yourself to an agent. You may be booked as a "celebrity speaker"—as somebody famous less for his speaking than for something else he has done, suffered, shot down, overthrown, or invented. If so, the choice of your subject won't be a matter of negotiation; you'll have to keep talking of the very thing that has brought you fame. Or you may be considered a "personality speaker"—a person whose background and personal history, whose experiences and special knowledge enable him to discuss a variety of topics with a certain authority.

The organizations for which you are to work start building their programs many months in advance. Thus your agent will insist on signing you up early in the year, even though your actual "season" does not begin before October. It's up to you to decide how long it is to last. But after you decide on three, four, or eight months of lecturing, matters are exclusively in your agent's hands. He may send you wherever he pleases, whenever he sees fit. He is the only one through whom you may be approached, and you must turn over to him even your own personal customers.

If you are a fairly attractive "number," your fees will range from $100 a lecture to $1,000, although rare is the speaker who can command the latter amount. As a rule, your agent will pocket 50 per cent of your fees in exchange for services rendered and transportation paid. Hotel rooms, meals, taxis, redcaps, etc., are your own financial responsibility. Your publicity material will be furnished and distributed by the agency. You may or may not have to bear the expenses.

Four or five months of lecturing a season, with four or five lectures a week, is a fair average. There may be weeks when you talk ten times, and others when one speech is all you manage. In his own interest, your "slave driver" will see to it that you are sensibly routed. He'll try to spare you huge expensive jumps in between dates. But since your organizations cherish their own ideas about whom they want to lecture to them and when, this may not always be possible. One evening you may have to address a convention in Detroit, the next evening rush back to New York for some special occasion—and just hope you will be able to finish in time to make your train for Chicago.

The size and quality of your first tour will be determined by the drawing power of your own name and the timeliness of your subject, and by the reputation and efficiency of your agent. Your later tours will depend on the success of the first. Your organizations are mysteriously interrelated and keep one another very well informed. Even though the press doesn't "criticize" your offerings, a failure of yours in Los Angeles will soon be known in Birmingham. And, somehow, they'll learn in Iowa City about a hit you've made in Spokane.

The career of a celebrity speaker won't outlast the source of his fame. Once his book—or his flight, his trial, or his revolution—ceases to be a topic of conversation, he is through as a lecturer. As long as it lasts, however, he needn't even be good. In fact, he may have an unpleasant personality, even be a stutterer, and still get himself an enviable tour. In attending his lectures, people go lion hunting. Let the lion be scabby—they don't mind.

Personality speakers are apt to last longer if they keep their material up to date and get along with their audiences.

The character of an American lecture audience depends on social rather than on geographical factors. Student audiences are much the same at Yale and at Stanford, whereas a town-hall crowd in Boston differs greatly from a women's club audience in the same city. Californians may be especially interested in the Pacific war, while New Yorkers may feel more strongly about the European conflict. But that's about as far as geographical influences go—if, indeed, they go that far.

In certain areas political tradition leaves its mark on all types of audiences. There is no mistaking the "solidity" of the South; and no matter what sort of group you address in Maine or Vermont, an invisible elephant will always be present.

There are scores of different audiences, but they fall roughly into a few main categories. Let's look at some of them.

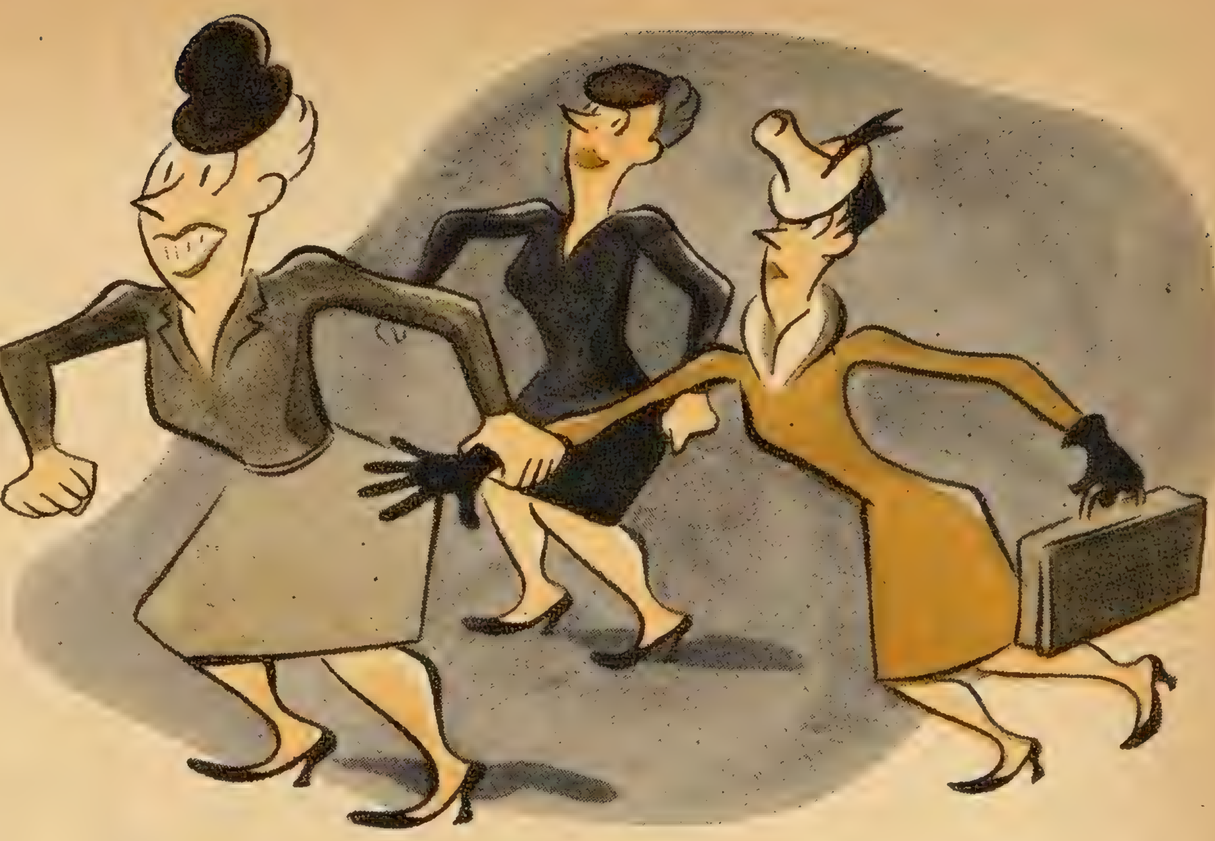
Women's clubs—their chosen representatives, chairmen of program committees, etc.—are likely to meet you at the station. You don't know them, but their determined looks and enterprising bearing make them easily discernible.

"Miss Mann?" they say. Then, "We *are* glad you've come!"

They say it in a tone of relief, as if lecturers were in the habit of never showing up.

"Now, then," they say, marching you to the car, "let's get organized!"

Audiences in general are delicate instruments, and a crowd of 500 people is infinitely more sensitive than any one of its members.



Representatives of women's clubs invariably greet you at the station with the old familiar battle cry, "Now let's get *organized!*"

The familiar battle cry makes you shudder a little. Quickly you announce that, while you'd be delighted to stay for tea, you'd rather not have luncheon before the lecture. "I always talk too much," you say apologetically, "and it tires me out!"

At the luncheon you're made to talk ceaselessly. You rather enjoy it, too. The company is friendly and open-minded and seems deeply interested in all you have to say. They tell you about past programs and you marvel at the versatility of their interests. What they've been listening to recently embraces India, forestry, astrology, juvenile delinquency, hats, and After Hitler—What? This last topic being up your own alley, you're quite hoarse when the lecture finally begins.

The audience numbers anywhere from one to four hundred. They are well-trained listeners, very quiet and attentive. They prefer the human approach to the dryly-learned one. They want to be at ease and to enjoy, as well as to inform, themselves. Also, they want to like you. In fact, they will like you if you like them, are natural and at ease, and know what you are talking about. When you're through, there may be a question period. If you've been talking about the war, you may be asked questions like these:

(*a*) What about Russia? Can we trust her? Won't she try to bolshevize the Continent? How much help is she going to give us against Japan? (*b*) What percentage of the German people are behind Hitler? Are the Nazis incurable? How could the Germans have fallen for an uneducated man like Hitler? Who is the real power in Germany—Hitler or the Junkers? (*c*) Do you have a postwar plan? (People ask this as they might ask: "Have you got the measles?") (*d*) Just when will the war be over?

Lecturers hop around too fast to make friends. Usually you're good and lonely.

Women's clubs tend to hold their meetings in the afternoon—more or less exclusively for members. The fees paid range from $100 to $300, only very exceptional "numbers" being more highly rewarded.

Town-hall forums convene in the evenings and embrace both sexes, although even in peacetime there will be a majority of women. Their representatives are unlikely to meet you at the station. Nor will there be a lot of social doings connected with your town-hall appearances. You may not even hear from the organization till you get to the place, wondering whether you've journeyed to the right city. From 300 to 2,000 people may be present. If the hall is much larger than the crowd, it is advisable to acknowledge this dreary fact cheerfully: *"So glad you've come—both* of you!" This will fortify your position.

Town-hall audiences are less polite, and thus rather more revealing, than women's clubs. Their larger size makes the individual listener feel anonymous: if he coughs, snores, or walks out, the lecturer won't notice—he thinks. Besides, he has probably paid for his seat and feels entitled to do with it, and on it, precisely what he pleases.

There'll be a public-address system and a number of people will sit on the platform with you. One of them turns out to be the moderator. Questions are usually submitted in writing and selected by the moderator. Some are insulting, and you watch the moderator putting them aside. I don't really care for the written-questions system. It makes people think you've "planted" the things you want to answer, while skipping those you don't like.

Students' groups are the toughest in a way—hard to get, hard to keep, hard to convince. Probably without realizing it, they're likely to be noisy. They cough a great deal and are very easily distracted. Let anyone in the audience drop a couple of books, and the entire crowd will watch him pick up his belongings. And no matter how fervently you talk, the sound of an ambulance or fire engine going by in the street will start them buzzing.

The younger they are, the more skeptical I have found them. They've been taught to distrust "propaganda" and feel that anyone who tries to convince them of anything at all is a "propagandist." That it might be a good thing to propagandize the truth just isn't one of their notions. Moreover, their inbred liberalism, their habit of looking at all matters from all sides and of distrusting simple classifications such as "good" and "evil," makes it hard for them to conceive of the enemy as something plainly bad—all the more so since our own performance doesn't always strike them as plainly admirable.

Although during your talk they don't seem enthusiastic or even attentive, you'll discover later that they've been listening. They may have actually liked you. If so, they'll applaud frantically. In their questions they'll betray both their youthful curiosity and their puzzling skepticism, which, incidentally, is often well founded. Here are some of the things they'll throw at you: (*a*) During the last war there was a lot of talk about German atrocities. But afterward we were told it was all propaganda. Are we to believe the atrocity stories that come out of this war? (*b*) I understand we'll have to crush Nazism in Germany. How can we suppress an ideology without violating our own democratic principles? (*c*) What's the truth about Rudolf Hess?

Fees vary. Anything between $100 and $400 may be expected. Also, you may be asked to turn up in one of the classes and answer questions connected with the curriculum.

AUDIENCES in general are delicate instruments. In fact, a crowd of 500 people is infinitely more sensitive than any one of its members. Often they'll react unconsciously, but almost always with uncanny precision. If you're absent-minded for a moment and talk without thinking, they too will get absent-minded, and you'll have a hard time regaining their attention. If you're nervous and not sure of yourself, they too will turn fidgety and restless. And if you're talking down to them, they'll know it before you become aware of it yourself.

If, on the other hand, you are composed; if you're fond of your audience and, instead of courting them, take it for granted that they are your friends, they'll feel at home in your presence. You may even have a chance to convert them if your opinions happen to differ from theirs. But it's up to you. There must be a current between you and them. Once you slacken and take things easy, the spark will go out and you'll find yourself disconnected.

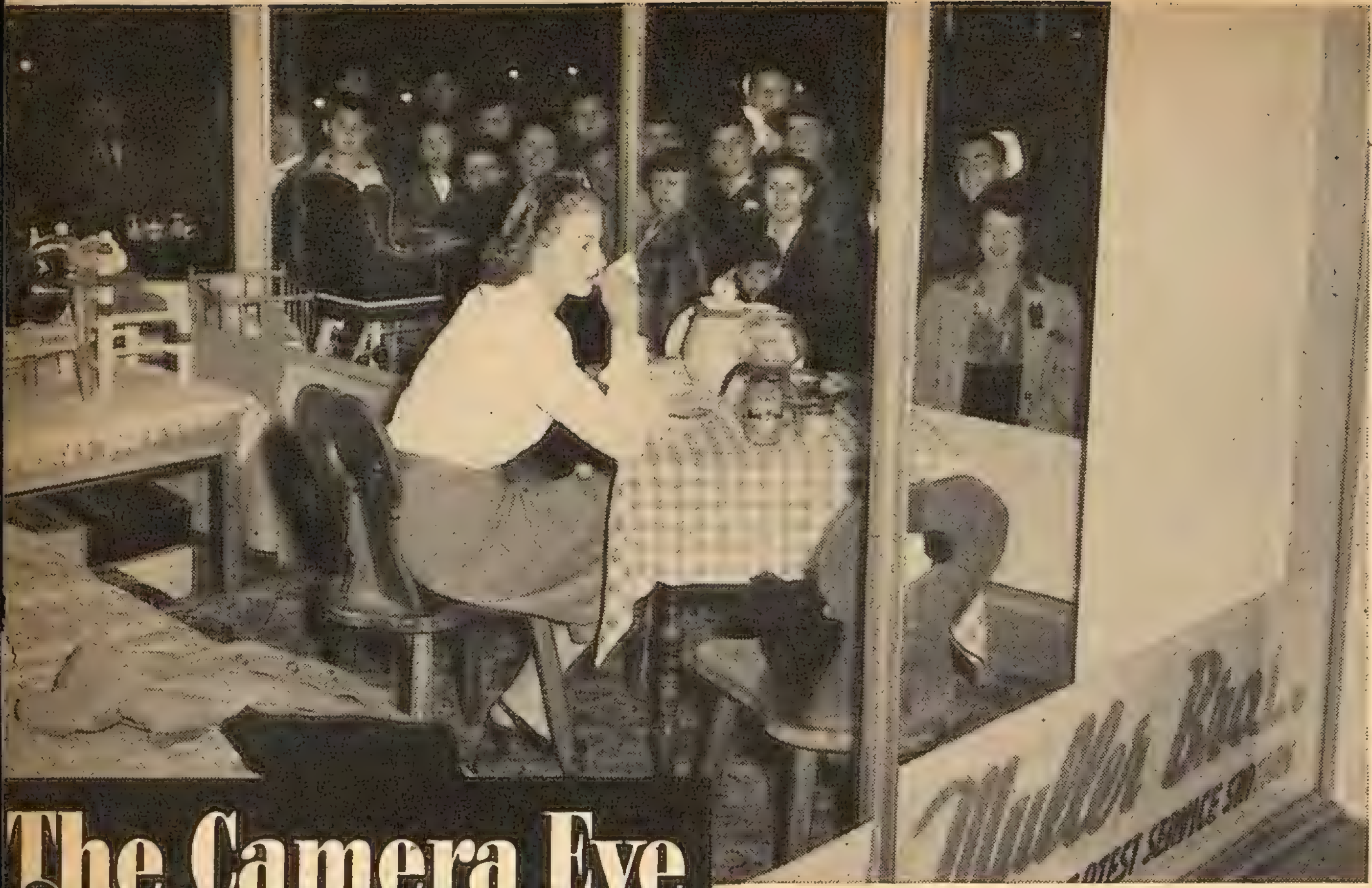
Heckling is not confined to any one type of audience, but it is not so common now as it was before Pearl Harbor. At present any lecturer advocating a powerful prosecution of the war and the establishment of some kind of international security system will hardly be violently contradicted. But before December 7, 1941, some hecklers could be counted upon almost everywhere. And they did not limit themselves to asking vicious questions. They'd insist on making speeches.

The "professionals" among them seemed

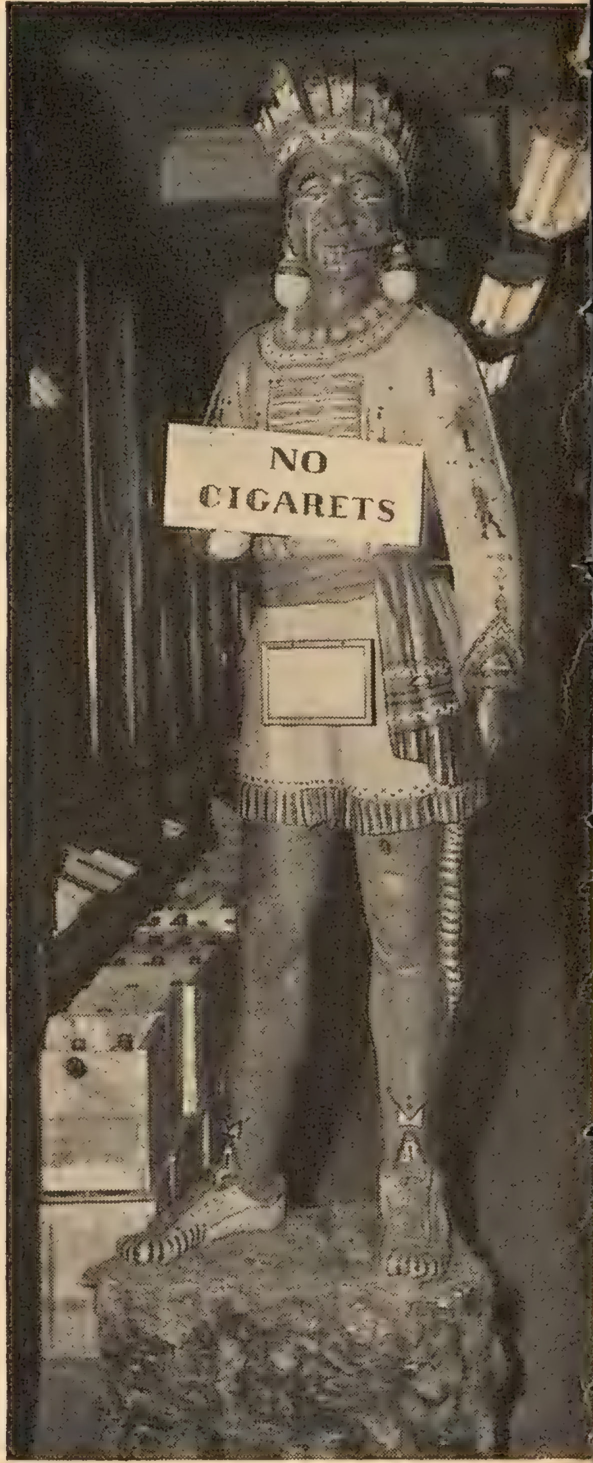
(*Continued on page 61*)

The Camera Eye

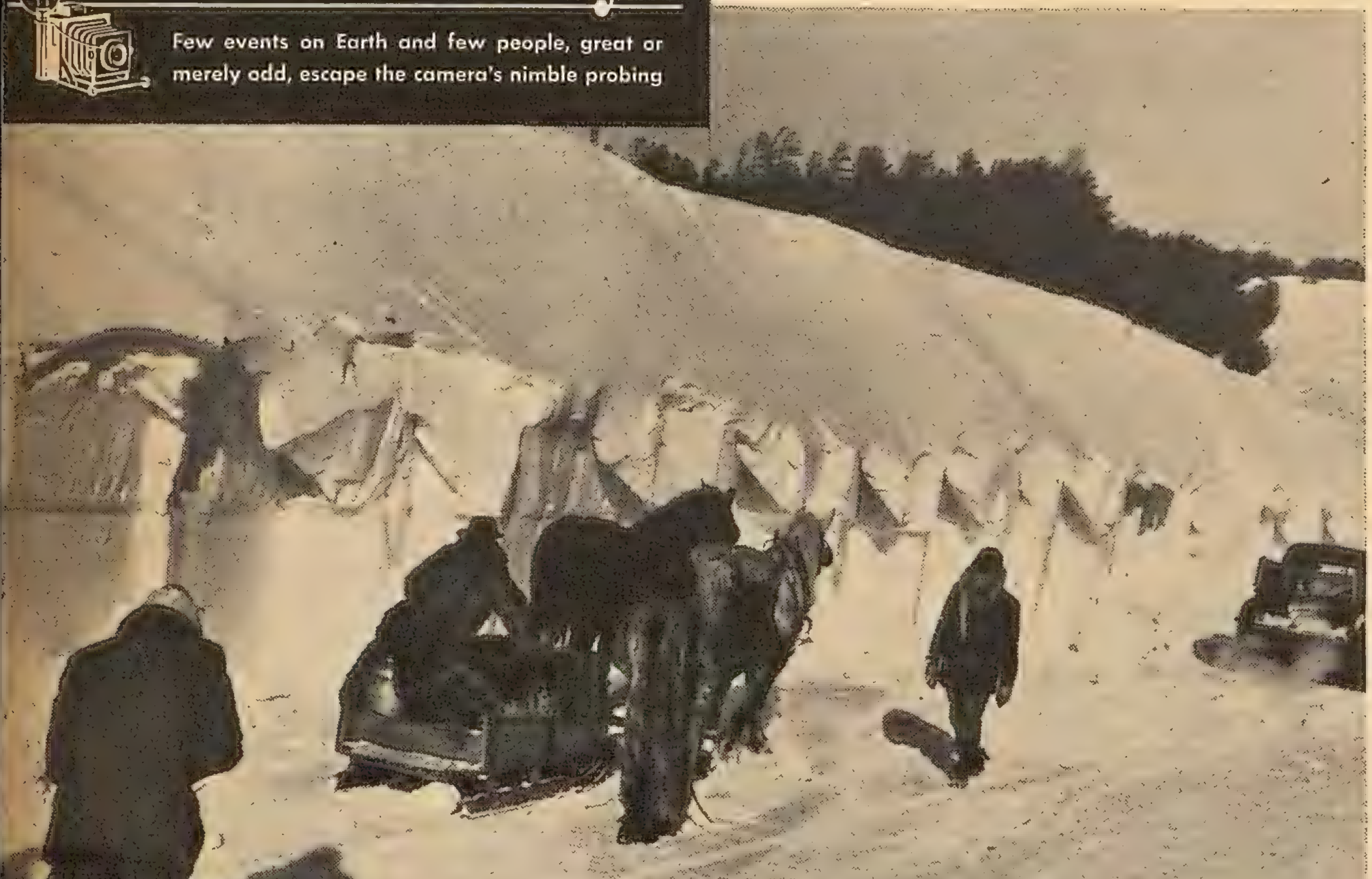
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



GOLDFISH BOWL—Elizabeth Ortez, serviceman's wife, lived a week in this Hollywood store window to dramatize the difficulty of finding living quarters. The stunt won her a $500 diamond ring.

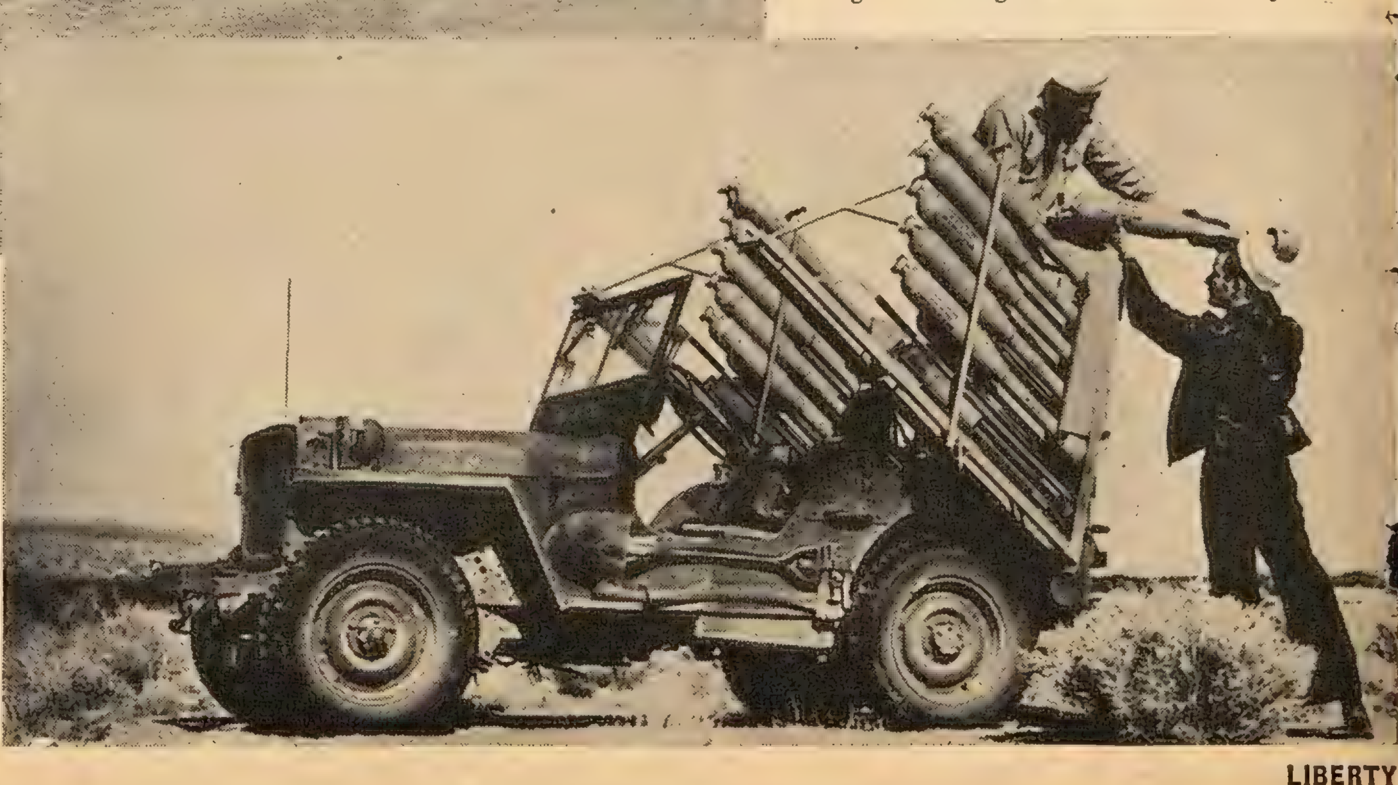


LO, THE POOR SMOKER—He's the *real* vanishing American. This wooden Indian outside a San Francisco tobacco shop isn't worrying about the shortage. That cigar will do him for years.



FROZEN NORTH—They delivered milk by bobsled after a recent storm in upper New York State. This roadway was chiseled out of 15-foot drifts.

BLITZ BUGGY—The versatile jeeps have been used for almost—but not quite—everything. Now the Navy's testing them as mobile rocket launchers.



SHIPSHAPE—Craft and craftsman alike both show good form ▲ in this picture as Lockheed worker Doris Green stands upon the tail of a B-17 she and her sister workers helped to build.

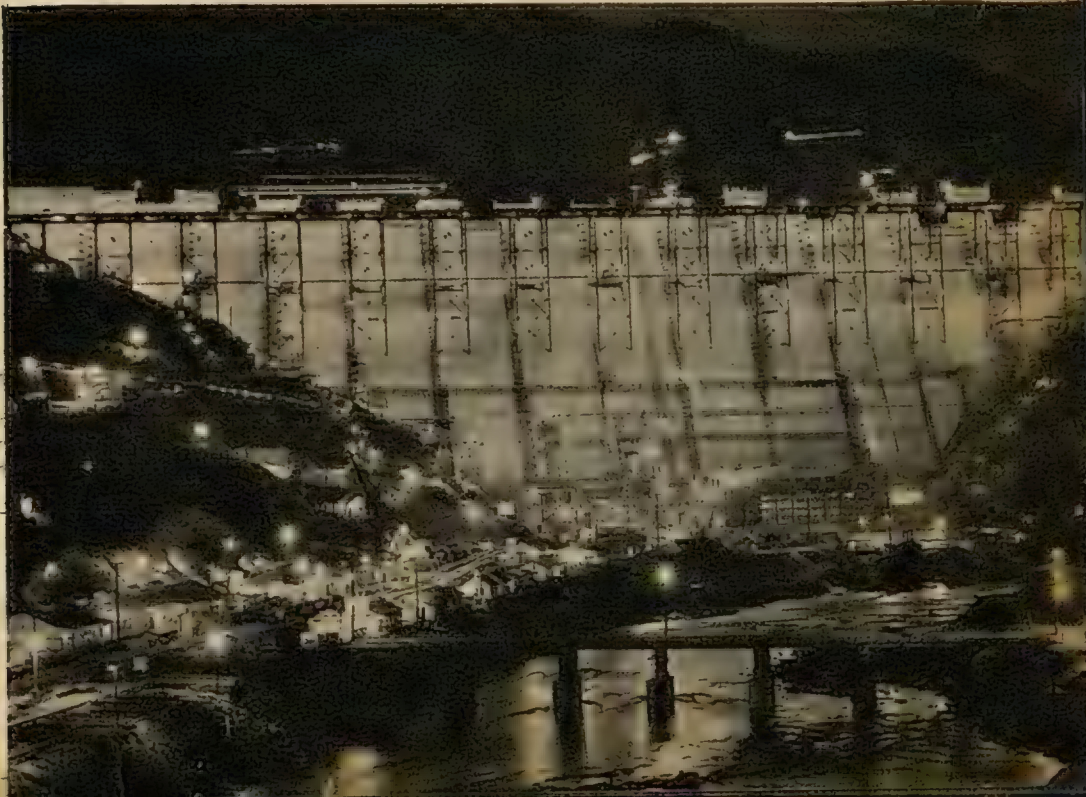
WHAT'S NEW?—Pvt. Forrest Parker and Sgt. Elmar Murar knock off fighting for a few minutes on the western front to catch up on all of the important developments in the comics. ▼

CRACK-UP—Sgt. ▲ W. H. Latta of Rochester, N. Y., was evacuating wounded from Burma when his plane crashed into the trees and he had to be rescued himself. His three injured passengers suffered no further hurt.

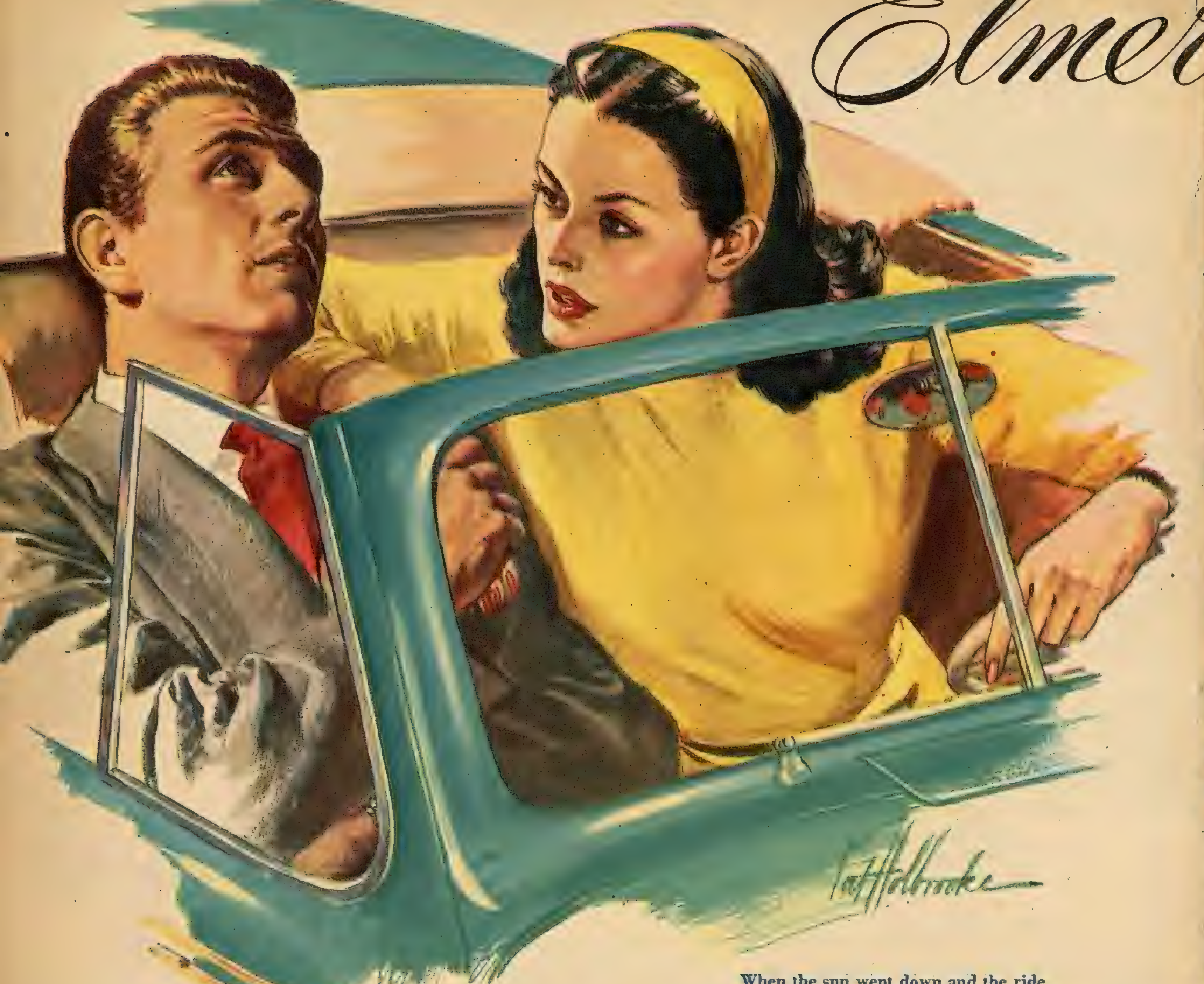
▶

SOLID COMFORT—M. P. Ramon Rodriguez is a rare G. I. He was *ordered* out of his A. T. C. barracks in Europe and into a private room. His snoring kept everyone else awake.

WHOPPER—Fontana Dam, in western North Carolina, is the newest in TVA's chain of reservoirs. It's the highest dam in the East, the fourth highest in the world—four hundred and fifty-one feet. ▼



Elmer



When the sun went down and the ride was over, Elmer Riner was engaged and was booked to marry Ethel.

BY JAMES F. DENTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Elmer Riner had everything it takes to make a failure—but success kept seeking him. The hilarious story of a cockeyed career

THE prettiest girl in Bryson High was Mildred Nane, and everybody said so. The most ungainly youth was Elmer Riner, another admitted fact, and for three mortal years he stared at her in mute and hopeless adoration and finally spoke up on the occasion of the Festival Ball. He said, "Mildred, will you go to the dance with me Saturday night?"

She looked at him a moment in astonishment, and in her kindliest tone she answered, "I can't, Elmer, because I'm going with Lee Cook." She spoke gently, for Mildred Nane was friendly as well as beautiful, and thus ended the romance of which she was never aware. He never asked her again. She wondered a while and forgot the incident, for Elmer Riner was one of the town's queer birds and nobody ever expected him to walk in the paths of romance or figure in a love affair.

The only thing a person could say in friendly comment concerning Elmer was that he could print well. It was admitted in Bryson that Elmer printed beautifully, artistically, and with great speed, and it was further admitted that being able to print neatly is hardly enough for a young man facing the problems of life.

They said in Bryson that you might as well be able to wiggle your toes separately or understand ladybugs' language and hope thereby to earn a livelihood. What if he could print? He couldn't do anything else.

He was not a handsome lad and he couldn't talk. At least, he didn't talk. He could sit perfectly still for two hours, stare at a crack, and never say a word. He betrayed no interest in commercial matters or the arts or sciences. He didn't want to be anything, or, if he wanted to be something, he kept it to himself. It was doubted that he would make even a fair gasoline-pump attendant or windshield wiper when he finished school.

Thus it can be seen that opinion in Bryson was fairly against Elmer Riner, and

Gets Ahead

he was regarded as a hapless young man upon whom education was wasted. . . . Pretty Mildred Nane became class prophet in time, and when she came to Elmer's name, she thought and thought and then prophesied: "Elmer Riner will get ahead." In this modest statement she defied the whole town, which firmly believed Elmer would never amount to a hill of beans.

In her official prophecy for the class, Mildred said nothing whatever about Jackie Cole, who happened to be Elmer's closest friend and former pal. There was nothing to be said about Jackie, as he was no longer in the high-school class, having moved along to the state house of correction, where they had theories about incorrigibles.

Now the truth of the matter was that Bryson misjudged Elmer Riner and failed to understand that inarticulate people are not always dull. They failed further to allow for the whimseys of chance.

Elmer lived with his mother on a small farm west of Bryson, where they tried to raise turkeys under discouraging conditions. He was large and slow-moving, slow in his speech, and had sleepy eyes. His ears were large, and when he spoke, it was always with an effort. His voice was pleasant enough, but he rarely used it, except to shout at the turkeys.

One of the items he had learned in high school was to keep quiet and never talk in public. He had early concluded that he had nothing to say of any value to the world and would therefore keep his mouth closed; and he had further concluded that those about him likewise had nothing to say, but were unaware of the fact and so chattered on endlessly.

When the Bryson Herald came out with Mildred's prophecy, Elmer's along with the others, the citizens laughed and shook their heads, saying, "Well, she had to say something about him."

HIS first act after leaving high school was to walk into the Bryson National Bank, which was a trifle daring in itself. His mother needed $125 to further her turkey enterprise, purchase corn for the little turks, and enlarge the business. She timidly mentioned this to her son, who nodded and said he'd see what could be done. So the next day found him facing Cedric Beasey, president of the bank. Mr. Beasey sat back in his leather chair and studied the tall youth who mentioned the $125 without any trace of embarrassment.

"What for?" Mr. Beasey asked in the gentle voice used by bankers before a negative verdict.

"Mother needs it for turkeys," Elmer explained.

"Come in and see me tomorrow," suggested the banker, and Elmer, in his youthful innocence, thought he had a chance. He had none whatever, as Mr. Beasey knew all about the turkey business and its sterile future in Bryson. That evening, in the peacefulness of his own home, Beasey mentioned the financial matter, his tone being jocular. Beasey's family consisted of himself and his daughter Ethel.

"If I were you, I'd let him have it," Ethel remarked across the table.

"What did you say?"

"I said I'd let him have it. I happen to know Elmer quite well, and he's honest. So is his mother. You'll get it back."

Mr. Beasey stared at his daughter with fresh interest. He was a small neat man with whiskers and the authentic banker's, or dead-cod, eye.

"Why are you interested in his affairs?" he demanded.

"We're old friends. He was in my class at high school."

There was further talk of Elmer and his limitations, but Ethel must have spoken to some effect, for on the following day Elmer reappeared at the bank and Mr. Beasey let him have the $125 without comment. Elmer never knew Ethel had a hand in it.

When she said they were close friends, that was fairly close to the truth. In a town like Bryson, the banker's daughter is usually considered one of the girls to cultivate, and yet Ethel was not among the social leaders. It may have been her plainness, for Ethel was no Betty Grable. It was more likely due to her fearless and unfeminine custom of speaking her mind freely, even bluntly, and a girl cannot speak the cold truth to young males if romance is to flourish.

Thus it was that other girls led in the society affairs of the town and nobody tried to make love to Ethel Beasey, who found such attempts comical and often indicated the funnier aspects to deluded young men. . . . For some inexplicable reason, she and Elmer got along, after a fashion.

They drifted together like a couple of jellyfish in a tropic sea, and a sort of chill or restrained friendship grew apace between them, untroubled by problems of love or future conduct. Now and then he escorted her to a party, and she seemed to enjoy being with a young man who said nothing. He squired her to local affairs in respectful silence, took her home again, and was happy to fall in with her suggestions, but he never thought of behaving like Errol Flynn in a fervid scene with Ann Sheridan.

Elmer's mother bought a truckload of feed and forty more turkeys with the bank loan and had enough left over for a dress, her first in six years.

Years and years before, there had been another member of the family, a loose-jointed uncle, whose name was also Elmer Riner, a solitary man who had lived for a while with the Riners and passed on from a liver complaint, leaving Elmer his name and some trunks in the attic. The deceased Elmer must have been quite a card. His trunks contained loose packages and papers covered with handwriting, and young Elmer often pawed them over on rainy days. The stuff was hard to read and still harder to understand, but Elmer spent many an afternoon in the dim attic, peeling off sheet after sheet and shaking his head, for old Uncle Elmer seemed always to be writing about his soul or somebody's soul, or else about crows and what they said to one another in the sunset.

THE day came when Elmer Riner found use for the uncle's stuff in the trunks, all on account of Jackie Cole, pining away in the house of correction. It was Elmer's honest duty and that of an old comrade to send Jackie an occasional letter to brighten the days of confinement, and Elmer was no letter writer. After "Dear Jackie," he was stumped, as many a halting letter writer before him, until he chanced to think of his Uncle Elmer and the yellowing sheets up in the attic. Thereafter letters to Jackie Cole became quite easy. Elmer simply copied bits from the trunk: an occasional poem, or remarks concerning hogs, printing everything out in his perfect letters to brighten a comrade's hours in durance.

One of these fugitive bits was a longish thing called Down on the Farm, which was a series of philosophical observations, some dabs of poetry, and what appeared to be a legend or fable about a rooster. Elmer had no clear idea of the message conveyed, but it went along in several letters to Jackie, and no doubt Jackie read it in doubt and mental fog, but was glad to have any sort of message from Bryson.

This trifling matter became in time an important episode. Someone in that institution for the improvement of youthful morals decided that Down on the Farm was worthy of more than casual reading, and so it went out on another journey by mail, and later on Elmer Riner in Bryson had a letter from New York that surprised him. It was from a publishing firm on Fifth Avenue, and it informed Elmer that his Down on the Farm had been received, and that they would like to take a long chance and publish it as a small book.

They explained that books by newcomers rarely make much money, but if Elmer cared to accept a few hundred dollars in advance, they would be glad to bring out Down on the Farm with their fall list. Elmer read the letter eight times, showed it to his mother, and replied by mail: "Your letter received and contents noted. Your offer is O. K. with me. ELMER RINER."

AFTER awhile the news seeped into Bryson, and the people discussed Elmer and the astonishing fact that he seemed to be heading for publication. The Bryson Herald said: "Elmer Riner is blossoming forth as a literary man. A New York firm is about to publish his first book. This is somewhat of a surprise to everyone, although Elmer has been famous locally for his printing hand."

When the advance money arrived, Elmer purchased some good neckties and socks and a suit of clothes very obviously from Chicago, and Mrs. Riner went to church in a new hat. The cautious Mr. Beasey had a word with his daughter, saying, "I don't mind your going to parties with Elmer Riner, but, please remember, don't marry him. Run around with him all you like, he's harmless; but when you marry, pick out a man with money in the bank and a sound future."

Ethel stared coldly at her father and replied, "I have no intention of marrying Elmer, who is only a school friend. I doubt if he will ever marry."

When the book finally appeared, the Bryson Herald said: "Elmer Riner's new volume, called Down on the Farm, has just been published and is quite a book. It is neatly bound and is a most surprising document, especially to those of us who know Elmer personally."

Few residents of Bryson bothered to read it, as the town had no literary leanings. Mr. Forbes, the postmaster, reported: "I read some of Elmer's book, but dang if I can make out what he's driving at. It all sounds a little wild to me."

Presently Elmer had a telegram from New York City, the second telegram in his young career. It said: "We can pay your expenses to New York, and would advise your coming on, as it may con-

(*Continued on page* 70)

The doting mother noses out Nana to give Eric his six o'clock bottle.

GYPSY ROSE LEE feels that she slowed down considerably during 1944. She's worried about it. Of course she can console herself by saying that she played three months in Army camps, got a Reno divorce, made a movie, and had a baby. "But in the old days," laments Gypsy, "I could have squeezed in one or two books besides."

Ever since childhood Gypsy, who hasn't a lazy bone in her much publicized body, has been doing more things faster than most people. Last August she told a reporter that her baby was due in February but she wouldn't be at all surprised if she had it much sooner. "I think I can cut the time down a little," she said. And so she did. Clipped off six weeks. Eric Lee, strong, healthy, and lusty of lungs, was born prematurely on December 13, 1944. And to prove that he had a flair for dramatic timing, he made his arrival only a few hours before his father, actor Alexander Kirkland, married socialite Phyllis Adams.

Out of the hospital in less than ten days and bursting with pride over the addition to the family, the first thing the ebullient Gypsy did was to trim a Christmas tree for Eric. The nurse didn't think Eric should leave his nursery so soon, and, besides, he couldn't see the tree anyway. But Gypsy was determined that her son should have his picture taken under his first Christmas tree, even if she had to wait until Easter. If he couldn't see it now, he could see it in the family album later. So Gypsy's Christmas tree had a long run in her Regency drawing room. Finally Nana agreed that Eric might have a change of scenery, and Gypsy grabbed her camera. Later she handed out the pictures to al her friends, assuring them, in the typical manner of mothers, that they simply didn't do Eric justice. "He was afraid that if he was photogenic I'd put him to work," she explained.

During the twenty-six years she has been in the public eye as actress, stripteaser, author, and movie star, Gypsy has been far too busy to bother much about the woman's angle. Bridge luncheons and such were not for the likes of her. But a week before the baby was born, her sister, June Havoc, who lives with her when she is in New York, announced that she was having about twenty women in for tea and she'd like to have Gypsy co-hostess the affair.

KODACHROME TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR LIBERTY

The harassed housewife solves the servant problem by doing the family laundry herself. She knows her way around a mangle.

PHOTOS BY DAVE ROSENFELD

The successful author courts the muse in her French Provincial library —"about as French Provincial as the back line of a Minsky chorus."

Triumphs with Torso and Typewriter

Gypsy Rose Lee, strip-teaser, author, and actress, has turned into a doting mother, a harassed homeowner, and an ardent antique collector. Here she is—the girl without a lazy bone in her well-publicized body

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

"A tea party!" sniffed Gypsy. "Twenty dames slopping up tea at four in the afternoon is my idea of something to stay away from."

But June was insistent, and when Gypsy showed up she found the room full of her gal friends, all looking very smug, and each with a pink or blue package in one hand and a slab of cake with bluebirds on it in the other.

"I felt like a damned fool," Gypsy said later. "But the loot was impressive. There was a wonderful bassinet (the kind that will troupe), blankets, sweaters, shirts, everything—and not a duck or a pussycat on a thing. One or two of the presents are hockable in case the baby is anything like his grandmother. And there's a book on child raising. The baby can read that to me.

"I'd never been to a shower before—let alone having been the one who got it. I liked it, too. Liked it fine. Of course the whole set-up reeks of blackmail, but June tells me it goes on all the time. The cake and tea were good, but not worth the price of admission."

GYPSY has never been so inactive as she was for about six months before the baby was born. With all that time on her hands, though, she was certain she could "make with the book words"—her personal patois for working as an author. She lugged her portable out to Nevada in September, when she spent the customary six weeks on a dude ranch to get her divorce from Alexander Kirkland. But the words didn't come. "I'm afraid only one key on my typewriter intrigued me," Gypsy said—"the one with the dollar sign."

Besides, every time she got comfortably seated at the keyboard a bell started clanging and it was time to eat again. "I paid for $130 worth of groceries a week on that dude ranch and I damn well was going to eat my way through it." When she returned to New York, The Duchess in the Goldfish Bowl, temporary title of one of her unfinished books, was as light as ever—but she herself was much heavier.

Back in New York, Gypsy again turned to her autobiography, several chapters of which have already appeared in The New Yorker. Again she hit a snag. "It got so sad I couldn't stand it," she complained. "I would remember an incident that was funny. I'd write it and—boff!—it's sad already. If I could only get June and myself to hell out of our childhood, maybe things would brighten up a bit. Right now it's the saddest thing I ever read. Sad and bad."

While publishers and editors clamored in vain, Gypsy, like all authors, decided to find an excuse for postponing further authoring. She settled on an auction. She would get rid of some of the furnishings in her country house, some of the mistakes of her town house, and she'd empty out the warehouses she had filled from time to time with her various collections.

Gypsy is an avid collector of everything from ash trays to Picassos. Once she even started a collection of beaded pincushions. She had ulcers at the time, but she doesn't see any connection.

"I want an auction for the fun of it, too," she wrote her best friend, Fanny Brice. "You know, at all the country auctions there's a gray-haired dame in the parlor. The shades are pulled down and she sits there peeking out as the sale goes on. The guy puts up a rocking chair and somebody bids ten bucks for it. The chair costs three bucks ten years before, but the gray-haired dame has a fit in the parlor. 'The chair belonged to pappy,' she moans. 'I never dreamed I'd live to see the day that *his* chair would be sold.'

"Well, I got myself a gray fright wig and I'm going to be the dame in the parlor. If she can get ten bucks for a three-dollar rocking chair, just imagine what I can get for some of the junk I've collected! I'll send you a catalogue of the sale. I made it up myself and damn near died over it. I'm writing it all down, and all of a sudden I'm saying, 'I can't sell this. It's so good I gotta keep it.' My trouble is, I write too flowery. I'm selling the stuff right back to myself when I'm describing it."

BUT even arranging the auction didn't take up enough of Gypsy's time or energy. She began to plan a return to the stage, but the doctor made her promise not to work for at least six weeks after Eric's birth.

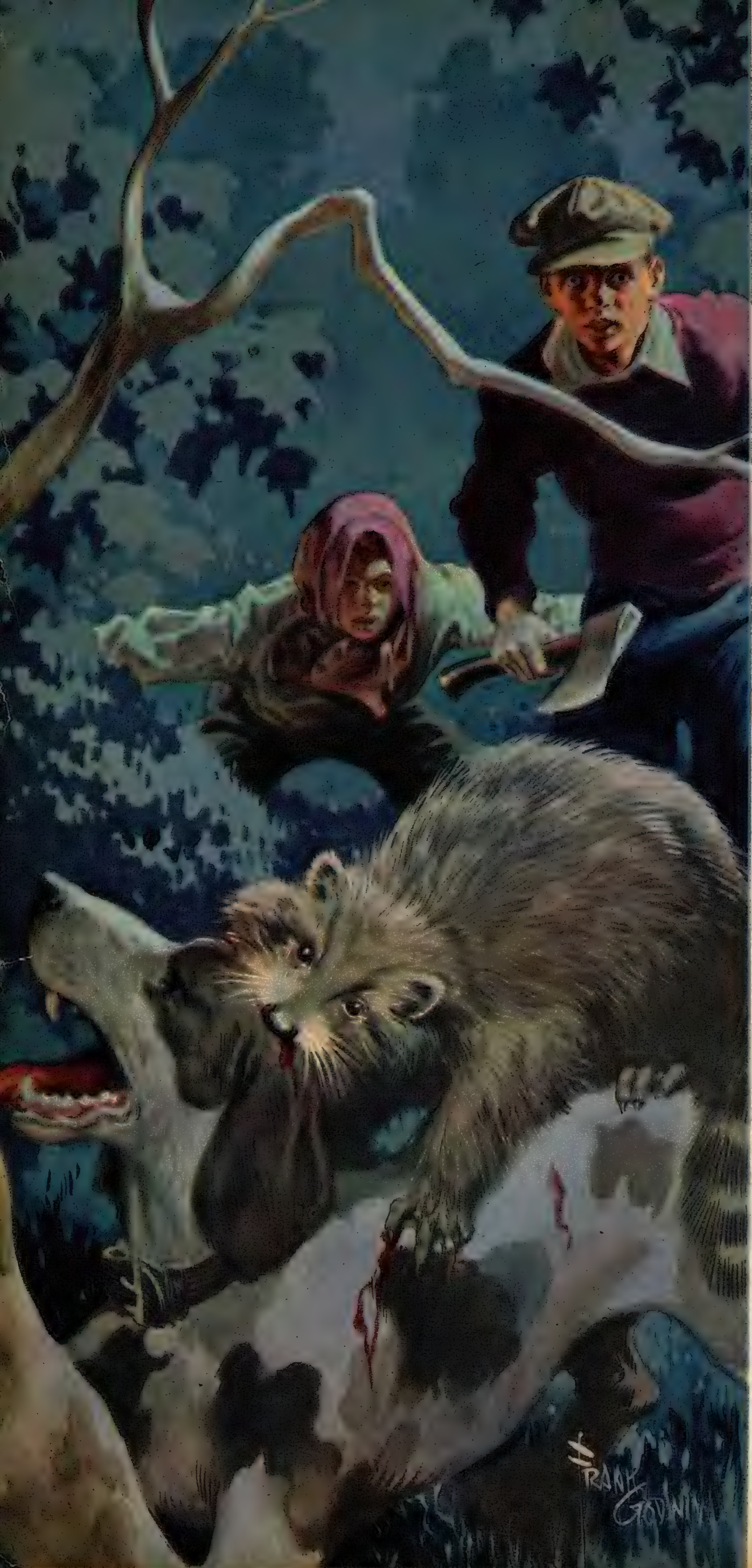
("I don't know what he expects I'm going to do," said the impatient Gypsy—"a trapeze act?")

So it wasn't until February that she took to the road again for a six-week vaudeville tour of the Middle West. When Gypsy goes on the road, incidentally, she makes more money than even Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes. Thus after six weeks she could come home and not work any more for a year and still break even.

Although she is considered a very shrewd business woman, Gypsy has been known to have her artistic lapses. Neither of the Hovick girls was ever too strong on figures —the kind that come in arithmetic books. "And if you think we're bad," says Gypsy, "you ought to see mother."

She likes to tell about the time she and June were shopping in a New York de-

(*Continued on page 60*)



"He's killing old Mose!" Toody hollered, and there was a lot of scare in his voice. I waded in, then.

BY FRED GIPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

I'VE been studying about it ever since they shipped me back from France. Just wallowing it around in my mind like a dog will worry an old bone. But it doesn't make sense. How can a big, mean, ten-year-old hate get killed off at a glance?

I guess the place to start is with old Mose. Mose was my old coon hound, and Papa used to tell it around that a big old dog-scrapping coon was what ruined Mose. But that wasn't the case. It was Bait Gentry done it. And I thought I'd hate the man as long as I lived. I thought I'd hate him, and hate his woman, Vitie, and their little old scrawny freckle-nose Martha, who used to come to school horseback, riding like a drunk Indian and sticking out her tongue at me and Toody as she tore past. I was sure full of hate for them Dog Branch Gentrys after what Bait done to old Mose.

It's like yesterday, the night that Bait Gentry ruined that coon dog—the things that happened are that clear in my mind. A heap clearer than a lot of things I've just seen in France.

I can see Toody standing there in the foggy moonlight, his head wrapped up in one of Mama's old wool shawls and looking like a girl. He was standing beside the hogproof fence that divided the east side of Papa's farm from Bait Gentry's ranch and he was trying to back out at the last minute.

"What if we get caught?" Toody said.

I shoved down one barb wire with my foot and pulled up on the next one above it, making a hole in the fence.

"We won't get caught," I said.

The dogs jumped through and Toody followed. I climbed over the top and headed straight for the big post-oak bottom down on Dog Branch. I stepped right out. I was fourteen and I wasn't scared—even if my heart did kick up a little.

We sure didn't have any business hunting coons in Bait Gentry's pasture. In the first place, Bait Gentry's pasture was posted. He didn't want hunters on his ranch. He claimed the hounds made too much racket and disturbed his cattle so they couldn't rest and put on fat. In the second place, Bait Gentry didn't want me and Toody on his land because of what had happened the summer before.

That was when one of Bait's range hogs got in Papa's corn patch and ate up a bunch of green corn, and I put the dogs on it and choused it around till it got too hot. The hog died, right against the fence where Bait could find it, and he jumped Papa about it one day, and Papa knocked him off a ten-foot creek bank for calling him a dirty name.

The Vesters and Gentrys weren't what you'd call borrowing neighbors after that, and Papa told me and Toody he'd tear up our tails with a plow line if he ever caught us hunting on Gentry's ranch. And we knew he'd do it, too. There was a lot of foolishment about Papa; but when it came to tail-busting a boy, you could sure depend on him.

But Papa was really to blame for our going in Bait Gentry's pasture to hunt that night. Papa had been making fun of our

It Sure Beats Me!

coon hounds, and he didn't have no call to. A coon never laid down a trail too cold for our dogs to pick up. There never was one smart enough or fast enough to make his getaway, once they jumped him. When it came to fighting, the biggest boar coon in the woods couldn't last till the scrap got good started. We had the best coon hounds in the country. Anyhow, that's the way we told it—me and Toody.

But we couldn't make Papa see it. "You wait," he'd always say. "Them coons you've been catching are just big old kittens. They ain't got their growth. One of these nights you'll jump a big coon, a real old residenter. That's when you and them corn-bread hounds'll learn what coon hunting's all about!"

Well, me and Toody had our pride; so you can see how come us slipping into Bait Gentry's pasture that night. The way we had it figured, if there'd been no hunting on Dog Branch for the last eight or ten years, there had to be some big coons there. And it was big coons we were after. We aimed to make Papa eat crow.

IT was sure a coon-hunting night. Big patches of fog hung to the ground. The fog was thick. In between patches, the yellow light of a full moon made the woods bright as day. There was the scent of rotting leaves and grass in the air. The coon that wouldn't prowl on this night had to be a laid-up cripple. The hound-dog that wouldn't make a coon hunt tall timber ought to be knocked in the head.

What with the fog and all, it was a sort of ghosty night, too, and when a hoot owl started booming way down in that big lonesome bottom we were headed for, I shivered. I recognized the sound, but I shivered anyhow. It's natural, I guess, for a kid to be sort of jumpy off in strange woods on a night like that.

Toody's voice came out of a fog patch behind me, complaining, "Don't walk so fast, Josh. I can't keep up."

Toody was nine and he couldn't keep up. He always got about thirty yards behind when we went on a coon hunt and started complaining about how I walked too fast. I could keep right on at the same pace till daylight and he'd never get any further behind. But he couldn't keep up. Toody was sure a pester that way.

I stopped and waited for him that night, though. I wasn't nervous about being in a posted pasture, understand. I wasn't scary about the spooky-looking fog, and I knowed what that hoot owl was the minute he opened his head. Just the same, I waited for Toody.

Old Mose drifted past in an open patch of moonlight. Old Mose was a big rangy July hound with a tail keen as a buggy whip. He packed that tail up over his back in a high proud arch. Papa always said old Mose kept his tail pulled up so tight that he traveled with his hind feet clean off the ground. But I didn't care what Papa said.

Toody dragged up beside me. Queenie came romping and twisting out of a bee-myrtle thicket and ran up to him, whining and licking his hands. Queenie was a little bitch hound, half walker and half beagle. She wasn't fast enough to push a coon, like old Mose, but she was a stayer. She could sniff the cobwebs out of a coon's track, warm it up with her breath, and hang his trail till next Christmas—if he didn't take a tree first. Queenie was Toody's dog.

Out in the brush I heard the soft clinking of the swivel chain that linked together the collars of Fancy and Dick. They were old Mose's pups out of Queenie, and we had to keep them necked together that way because they weren't but six months old and had just as soon take a jack rabbit for a high run across the ridges as eat a biscuit. But they'd hang a coon's trail like old dogs, once it was started.

The damp grass was silent underfoot. The branches of the bare trees were black with wet and dripped silver in the moonlight.

Toody started falling behind again. "If we hit a trail," he said, "old Bait Gentry'll hear the dogs. We hadn't oughta come."

"Old Bait Gentry," I scoffed, "is bedded up like a fat possum in his den. You couldn't stir him out with a twisting stick. Not on a wet night like this. Anyhow, we'll be traveling too fast for that short-legged thing to catch us."

The two families had hated each other ever since that ghostly night they mixed it up on a murderous coon hunt. Then, after ten years, the feud was over—in a glance, you might say

"Not if he's horseback," Toody said.

I hadn't thought about that. We'd sure be in a pickle if Bait Gentry took after us horseback. But I kept going. I was out to catch a big coon that night.

Toody fell further behind and I had to stop and wait for him again. We waded into a big blanket of fog only belly-button deep. It was like walking into a cotton patch when the cotton's all open, only whiter. That old hoot owl started calling again. He sure made a lonesome sound off yonder in the distance.

Then up on a little hogback ridge to one side of us old Mose opened. His voice rolled like a drum and faded out in the timber. *"Coo-oon!"* he said, just as plain. *"Coo-oon!"* And then Queenie was there and talking coon with him, her voice as high-noted and ringing as a church bell.

I forgot about being in Bait Gentry's pasture. I forgot about the ghosty-looking night and the lonesome sound of that old hoot owl's calling. I yelled at the top of my voice and tore out in a hard run for the ridge top. I had to catch Dick and Fancy before they hit that coon trail necked together. I didn't want nothing bothering two fine pups like them.

I just barely made it. The pups came charging up like runaway horses, yelping every time their feet hit the ground. They tried to dodge me, but I ran in and grabbed Dick by one hind leg. He squalled bloody murder and Fancy fell back against the collar, yelping and pulling till she choked them both down. Those pups were sure anxious to get after that coon.

Toody had to help me turn them loose. Then they were off and gone, streaking through the timber after the old dogs. Mose and Queenie were gone half a mile away.

"We got to hump it," I told Toody. "They've hit it hot."

We humped it, following in a long swinging trot we'd learned to keep for hours.

That was sure a coon chase; fast from start to finish. And a long one. That old boar coon had his bag of tricks, like all the smart ones, and he opened it up on this run. He marked a tree every quarter of a mile. He swung off down into Dog Branch Bottom, where he crossed and recrossed ankle-deep pools of water along the sandy bed of the creek. He ran the top of an old wrecked rock fence that quartered Bait Gentry's ranch. He circled boulder heaps and backtracked himself, and one time climbed the face of a rocky cliff so rough and steep that the hounds had to hunt another place to climb up.

THEY were all good tricks that old coon pulled, but they were wasted on Queenie and old Mose. Queenie and old Mose had run smart coons before. They had them a big he-coon on the run and they kept taking him yonder.

"Coo-OON!" old Mose kept bawling in that big bass-fiddle voice of his. *"Coo-oo-OON!"* Talking it up big and helped along by Queenie and the pups. Wringing his tail and drifting that varmint through the moonlight.

Papa always claimed old Mose had a trail cry that jarred the acorns out of the trees. That was just some more of Papa's foolishment. But there *was* something in that old hound's voice that could run hot and cold chills up my back. Seemed like it could just reach down inside me and grip my heart and lead me on, long after I was run off my feet.

They put that coon up without making one real lose. It took them nearly an hour to do it, but they put him up a big post-oak on the bank of Dog Branch and then sat down on their tail ends and went to telling the world what they had up a tree.

I trotted up with my flashlight out, aiming to locate him by the shine of his eyes. We didn't need the light. That old coon wasn't hiding. He was perched in the top of the highest branch with a high-riding moon back of him, framing him like a calendar picture.

"He's a real old residenter, all right," I panted. "Big as a bear!"

(Continued on page 57)

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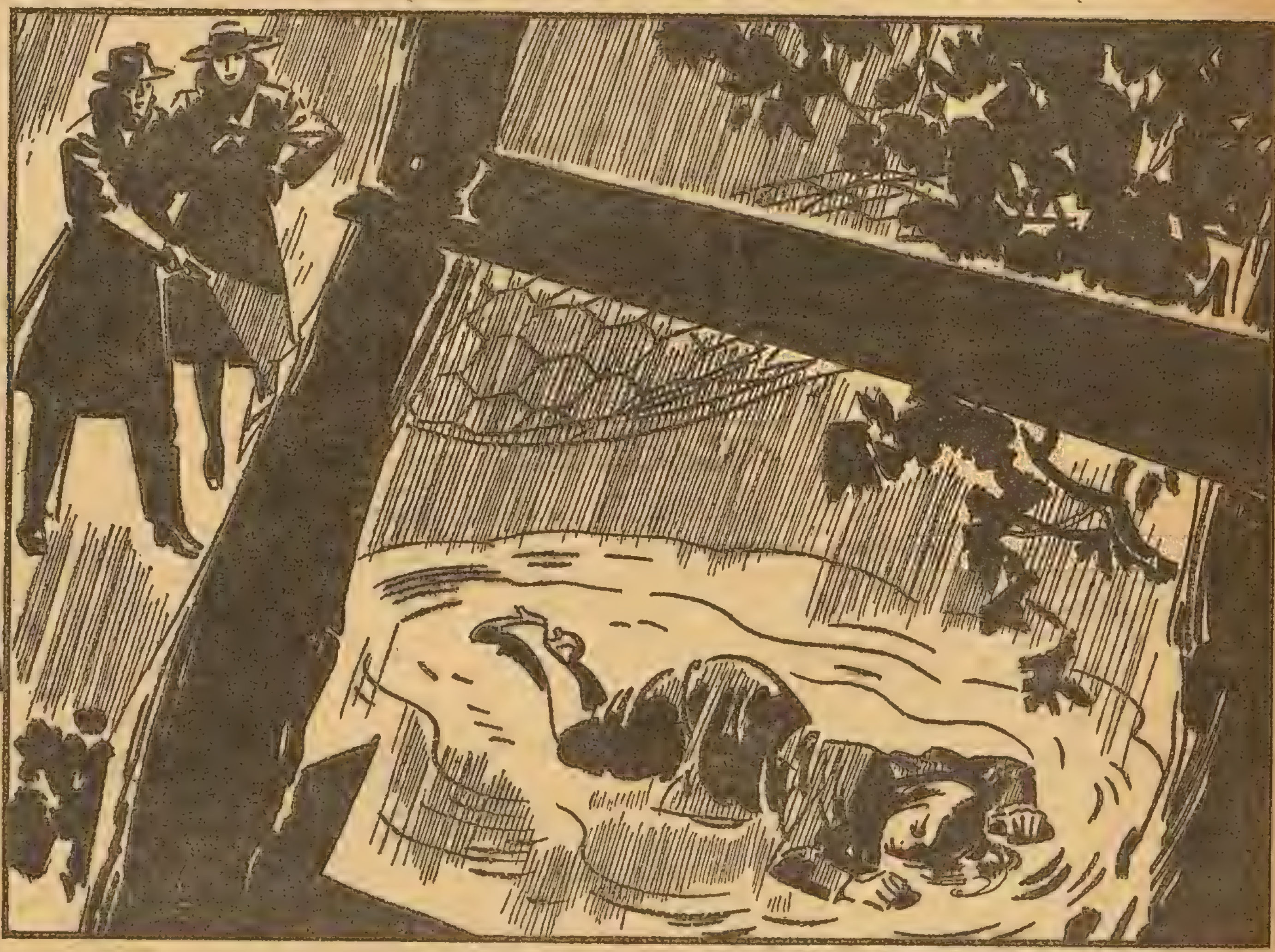
The Case of the BLACK-EYED BLONDE

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason, lawyer and knight-errant (more errant than knightly, according to the local police), was visited by a damsel in distress. Then the trail of a blonde lady's black eye led abruptly into one of the most baffling murders in his crime-hunting career.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING



ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN THOMAS

THE blonde young woman was some five feet three inches tall and weighed about one hundred and twelve pounds. Her left hand clasped her coat, holding it tightly around her. The discoloration of her right eye contrasted oddly with her light blonde hair which swept down in waves to her shoulders. She wore no hat.

"Miss Regis?" Perry Mason asked, his voice showing his interest. "Won't you be seated? Della, you can sit over there. My secretary keps notes on what my clients have to say, Miss Regis; I trust you won't mind. What did you wish to see me about?"

The lawyer's visitor began talking rapidly, her voice vibrant with emotion. She was of a type with whom one would hardly associate black eyes.

"Mr. Mason, I'm in a mess, and I'm fighting mad. I've been thinking things over for hours—ever since midnight in fact, and I've decided to do something about—well, about this," and she gently touched her discolored eye.

"Then why didn't you come sooner?" Mason asked curiously.

"I didn't have any clothes."

Mason raised his eyebrows. "I take it," he said, his voice showing no more interest than courtesy demanded, "your husband is holding your clothes and there's been the usual family fight. He accused you falsely of infidelity, and—"

"No, Mr. Mason. It isn't that at all. I'm divorced—have been single for more than three years."

"Who has your clothes?"

"The person for whom I was working."

Mason flashed a quick glance at Della Street to make certain she was ready to take notes. "I want to hear the story from the beginning," he said.

"I'm an actress on the radio," Diana Regis began. "I had some trouble with a director and was about to be

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out of a job. Then a man by the name of Jason Bartsler liked my voice and telephoned to ask if I would be interested in a position that would pay me very good money with very easy work. He told me he was having trouble with his eyes; that he had always been an omnivorous reader; that now he needed someone to read to him. Well, I went to work for him and found him a very suave, very polished gentleman."

"What is his business?"

"Mining. He's about fifty-five or fifty-six."

"And your particular trouble?"

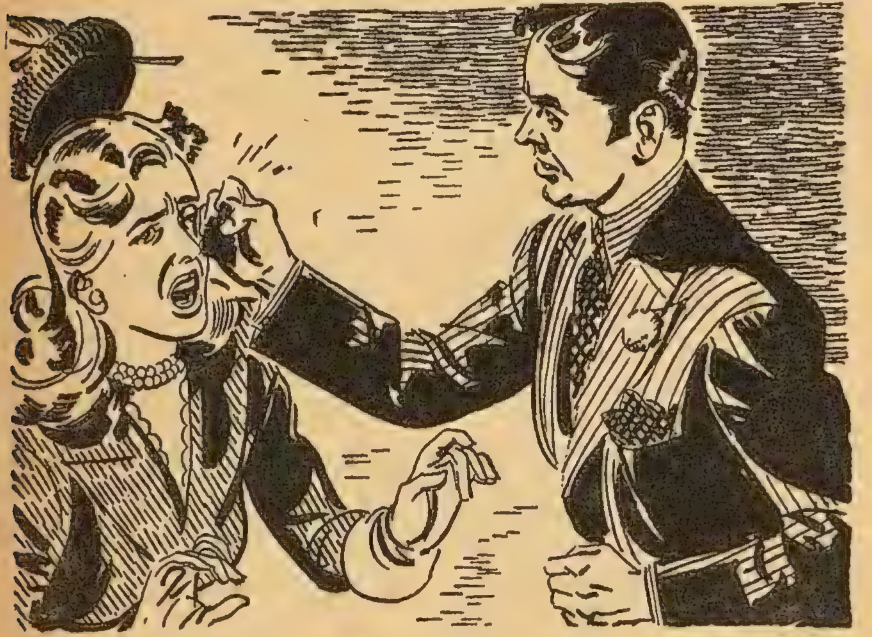
"It starts with Carl Fretch. He's Mrs. Bartsler's son by a former marriage, a spoiled brat if there ever was one, but you don't realize it until he takes off the mask."

"Who else lives in the house?" Mason put in.

"Frank Glenmore, Mrs. Bartsler, and the housekeeper, an old family servitor whom they've had for years. They work her to death. She's deaf and—"

"Who is Glenmore?"

"I gather he's an operator who runs mines for people, at so much a ton, for ore that's removed and sent to the mill. Since Mr. Bartsler's eyes went bad, Mr. Glenmore has been there, sort of helping out. I think he owns a half interest in some of the properties. He's very fair—always wants to hear the other person's viewpoint. I like him."



"Did you live there in the house?"

"I had to, because Mr. Bartsler wanted me to read to him just before bedtime. I kept my own apartment in town, of course. I share it with another girl and we're very congenial. I didn't want to give it up—at least until I knew more whether this job was to be permanent."

"Where's your apartment?"

"The Palm Vista Apartments."

"All right, let's hear about Carl Fretch and the eye."

"Carl had been after me every time I had a night off, suggesting we go to a movie or something, and I'd always stalled him off. I saw that his mother thought I was being a little high-hat, or something, so one night I told him I'd go."

"Then what?"

"Once that boy got out of the house," she said, "he was a different individual. At first I was definitely amused. He quite evidently was acting a part—living up to some sort of pattern he'd established for himself, very much a man of the world.

"We went to a café, and Carl ordered vintage wines, mixed his own salad dressing, and did everything with such an air. Then, on the way home, the usual thing. I tried to be nice to him and set him straight, but all of a sudden the mask slipped and I saw the little brat for what he was. I slapped his face hard, and got out of the car and started walking. I finally picked up a ride and got to where I could get a taxi and drove out to the house, and then I realized that I'd left my purse in Carl's car and I didn't have a cent with me.

"I told the cab driver that if he'd come up to the house with me, I'd get the money. Another cab was just pulling away from the curb at the time, and the passenger—a matronly woman in the fifties with a slight limp and motherly eyes—had heard our conversation and she insisted on advancing the money for my cab fare. Then she rang the bell and Frank Glenmore opened the door. She said she'd telephoned, and Mr. Glenmore said, 'Oh, yes, about that mining deal,' and invited her in. I never did get her name.

"I'm ashamed of myself for not stopping to thank her, but I was somewhat upset. I asked Mr. Glenmore if he'd please refund the money, and ran right upstairs. And there was Carl Fretch standing in my room, big as life.

"WELL, I told him to get out. He just smiled at me with that cold superior smile and said, 'No, I think I'll stay. If I can't work it one way I will another. I want to say something and you'd better listen.' "

"Then what?" asked Perry Mason.

"Then," she said, "I made my big mistake. I grabbed him by the coat and started to push him. He tore himself loose, whirled and faced me. I'll never forget the look I saw in his eyes—a cold cruelty, a carefully-thought-out meanness. He said, 'All right, if you want it the hard way, here it is.' He struck me."

"Knock you down?"

"Sat me down hard. And, standing in the doorway, he bowed with a mocking sardonic smile and said, 'Next time don't be so damned upstage.' And then he walked out and closed the door."

"What did you do?"

"I went to the bathroom and put cold compresses on my eye, went back and locked the door, took off my clothes, took a long warm bath to relax me. About a half hour later, I felt better. I put on a house coat, and because I'd neglected to take my bedroom slippers into the bathroom with me, put on my shoes. And then I realized that I still didn't have my purse. I was good and mad by that time."

"What did you do?"

"I marched down to Mrs. Bartsler's room and knocked on the door. Do you know what Carl had done? He'd taken my purse in to his mother and showed her that in it was an article of jewelry she'd been missing all that day."

"Seems to be a very nice young man," Mason said.

She laughed bitterly. "Well, I was so utterly dazed I couldn't think of anything to say. And then Carl said, with that studied close-clipped enunciation of his, 'I think, mother, it might be a good plan to search her room before we let her go.' "

"Then what happened?"

"Then Carl and his mother walked down the corridor to my bedroom, and when I tried to go in, Mrs. Bartsler just pushed me out and slammed the door in my face."

"And then?"

"Then," she said, "I ran downstairs to see Mr. Bartsler, but he was still talking. My fur coat was hanging in the coat closet. I put that on, and was starting for the library, where I could wait until Mr. Bartsler was at liberty, when the door abruptly opened and I saw the lame woman coming out. I didn't want her to see my swollen eye, so I ducked into the coat closet. I guess I waited five or ten minutes, then I opened the door and popped out, and at that moment that other door opened and both Mr. Bartsler and Mr. Glenmore were ushering this woman out.

"I had the start on them, so they could only see my back as long as I kept moving toward the front door. So I kept on walking right out the front door, down the steps, and down the street. I made up my mind I'd phone Mildred Danville, the girl who shares my apartment, and get her to take my car and drive out to get me—and, of course, I didn't even have telephone money with me. By that time my eye had puffed way out. So I decided to walk to my own apartment. I made it finally—and Mildred wasn't home to let me in."

"What did you do then?" Mason asked.

"I walked on to the bus depot and sat there the whole blessed night. I mooched a nickel from a sympathetic man and called the apartment every hour for a while. There wasn't any answer. There still isn't any. I feel absolutely lost. It seems as though everyone's staring at me. . . . I'd heard of you. It took hours to screw up my nerve to come to see you in this condition, but I felt myself becoming hysterical—so here I am. Mr. Mason, if you can only fix things so they will give me my clothes and keep them from branding me as a thief. I can't take that charge lying down, Mr. Mason, although I realize how things look—now."

Mason said to Della Street, "Get her fixed up with clothes and some food. I'm going out."

Mason closed his right eye surreptitiously at his secretary.

THE house that Mason wanted turned out to be a two-story white stucco, tile-roofed residence in an exclusive district. The door was opened by a thickset man of about thirty-eight who had warm brown eyes that surveyed Mason cautiously.

"I want to see Jason Bartsler," Mason said.

"I'm afraid that's impossible unless you have an appointment, and if you had an appointment, I think I would know of it."

"My name's Mason. I'm a lawyer. I'm representing Diana Regis. Bartsler can see me here and now, or he can see me later and in court."

The man smiled. "Come in. I'll see if Mr. Bartsler will see you."

In a room which was a combination library, den, living room, and office, Jason Bartsler came up out of a deep chair, a tall suave man with a slightly quizzical expression.

"How are you, Mr. Mason?" he said, shaking hands. "I presume you've met my associate, Frank Glenmore. What's all this, anyhow? Diana's a nice girl, and I don't want her to quit."

"As I get the story," Mason said, "she made the mistake of accepting an invitation to go out with your stepson."

When Mason had outlined Diana's experience, Bartsler said irritably, "You make it sound like murder in the first degree. Nobody actually shoved her outdoors, did they?"

"She was frightened into leaving."

"Frightened by what?"

"Physical violence, with the threat of more."

"From whom?"

"Carl Fretch and his mother. They pushed her out of her room."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get the things out of her room. I want to get her pay for two weeks in advance, I want to get an apology, I want assurance she will either get a letter of recommendation from here or that nothing will be said against her character in the event some prospective employer gets in touch with you."

Bartsler said to Glenmore, "Will you ask my wife to come in here, and tell her to bring Carl along with her?"

Mason arose to greet the woman and the young man as they came in.

There was a glacial grace about Mrs. Bartsler. She looked like a woman of thirty-five who had the assurance of knowing she would pass for twenty-eight. Carl Fretch was slender, with dark hair, carefully cultivated sideburns which extended about an inch below the earline in the best Hollywood manner.

"Perry Mason," Bartsler told them after the introductions, "has been retained by Diana Regis. She seems to think that she was thrown out insufficiently clad and under humiliating circumstances. You folks know anything about it?"

"We know all about it," said Mrs. Bartsler. She went on with cold dignity: "I was afraid that she might be feeling lonely. I suggested to Carl that it might be well to show her some attention. Carl invited her out to dinner. She became rather intoxicated, and in one of the bars permitted a very common young man to make advances to her, and seemed to be enjoying herself so much that she refused to return home with Carl. It wasn't until after Carl arrived home that he realized that her purse was in the automobile. He took it to her room to leave it, and then discovered in the purse a diamond pendant for which I had been searching all afternoon. Other things had been missing since Miss Regis came here, but I hadn't attached any particular suspicion to her, feeling that perhaps I had mislaid them. Miss Regis had a guilty conscience and fled as soon as I entered her room."

"That answer your question, Mason?"

Mason ventured, somewhat diffidently: "She had a discolored eye when she came to my office. Either of you know anything about that?"

Mrs. Bartsler glanced at Carl.

Carl said, "She had it when she came in. I assume that the party with whom she was hobnobbing when I left the bar could say something about that." He started to follow his mother out of the room.

"Just a moment, Carl," Jason Bartsler said.

The young man hesitated. Then, with a slight shrug, he turned and walked gracefully back.

"Now then," Bartsler said in a low conversational voice, "that technique of planting the diamond pendant is something you used about three years ago on that maid your mother had. You went out with the maid that evening, and the next morning the diamond pendant was back in its accustomed place. I want you to know that I know what a dirty little four-flusher you are. Now get out!"

Carl Fretch bowed from the waist just far enough to give the impression of dignified acquiescence to superior authority, an innate reluctance to engage in a verbal brawl, and the willingness of a gentleman to be placed in an embarrassing and humiliating position rather than forget himself for a moment.

The door closed.

"Well, I guess that covers everything," Bartsler said, when he had counted out some bills.

Mason merely smiled. "I don't know."

"What don't you know, Mr. Mason?"

"Quite a few things—why you employed Miss Regis in the first place; why you still want her back. I warn you, Bartsler, that when I stumble across some mystery in the practice of my profession, I usually get to the bottom of it. If you would prefer to let me have the information at first hand, I'll be at my office tomorrow morning at ten."

Bartsler stroked his chin, said abruptly, "I'll be there at ten fifteen."

He was as good as his word.

"MASON," he began, when the two were seated, "how the devil did you know there was some reason back of my employment of Diana Regis?"

Mason smiled. "A successful business man calls up a radio actress he is supposed never to have seen and employs her to come to his house and read to him."

Bartsler grinned sheepishly. "Well, when you put it that way—"

"Go on," Mason said as Bartsler stopped.

Bartsler shifted his position. "My present wife is my second wife," he said. "My first wife died. There was one child, a son, Robert. He died December 7, 1941, at the age of twenty-six—at Pearl Harbor. They never even identified his body." Bartsler was silent for several seconds, then went on: "He married, about a year before his death, a girl who had been a circus performer."

"How old?"

"Helen's twenty-four now." Bartsler paused. "I resented my son's marriage," he resumed, "and that resentment created a barrier between us. After his death, Helen made no effort to conceal her bitterness, and for my part, I certainly made it apparent that I considered any connection with my family by reason of the marriage had terminated. I didn't see Helen for—well, until about four weeks ago."

"She looked you up?"

"No, I looked her up. I had reason to believe that there was a posthumous grandson, and that she had deliberately concealed that fact from me. A son of Robert. I—" Bartsler's voice choked with emotion.

"How did you find out about it?"

"A month ago I received an anonymous letter telling me that it might be to my interest to look over the birth records of San Francisco for March, 1942. Mr. Mason, here it is in black and white, a birth certificate. A certified copy."

Bartsler passed it over and Mason read it carefully.

"So then you went to see Robert's widow?" he questioned.

"Yes. She's living on a little chicken ranch in the San Fernando Valley. She laughed at me, refused either to deny or confirm the birth, told me I had never been a true father to Robert, that I had treated her as the scum of the earth, that she had lived for months in the hope that some day she could strike back."

"So what did you do?"

"Hired detectives. When a blonde visited Helen, one of them managed a minor car accident and got the girl's name from her driving license, the number of her car license, and all that."

"The name?"

"Diana Regis."

"Well?"

"But it wasn't Diana. I didn't find out it wasn't she until after she came to work for me. Probably it was a girl who shares an apartment with her, another blonde named Mildred Danville. What bothers me, Mr. Mason, is that Helen may simply have released the child somewhere for adoption. She didn't want to be bothered with it herself. Think of it—Robert's son!

"And," Bartsler went on bitterly after an interval, "I understand that I have no legal redress; that where the father of a child is dead, the mother has the right to release the child for adoption, and that's all there is to it. Helen would be perfectly within her legal rights to refuse to answer any questions. There simply isn't any method by which I could determine the present whereabouts of the child. My lawyers have thrown up their hands."

Mason lit a cigarette, smoked thoughtfully. He said, "Officially your son is listed as missing. A person has to be missing for seven years before he can be presumed dead. During those seven years it would take the consent of both parents before his child could be released for adoption."

Comprehension dawned in Bartsler's face. He came up out of his chair in his excitement. "We'll bring that baby into court. We'll make certain that there *are* no adoption proceedings. Good Lord, Mason, you're a legal wizard! Send me a bill. No, to hell with a bill! I'll send you a check!"

Bartsler turned toward the door, streaked out of the office.

Mason looked at Della Street and grinned.

"Where's he going in such a hurry?" she asked.

"Probably out to a chicken ranch in the San Fernando Valley," Mason said.

At three thirty in the afternoon a special-delivery letter came for Mason. It contained a check for one thousand dollars signed by Jason Bartsler, and a memo scribbled in pencil: "You win."

AT 4:45 P. M., a frantically worried Diana Regis telephoned, begging to be connected with Perry Mason. Mason took the call and heard Diana's excited voice. "Mr. Mason! Something terrible has happened. Someone has stolen my purse."

"Where had you left it?"

"On the table in the front room. I carried in some groceries and dropped the purse on the table, and put away the groceries, and did a few chores, and then I lay down and fell asleep."

"Is there any indication that anyone has forced the lock on your door?"

"No, Mr. Mason. I—I would have thought that it was Mildred Danville—you know, the girl who shares the apartment with me, only—only there's the stub of a cigar in an ash tray here on the table by the purse."

"Where's your roommate now?"

"I don't know, Mr. Mason. There's no word from her. She's a radio actress, too, although she isn't on the air right now; but she usually keeps in touch with the studio, and she hasn't been there for two or three days. I've been trying to locate her—"

"Where do you keep your car?"

"In a private garage."

"Anyone else have a key to that garage?"

"Well, yes—Mildred does."

Mason said, "Go and see if your car is gone, then come on up here. I'm leaving the office, but Miss Street will be here and she'll take you down the hall to the Drake Detective Agency. I'll ask Paul Drake, the head of it, to make an investigation."

"All of my keys are in my purse! I haven't a key to the garage—but I can look in the window. All right, Mr. Mason, I'll be right up just as soon as I get some clothes on."

Mason hung up the telephone and gave directions to Della Street. Then he left for the day. He dropped in at his club for a cocktail, went to his apartment, bathed, changed his clothes, and was just starting out for dinner when the phone rang.

"Hello, chief," Della's voice said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but Mildred wants Diana to meet her at ten tonight at the home of Mrs. Robert Bartsler. It's 6750 San Felipe Boulevard. That's out in the San Fernando Valley, and she wants Diana to try to get you to come along. It seems there's going to be some legal fireworks."

"Over what?"

"Over the matter that Mr. Bartsler outlined to you."

"What does Mildred Danville have to do with that?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me about the purse."

"Oh, Paul Drake sent an operative down to Diana's apartment with her, and I guess the phone was ringing about as soon as they stepped in the door. It was Mildred Danville, and she had Diana's purse. Then later Diana showed up here all excited. She'd heard from Mildred again, and came to get you to go with her to meet Mildred."

"Where's Diana now?"

"She just left. She's going to be back here at nine thirty."

Mason said, "I was just going out to dinner. Want to go get a bite? I'll have you back at your place at nine thirty."

Della Street hesitated. Then she said, "It's a date. But I'm still in my office clothes, and the way it's starting to rain, I'm certainly not going to doll up."

"O. K., be there in ten minutes," Mason said and hung up.

RAIN was whipping against the windshield of the car when Mason and Della Street left the restaurant. As they stopped at Della's apartment house, she looked at her wrist watch.

"Good heavens, chief! It's quarter to ten! Hope Diana didn't leave before we got here."

Mason said thoughtfully, "I wonder what was so important at Helen Bartsler's house. Tell you what let's do, Della. Let's beat it out there."

"I wish you would," Della Street said. "There's something about Diana that I can't get out of my mind."

Mason eased the car into gear. "O. K., here we go."

"Not a light in it," Della said, when they stopped before Helen Bartsler's house.

They walked up a narrow strip of cement, climbed wooden stairs to a porch, and the beam of their flashlight located a bell button. Mason pressed the button. From the interior of the house could be heard the faint sound of a buzzer. Repeated rings brought no response.

They followed a strip of walk around the house. Back of it the ground sloped into a small swale. The beam of Mason's flashlight showed chicken houses perched on the higher ground, then dropped and moved back and forth.

A dark form lay hunched in motionless silence. Cold rain drizzled down on a blonde head.

Mason heard the swift intake of Della Street's breath. His flashlight moved about in steady appraisal.

"Shot in the back of the head," he said. "Probably as she was running. . . . It was after the rain had started. See that left hand, Della? It's clawing at the mud. Should be some footprints. Yes, apparently only her footprints and one other set of prints—a woman's. There's where she fell. . . . She skidded along here for some two feet and—" He snapped out the flashlight. "Listen!"

From the distance, muffled by the increasing wind, came the sound of a siren. Della Street's exclamation was sharp with apprehension. Mason's hand clasped her elbow. "Let's go."

They scrambled up the sloping board walk. The wet wood, slippery and treacherous, was an effective bar to rapid progress. Mason's flashlight lighted the way. They gained the cement walk and reached the curb as headlights danced on the sidewalk from a car that swung around from an intersection with a sharp skidding turn.

"Look, chief," Della Street said. "That looks like a woman's purse on the sidewalk."

Mason grabbed her wrist, jerked her into his car, said in a low voice, "Too late to stop."

Not until they turned into Della Street's block did he speak again. Then he said, "Gosh, how I wish I'd told the kid I'd go out there with her!"

As he stopped the car, from across the street came the frantic blowing of a horn. Then a car door swung open, and Diana Regis came sprinting up.

"Oh, I'm so relieved! Mr. Mason, I was so afraid you wouldn't come. I've been waiting for ages and ages. But they told me Miss Street had gone out, and—"

Mason flashed Della a warning glance, said, "Just what was it you wanted me to do, Diana?"

"I'd like to have you come along with me, out to Helen Bartsler's to meet Mildred Danville."

"What time?"

Diana laughed and said, "Well, the appointment was made for ten thirty, but Mildred is usually late, and—"

"Didn't you tell me ten?" Della Street interrupted.

Diana looked steadily, searchingly at Della Street. "Oh, my gosh! Perhaps it *was* ten!"

"Weren't you to be here around nine thirty?" Mason asked.

"I tried to be, but the rain interfered. I went to get my own car, and the streetcars were running by fits and starts. I didn't get here until—well, I guess it was quarter of ten."

"Then you've been waiting here ever since quarter to ten?"

"Yes—at any rate, that's my best guess on the time."

Mason said, "Let's go up to Della's apartment and get out of the rain."

DELLA STREET led the way. She seated the others in the living room and went to the kitchenette, saying, "I'm about to make some hot toddies."

"How'd you happen to get in touch with Mildred Danville?" Mason asked Diana.

"She telephoned me when I went back with the detective. She'd borrowed my car and had been picked up by an officer for some traffic irregularity. The officer wanted to see her driving license. Mildred doesn't have any, but she's my age, build, and complexion—in fact she looks a lot like me—and she uses my driving license. She took the cop up to the apartment on the stall she'd forgotten her purse. She opened the door and there was my purse on the table! She grabbed it. That's how the cigar butt came in the ash tray. The cop was smoking."

"And you told her about your experience?"

"Yes, over the phone. I was napping when she took the purse. And then the detective wanted to go, so I told Mildred to call me back and hung up. Well, Mildred didn't call for quite a while. When she did, she was all excited. She asked me to tell her about my black eye again, and then asked me to meet her at this San Felipe address and to bring you along if I possibly could."

Della Street called out, "The toddies are ready."

Mason arose with alacrity, saying, "I'll bring them in."

In the kitchenette, he drew Della away from the door. "Back door out of here, Della?"

"Yes. Out through the service porch."

"O. K.," Mason said. "Get out and go around to the front door and knock on it sharply. Don't make so much noise that you attract the attention of the occupants of the adjoining apartment."

Mason brought in two of the toddies, handed one to Diana Regis. Della Street called from the kitchenette, "I'll be with you presently."

She closed the door. In a few minutes knuckles banged on the front door, and Mason said in an undertone, "Sounds like a cop. Wonder what the idea is now?"

Diana Regis' cup dropped from her trembling fingers.

"Want out?" Mason asked.

She nodded, and he led the frightened young woman out through the kitchenette. Downstairs, they stopped under the overhang of a shed roof.

"Now," Mason said threateningly, "tell me the truth."

She said in a frightened half-whisper, "I left Miss Street's place and went uptown. Then I saw it was late, and I didn't think I could get back to her place and get out there to San Felipe in time, so I took a taxicab out there. I saw *my* car parked out in front, so I thought Mildred must be there all right. I went up the stairs to the porch and rang the bell and nothing happened. I took my flashlight and walked around the house, and then I—"

"Saw the body?"

"Yes."

"Was it Mildred?"

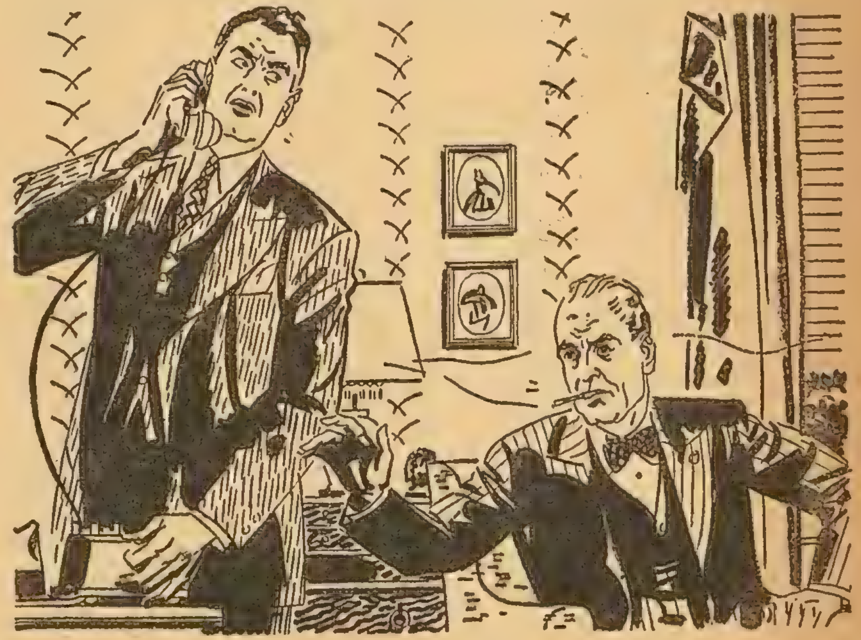
"Yes."

"Then what?" the lawyer asked.

"Then I got the idea of coming back to see Miss Street. I found that she'd gone, so I thought perhaps—well, you know, perhaps that—well, I fixed up a story and I tried to fool you."

There was the sound of steps. A shadowy figure glided out to the alley, paused, gave a low whistle.

"Stay there, Della," Mason said in a low voice. "I want to talk with you a minute." He walked over. He told her, in brief sentences, what he had just found out.



"Can they pin that murder on her?" Della Street asked.

"I don't see why not," Mason said. "She's left tracks all over the place and has left herself wide open. The police are already busy on this—we heard the patrol car coming out here. Your little car is right here in the garage, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Got your keys?"

"Yes."

Mason said, "I'm going back to your apartment. You get out your car and drive Diana around. Don't stop anywhere. Don't let her out. Call me at your apartment in twenty minutes. Here's something else." Mason whipped a notebook and fountain pen from his pocket. "Write this down, Della: 'Chief, I may be a little late. The key's in the mailbox. Go on in and make yourself at home. Della.'"

Della Street wrote the message, handed notebook and pen to Mason. Mason tore the sheet of paper from the book. She handed him the key to her apartment.

"O. K., Della. On your way."

Back in the apartment, he had barely settled himself with a cigarette and book when heavy knuckles banged on the door.

Marking his place in the book with his forefinger, he got up and went to the door.

"Well, hello, lieutenant," Mason said.

Lieutenant Tragg looked past Mason, said shortly, "Hello. I'm looking for your most efficient secretary, Della Street."

"Isn't in," Mason said. "We had a date for a midnight supper with some friends. I don't know what happened to Della. I found this note waiting for me when I arrived. So I took the key and let myself in."

Tragg studied the note for a moment, then nodded, returned it to Mason, saying, "Well, I may as well join you in waiting, if you have no objection. In fact, you may be able to give me the information I want."

"What is it?"

"This case that you handled for Diana Regis," Tragg went on. "I'd like to know more about it. I understood Diana Regis had been with Della Street earlier in the evening. I want to check up on the time element. A Mildred Danville, who shares an apartment with Diana and who looks very much like Diana, has been found dead out at 6750 San Felipe Boulevard."

"Oh, oh! And where does that leave Diana, Tragg?"

"In a spot," Tragg said. "I think there are some things you should know, Mason. As nearly as we can tell, the murder was committed some time around an hour and a half after it started raining. The rain came down pretty hard right at the start."

The lawyer nodded.

"The woman had been running away from her assailant," Tragg went on. "She was knocked down by the bullet which was fired from some little distance—say over twenty feet. It had been raining long enough so the dust on the ground had turned to mud. She'd got mud in her fingers as she fell with her hand clutching at the ground. You can still see the tracks made by the fingers, and there's mud under the nails."

The two men smoked for a while in silence.

Tragg said at length, "It looks as though we have a pretty good case against Diana Regis. We found her purse on the sidewalk. Mildred Danville managed to get away with Diana's car and a purse belonging to Diana. Diana went after them."

The telephone rang.

Lieutenant Tragg said, "If you don't mind, Mason, I'll answer it. I think it's for me. I left word that I was to be called here in case of certain developments."

WITH a quick motion, Mason moved around the table, interposing himself between Tragg and the telephone. "Quite all right, lieutenant," he said, "but it happens that I am also expecting a call."

Mason picked up the receiver. "Hello," he said, and then added, "Be careful what you say."

A gruff masculine voice said, "I want to talk with Lieutenant Tragg. What the heck have I got to be careful about?"

Mason surrendered the telephone with a smile.

Tragg took the receiver, saying, "Hello. This is Tragg. Then he listened for several seconds, said, "All right, get a statement. Stay with it. Good-by."

He hung up the telephone and frowningly regarded the end of his cigarette.

"Something?" Mason asked.

"Taxicab driver. Took a blonde with a black eye who answers the description of Diana Regis out to the San Felipe Boulevard address. There was a car parked at the curb when he drove up. You wouldn't by any chance have been there earlier in the evening and then gone back? . . . No, you wouldn't have stuck around that long. . . . No, it looks as though Diana pulled the trigger and then made a getaway in her automobile—which is now parked in front of this place."

"Rather frank with me, aren't you?" Mason asked.

Tragg met his eyes. "What I'm trying to do, Mason," he said, "is to show you exactly how much of a case we have against your client, so in case Della Street is acting under your instructions and keeping her out of circulation you won't be able to plead afterwards that you didn't know the true facts in the case. If you've whisked her away from right under my nose, you'll have the full responsibility. I want Diana Regis. I want her as a material witness. I want her as a possible suspect for murder. And I've been very careful to see that you know exactly what I have on her and why I want her, Mr. Perry Mason."

The telephone exploded the intense silence which followed. Tragg made a dive toward it and found Mason's shoulder in the way.

"You already had your call, lieutenant," Mason pointed out. "Remember?" He picked up the telephone. "Hello," he said. "Keep your voice low."

Della Street said, "O. K. What do I do?"

Mason said, "Music. Here."

"Music," Della Street repeated thoughtfully. "You mean that it has to be faced?"

"That's what I'm trying to get across."

"By Diana? Faced by Diana?"

"By all three."

"Am I to bring her up there?"

"Yes."

"Do you want her to talk when she gets there?"

"No."

"Suppose there's something she can explain. Should she try?"

"No."

"O. K.," Della Street said, "we'll be up."

"Be seeing you," Mason said, and hung up the telephone.

Lieutenant Tragg sighed, reached across Mason's shoulder, picked up the telephone as soon as the lawyer had dropped the receiver into the hook, and dialed a number.

"Hello," he said. "Put me on with the Transmitting Department. . . . Hello, radio? Lieutenant Tragg. I guess you can pick up that car now. Yeh, the one that Diana Regis and Della Street are running around in. . . . That's right. O. K. Broadcast a message to the radio car to close in and pick them up."

He hung up the telephone, sighed, picked up his hat.

"Going so soon, lieutenant?" Mason inquired solicitously.

"Yes. I've got to be up at Headquarters when they bring Diana in and see if I can get anything out of her. I don't suppose I can."

PALM VISTA
APARTMENTS

"Going to file a charge against her?"

"That depends. Going to represent her?"

"Can't tell yet," Mason told him.

"Well, good night, wise guy."

"Good night," Mason returned.

The two men grinned at each other. Then Tragg turned and went out.

MASON found a bottle of Scotch in Della's kitchenette, fixed himself a drink, and sat waiting. Finally the phone rang. Della Street's voice said, "They got her, chief. I guess they'd been following us. A police car closed in and took her along with them and impounded my car and took it and left me right out on the sidewalk."

"O. K.," Mason said. "Where are you?"

Della Street gave him the address.

"Wait there," Mason said, "and I'll pick you up."

He put on his raincoat and hat. Before he switched out the lights, he telephoned Paul Drake's office.

"Diana Regis and Mildred Danville share an apartment at the Palm Vista Apartments," he said. "I want the apartment covered immediately and kept covered until the police get there. That'll probably be in an hour."

He hurried out to his car then, and retrieved Della Street from an all-night drugstore.

"I got Diana to give me her apartment and mailbox keys," she said. "I thought perhaps you might find some evidence up there—at least that you'd want to look."

"Good girl," Mason said, taking them. "But first we're going to the office and get a writ of *habeas corpus* for Diana."

HE WAS just finishing the dictation and Della Street's rapid fingers were typing the last sentence of the petition for the writ when the telephone rang.

The voice of Drake's night operator came over the line: "Mr. Mason, a rather trim blonde drove up to the door of that apartment house and tried to get in, and seemed to be looking in the mailbox."

"License number of the car?" Mason asked.

"We have it. We've checked it. It's registered in the name of Helen C. Bartsler, 6750 San Felipe Boulevard. Our man followed her to 2312 Olive Crest Drive. The woman parked the car in front of a bungalow and went in. There wasn't any place near by where the operative could telephone in a report, so he took a part out of the distributor head so she couldn't get the car started, and beat it to a telephone. He wants to know what to do."

"Tell him he's done a day's work; he can go home."

"How about the part for the distributor?" she asked.

"Tell him to throw it in the river," Mason said, and hung up. He said to Della, "Grab your hat. We're off."

The rain was a steady, monotonous, cold downpour which made the drying warmth of Mason's car heater doubly welcome as the tires hissed along the all-but-deserted streets.

A car was parked in front of 2312, and as Mason pulled up alongside he could see the woman bent over the lighted dashboard. He got out and walked around to the door.

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know. It just won't start."

Mason went back to his own car, got out his flashlight, said, "Let's raise the hood and take a look."

"Having domestic troubles?" he asked after a moment.

She stiffened. "What do you mean?"

"Someone's deliberately put this car out of commission."

A frown of annoyance distorted her features.

Mason said, "I could take you anywhere you wanted to go as soon as I ask some questions in this house. What's that number, Della?"

Della Street called out, "Twenty-three twelve."

"It's the house right here," the woman told them. "It happens that I just came out of it."

"Oh," Mason said. "Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Mr. Mason. I'm a lawyer."

The young woman became visibly agitated. "Would you mind telling me—well, something of what it is about?"

"Not at all," Mason said. "I'm investigating the disappearance of a child."

"Are you retained by—by a man whose first name is Jason?"

Mason smiled. "To be perfectly frank, I *may* be retained by Mr. Jason Bartsler in order to determine certain matters in connection with the estate of his son and a possible grandson; but right at present I am interested in investigating an angle of a murder case."

"Why, Mr. Mason, I— Who was murdered?"

"A young woman by the name of Mildred Danville."

There was a moment of silence, then the woman in the car said, "I'm Helen Chister Bartsler. I married Robert Bartsler."

"Well, well!" Mason exclaimed.

"I presume you came out here to see Ella Brockton?"

Mason remained silent.

"I don't think it would do you any good to interview her right at this time," Helen Bartsler went on. "She doesn't know anything anyway, and— Mr. Mason, where was Mildred Danville murdered?"

"Out on San Felipe Boulevard. I believe the number was 6750."

"Good heavens, Mr. Mason, that's where *I* live!"

"Indeed," Mason said, and then added, "Perhaps you'd like to be present when I interview Ella Brockton."

"If you insist upon an interview at this hour, I *certainly* want to be there."

"Come on, Della," Mason said.

The three of them walked through the cold rain up to the little bungalow. Helen Bartsler rang the bell, and the door was opened by a woman around the late fifties.

Helen Bartsler said, "They want to ask you some questions, Ella. It's in connection with the—"

"Just a moment," Mason interrupted. "Suppose you let me ask the questions, Mrs. Bartsler."

They entered a room where a gas flame burning over imitation logs gave forth a cheery glow, and Mrs. Brockton said, "Sit down."

Mason said, "Please remember, Mrs. Bartsler, that I very much prefer to interrogate Mrs. Brockton before she is given any information."

Helen Bartsler said indignantly, "Well, you're not the police. I guess I have the right to tell Mrs. Brockton anything I want to. If there's been a murder, she's entitled to—"

"A murder!" the woman exclaimed.

"Mildred Danville," Helen Bartsler said defiantly.

"Well, it serves her right," the woman declared.

Mason turned to Helen Bartsler. "You seem to have considered it necessary to tell Mrs. Brockton about it," he observed. "I suppose you know why."

"I see no reason why you should control my actions at all, Mr. Mason," Helen Bartsler snapped, "and I want to tell you, Ella, that this man has no right to ask you any questions and you don't have to give him any answers."

"That's entirely correct," Mason said. "And, furthermore, I want to warn both of you that I may have interests that are adverse to those of Mrs. Bartsler and that she is attending this interview at her own request; that it is my suggestion that she leave and get some lawyer to represent her in case she wants to make a fight."

"What do I have to make a fight about?" Helen Bartsler asked.

"You've kept a child concealed from others, haven't you?"

"I haven't told Jason Bartsler about his grandchild," she said. "I don't know how he happened to find out about it."

"And why didn't you tell Jason Bartsler about his grandchild?"

"Because he's been so cruel, so spiteful, so underhanded. I didn't want my child to be exposed to that influence. However, it's all been settled now. . . . Well, I guess I hadn't better say too much."

"I don't think you had," Mason said. He turned to Mrs. Brockton. "Just what did *you* know about Robert Bartsler?"

"She took care of him for me," Helen Bartsler said. "That is, up to the time Mildred kidnaped him."

Mason said, "Really, Mrs. Bartsler, I think it would be better if *you* wouldn't answer questions." He queried of Mrs. Brockton: "How long since you've seen the baby?"

"I haven't seen him since Mildred Danville took him away," the woman said, her voice bitter. "I warned Mrs. Bartsler what would happen. I knew the minute I saw the expression on that girl's face that she was going to take the child and—"

"I think that's enough, Ella," Helen Bartsler said firmly.

"That," Mason announced, "suits me. I can get my information elsewhere."

He and Della were halfway to the door when Helen Bartsler said, "How did *you* find out about Robert?"

Mason grinned. "I think it would be much better for you to see a lawyer."

"I already have," she said with a glint of triumph in her eyes. "I know my rights."

"As the surviving widow of Robert Bartsler?"

"Yes, and also as the wife of a person reported missing in action. In case you're interested, Mr. Mason, I've already patched up my differences with Jason Bartsler."

"Settlement all signed?"

"It will be as soon as . . . Well, I guess I'll let you find out these things for yourself since you're so smart!"

"Thank you, I will. Della, let's go."

MASON drove swiftly to the Palm Vista Apartments. He parked his car and got out.

Della Street said, "There's a car parked back there in the alley, chief."

"Paul Drake's men," Mason said.

"Oh, that's right. I'd forgotten you had them watching."

"Sit tight. I'll be right back. I'll just take a look in the mailbox."

He ran up the steps, key in hand, and returned with an envelope which had Diana's name and the address scrawled in pencil on it. Inspecting it under the dashlight, he inserted a lead pencil under the flap of the envelope. "Wasn't sealed very well. It's going to open. We'd better drive on down the street, though. The police may show up any minute now."

A couple of blocks away he parked, and opened the letter. The first part explained how Mildred came to take the purse, which they already knew; but the last paragraph said: "I'm scribbling this while I'm waiting—frantically waiting, my dear, on the most important thing I've ever run up against in my life. I'll call you again later. Darling, if anything happens to me, I want you to have everything of mine, and be sure to look in the cracker box on the top pantry shelf. I've written my life there, and it tells some of yours—the part you don't want known. I'll bring back the purse tonight. In the meantime, I'll keep calling whenever I can get near a phone. Love, and thanks, darling. Yours, Mildred Danville."

Mason turned it over in his hand. "Here's a number scrawled on the other side—3962YZ."

"What does that mean?" Della asked.

"I don't know, and we haven't time to speculate. You wait here for me."

Della Street opened the door. "Don't be silly! Think you can go up there looking for that diary without me?"

THEY walked rapidly along the wet sidewalk, paused at a car parked in an alley.

"Hello, Mr. Mason," Drake's man said in a low voice.

"No police yet?" Mason asked cautiously.

"Not yet."

"I can't understand it. We're going in. If anyone shows, honk your horn. Twice for just anyone, three times for the cops. If it's the law, get your car started and be pulling away from the place when you give the signal, and I *mean* pulling away. We won't be over five minutes."

At the door of the second-floor walk up, Mason inserted the key, snapped back the lock, switched on the lights. "We don't want to seem furtive about this, Della. Let's see, there's the pantry. You raid the cracker box. I'll take a gander in the bedroom. Keep your gloves on. They'll probably fingerprint the place when they get around to it."

Both beds had been made, but one was rumpled, as though someone had been sleeping on top of the covers. Mason was moving to the bathroom door when they heard two short sharp blasts on an automobile horn.

Mason ran to the bedroom door, made a pass at the light switch, missed it, jerked the door closed, ran to the light switch by the entrance door of the apartment, snapped it, and called, "Come on, Della."

Della Street said from the pantry, her voice edged with exasperation, "I can't find the confounded cracker box."

Mason switched out the lights in the kitchen, ran to join her. "Someone's coming. We're probably trapped now, anyway. Here, what's this up on— Oh, oh!"

He broke off as steps sounded in the corridor. He stepped out into the dark kitchen. Della Street switched off the light in the little pantry. The steps paused in front of the door of the apartment. There was a faint click as the spring lock snapped back. The door slowly opened, the faint lights from the corridor behind throwing a sinister shadow along the worn carpet of the room.

The shadow on the carpet moved as a man stepped forward into the room and turned to close the door. Darkness blotted out the dim light from the corridor and the intruder was merely a vague figure tiptoeing across the floor to crouch before the partially-opened door to the lighted bedroom, silhouetted against the light.

Mason stood in the kitchen doorway, watching Carl Fretch.

The young man waited on the threshold of the bedroom for some seconds before apparently concluding that the occupant of the bedroom who had left the lights on was in the bathroom. Slowly he tiptoed to the bathroom, cautiously opened the door, seemed nonplused when he found the room empty.

From the street outside came the blast of a horn, followed by a second and then a third, as a car roared down the boulevard. Carl Fretch froze, then started on tiptoe toward where Mason was standing invisible in the darkness. From the stairway sounded the confused footfalls of several persons climbing noisily.

Carl Fretch stopped, listened, then darted back to stand in the door of the bedroom. Steps came to the door of the apartment. Knuckles tapped a perfunctory rap on the panels, then almost immediately a key clicked back the lock. Carl Fretch, moving swiftly, closed the door of the bedroom, as three men pushed into the apartment. One of them switched on the lights.

"Good evening, Sergeant Holcomb," Mason said, and managed somehow to give a certain casual note to his voice.

The police sergeant tilted back his hat. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I was," Mason announced, "about to make an inventory"—and then added, as Della Street moved up to join him—"with the assistance of my secretary."

A moment later one of the other men called out, "Windows open on the fire escape, sarge. Looks like somebody's gone down . . . Hey, you! Come back here. Stop, or I'll shoot!"

Holcomb raced for the bedroom, yelling, "Get down and pick him up!"

The officers raced back through the living room, out through the door, and down the stairs. The next few moments were all that Mason and Della Street needed to get out of the apartment.

"Didn't you get the diary?" Mason asked as they drove off.

"Of course I got it," Della said, "and then I heard the signal for the police. There was part of a loaf of bread there. I dug out the inside, put in the diary, kneaded the bread back over it, and dropped the whole thing into the garbage pail. Chief, how did Carl Fretch get a key to that apartment?"

"When he had Diana Regis' purse," Mason said, "he undoubtedly took an imprint of all of the keys in there and had duplicates made."

"And why did he do that?"

"Perhaps just amatory persistence. Perhaps something else."

The next morning Paul Drake's dry laconic voice came over the wire to Perry Mason. "The police have found the murder weapon."

"Where?"

"In Diana Regis' apartment, shoved down in the bottom of the dirty-clothes hamper."

Mason said angrily, "Then it was planted there. That's what Carl Fretch was doing when—"

"Take it easy, Perry, take it easy," Drake said. "You haven't heard all of it yet. It's got Diana's fingerprints all over it. And those are the only fingerprints on the gun."

Mason dropped the receiver back into place and reached for his coat. "Going to the jail, Della," he called as he ran out.

HIS first words to Diana, spoken through a heavy screen, were, "What is there in your past life that you want to conceal?"

"Why, nothing."

"You're certain about that?"

"Yes."

"Can't you realize you're just cutting your own throat when you hold out information on your lawyer?"

"I guess," she admitted, "I should have told you about the gun. But I didn't, because it was Mildred's, and I thought that perhaps she'd been intending to do something—well, desperate."

"When did you discover this gun?"

"Right after I left Miss Street's apartment the first time. I decided I'd go down to my apartment and see if there was anything there—any further message from Mildred. I took a taxi."

"Then where was the gun?"

"Lying on top of the dresser. I picked it up and looked at it and then put it in the dresser drawer, and then thought that perhaps . . . I didn't want to have it found right on top, so I went over to the dirty-clothes hamper and put it in there.

"Then I started back to Della Street's apartment, but it was raining, and—well, I was worried about Mildred, wondering if she'd got into some sort of trouble, so that was when I took a taxi out to San Felipe Boulevard."

"And what did you really do there?"

"Just what I told you, Mr. Mason. I looked around for a while, went over to my car and waited, then I got out and walked around back, and then I found Mildred's body. I got in my automobile and drove back to try and find Miss Street, and she was gone, and— Well, that's just the way it happened."

Mason abruptly got up from the chair and signaled the matron that the interview was over. "All right," he said. "I'm going to get busy. If you're lying, you'll get a first-degree verdict slapped into your face."

ON THE first day of Diana's trial, when court adjourned for the noon recess, Mason beckoned to Paul Drake, and the detective worked his way through the crowded courtroom to Mason's side.

"How about the apartment, Paul? Are the police still keeping a guard there?" the lawyer asked.

"Leave it to Sergeant Holcomb," Drake said. "He's got a man living in it, on the job twenty-four hours a day, has his meals brought in three times a day. Sergeant Holcomb isn't taking any chances."

"Carl Fretch managed to convince him he didn't get the thing Holcomb wanted?"

"No one knows what happened with Carl Fretch. He was up at Headquarters for about twelve hours, then they released him. I guess they put him through the mill all right, but I have an idea Fretch talked his way out of something at that."

Mason nodded. "Well, I've got to get a bite to eat and get back to court. By the way, Paul, who collects the garbage at this apartment house?"

"I don't know. Why?" Drake asked, grinning. "Think you could get the garbage collector to walk in and pick up what you want?"

Mason's eyes were focused on the distance. He said, "Find out who collects the garbage, and once you find him, put a man on him. I may want him in a hurry."

When court resumed session, Helen Bartsler took the stand. After some routine preliminary questions the prosecutor asked:

"When had you last seen Mildred Danville, prior to the twenty-seventh?"

"Two or three days before that."

"Had you talked with her over the telephone?"

"Yes."

"Had there been some unusual occasion incident to this conversation?"

Mrs. Bartsler tilted her chin. "Mildred Danville," she said in a low clear voice, "had kidnaped my son. I was trying to get him back. He had been in the custody of Ella Brockton, who resided at 2312 Olive Crest Drive."

"Did you have any telephone conversation with the deceased in regard to your son?"

"Two or three, following the kidnaping."

"And what did she say?"

"She said that she had my son; that she was willing to have some discussion with me about the custody."

The judge leaned forward, regarded the witness in frowning appraisal. "Why would she confer with you about the custody of your son?"

"She was very much attached to the boy. She wanted to force me to agree that I would leave him with her part of the time. I told her that if she didn't return the boy to Mrs. Brockton, I would have her arrested for kidnaping."

"Then what happened?" the prosecutor asked.

"The next day," Helen Bartsler said, "Mildred Danville called me again and accused me of having stolen the boy from her custody."

"You mean that she didn't have your son any more?"

"So she said. She told me that she knew where my son was; that I could have him back if I would co-operate with her and make some sensible agreement with her in regard to his custody."

"When did she say she'd bring your son back?"

"That night about ten o'clock."

"And did she say *where* she would bring him back?"

"Yes, to Ella Brockton, 2312 Olive Crest Drive."

"What did you do, if anything?"

"I left my house right after this call and went out to Mrs. Brockton's and waited until somewhere around midnight. Then I thought I might have misunderstood her, so I drove to her apartment and rang the bell. There was no answer. By this time I was frantic. I drove back to Ella Brockton's and stayed there until the officers came."

"And you had no intimation that Mildred Danville had gone to your place at 6750 San Felipe Boulevard?"

"No."

"Now, your son's name, please."

"Robert Bartsler."

"His father is living or dead?"

"He is dead. He was killed on December 7, 1941."

"Have there been any arguments between you and your husband's relatives over the son?"

Helen Bartsler tightened her lips. "Mr. Jason Bartsler, the boy's grandfather, has been particularly mean to me. He thought that I was an adventuress who married his son for money."

"I will ask you," the prosecutor said, "whether you know now where the defendant in this case was employed during the last three or four weeks prior to the twenty-sixth, the date of the murder?"

The witness said in a loud clear voice, "She was in the employ of Mr. Jason Bartsler."

"Thank you," the prosecutor said. "You may cross-examine, counselor."

MASON nodded, said, "Had you ever advised Jason Bartsler that he was a grandfather?"

Helen Bartsler said in a clear calm voice, "No, I never told him. He had no love for his son, no love for me, and never recognized me as one of the family. I considered the birth of my son none of his business."

"And after your son was kidnaped, did you get in touch with Jason Bartsler?" Mason asked.

"No."

"Thank you," Mason said. "That is all."

At four thirty, court adjourned until the next morning.

"Do you think Helen Bartsler is guilty of the murder?" Della Street asked, walking back to the office with Mason.

"It's hard to tell. She's lying about the telephone conversation with Mildred Danville, lying about knowing that Mildred was coming out there for a ten-o'clock appointment, probably lying about the time she left the house."

"Chief, if Helen Bartsler knew Mildred was dead—well, why did she go to the apartment?"

Mason said, "It must have been to try and see Diana, but she could have . . . Wait a minute! There's one thing she could have done."

"What?"

"Dropped that letter to Diana into the mailbox. But where did Helen get it, and how did she get it? Why was it so important that the letter should be found in Diana's mailbox? Hang it! We've got to know what's back of all of these various moves. Let's go see if Paul Drake has anything new."

PAUL DRAKE looked up from notes on which he was working as Mason and Della entered his office.

"Hello, Perry. How's the case coming?"

"It isn't coming. It's going. Did you get the name of the garbage collector?"

"Chap by the name of Nick Modena. He has greedy eyes."

"He's my man," Mason said. "Where do I locate him?"

"You can contact him in half an hour on Washington near Milford."

"O. K. What else is new?"

"I've got a little blonde number who has made a date with Carl Fretch."

"Can she take care of herself?"

Drake grinned. "Any place, any time, anywhere."

"Anything else?" Mason asked.

"Helen Bartsler seems to have fixed things up with grandpa. She and Jason got together right after court adjourned. They're still talking."

"Oh, oh!" Mason observed. "Who made the break?"

"Jason broke the ice. She was distant at first, then he said something and she warmed up a bit."

"Well," Mason said, "all this is going to help, Paul. Of course it doesn't explain away the fingerprints on that gun or some of the other stuff, but perhaps we'll begin to find out what it's all about. Come on, Della, let's find that garbage man."

They had no difficulty in finding Nick Modena. After repeated assurances that Mason's offer of fifty dollars for so simple a job was bona fide, the short chunky fellow shrugged his shoulders, spread hands in a typical gesture of surrender. "What's holding us back?"

"Nothing," Mason said.

He drove along behind the rumbling garbage truck until it stopped in front of the Palm Vista Apartments.

The short chunky man swung down from the truck, walked down the alley to the service door, pushed it open and vanished into the apartment house. Della Street kept looking at her wrist watch, counting the seconds. Mason never took his eyes from the garbage wagon until Nick came marching unconcernedly out of the apartment house, swinging a bucket by the handle. Then Mason started the motor, pulled the car alongside.

"Jiz!" Modena said as he accepted the fifty dollars and watched Mason pull the stale loaf of bread from the garbage pail and hand it to Della Street.

"Have any trouble?" Mason asked.

"Trouble? No."

Della Street gasped, "Look up at the window, chief."

An officer was leaning out. "Hey!" he shouted. "What's coming off down there?"

Mason answered with a cheery wave of his hand, and started off.

Della pulled out the plug she had inserted, took out a flexible leather-covered book which had been rolled into a tight cylinder.

Mason grinned at her. "Luck's turning, Della."

"So far," she said. "But won't Sergeant Holcomb try something to get the diary away from us?"

"Perhaps. It won't do him any good. We're not going anywhere near the office. We're going to run for cover. We're going to go over that diary page by page. Then we're going to put it in an envelope and mail it to you at your apartment. And by the time Holcomb finds out where the diary is, the show will be over."

Della Street said, "That's going to be an awful slap in the face to Sergeant Holcomb."

Mason grinned. "Please don't make me bust out crying, Della."

IN THE lobby of one of the small outlying hotels that fringed the main metropolitan district, the two settled down in adjoining chairs and read the events which had been chronicled by a girl who was now dead.

The diary started some five years back. There were entries every few days, outpourings of a girl in love. Then there came days of doubt, of apprehension, of suffering, of worry.

Then Mildred Danville met Helen Bartsler. Helen was a widow, deprived of her husband whom she loved, deprived of any companionship with her husband's father who was embittered, cynical, and regarded his daughter-in-law as a gold digger who had ensnared his son. Mildred Danville was a disillusioned woman faced with motherhood.

It seemed but a step for the women to change identities. They were of the same age, height, weight, general appearance. It remained only for Mildred in a consultation with a reputable doctor to give the name of Mrs. Robert Bartsler, to show, casually, the marriage certificate. The birth certificate therefore made her child appear to be the son of Robert Bartsler, deceased, and Helen Chister Bartsler.

At the time Mildred had intended that the infant would be released for adoption, but the tiny hands had gripped the hearts of these two lonely, disillusioned women, and both came to realize that they could not take such a step.

Then, later, came a measure of friction. Each woman began living her separate life, and Mildred Danville came to see Helen Bartsler as a cold, calculating, selfish, and vengeful woman whose initial generosity had now become a part of some sinister campaign designed to "get even" with the man she had come to hate—Jason Bartsler.

When Helen Bartsler secreted Mildred's child and refused to tell Mildred where the child was, or what her plans were in connection with it, Mildred had gone to a lawyer, and the lawyer had advised her that she didn't have a legal leg to stand on.

Mason, reading this entry, said in a low voice aside to Della Street, "Quite evidently the lawyer thought the whole thing a fabrication."

The diary told of meeting Diana, an old friend. It mentioned Diana's true name, and something about the murder of a husband.

"Good heavens!" Mason ejaculated. "I remember that case! The wife was under suspicion for some time. They never arrested her, but police had her in for questioning a dozen times. It was a San Francisco case—never has been solved, even yet. So that's the thing that's been hanging over Diana's head."

By that time Mildred Danville was a radio actress. She thought Diana's voice was good, introduced her at the studio, helped pick up small parts for her.

"Well," Mason said, "there it is in black and white. Once Sergeant Holcomb gets hold of that, he'll feed it out to the newspapers and Diana won't stand a chance in the world."

"Can they introduce that other case as evidence?" Della asked.

"They won't have to. The newspaper publicity will crucify the girl before she ever gets near a jury."

On the twenty-fourth there was a short cryptic entry saying: "Possession is nine points of the law, they say, and I will be the tenth."

There were no subsequent entries in the book.

There was a heavy manila envelope in Mason's briefcase. He took it out, addressed the envelope to Della Street at her apartment address, affixed stamps, walked over to the mailbox in front of the hotel, dropped in the envelope, and said, "Well, that's that. I've still got to find out why Diana's black eye led to Mildred's murder."

"So what next?" Della Street asked.

Mason started the car. "We go directly back to the office. Hang it, there has to be some reason, some . . . Oh, for heaven's sake!"

"Look out!" Della screamed.

Mason swung the wheel sharply, avoided an oncoming car.

Della Street looked at him with alarm. "Did you blackout or something?"

Mason said, "Good Lord, Della! I know the answer!"

"The answer to what?"

"The answer to the whole darn business," Mason said, "and I should have known it a lot earlier. It's been staring us in the face all the time."

WHEN they were back in Mason's private office, Mason got Paul Drake on the phone.

"Paul," he said, "I want you to find out the address of the person who put a want ad in one of the newspapers within about a week and gave the box for a reply of 3962YZ."

"How soon do you want it?" Drake asked.

"Five minutes," Mason said and hung up.

Della Street looked at him with a frown. "What's that number?" she asked.

"Don't you remember? It was scribbled in pencil on the back of one of the sheets of paper on which Mildred Danville's note was written."

"But how do you know that's the number of a box for a want ad?"

"I don't," Mason admitted, "but it's a ten-to-one guess."

"And what," Della Street asked, "has this got to do with Diana's black eye?"

"It wasn't the black eye," Mason said.

"What was it? The finding of young Carl Fretch in her room?"

"Not that. A matronly woman with a limp. A matronly heavy-set woman with a limp," Mason repeated. "That's the way Diana described the woman when she told us the story, and it's undoubtedly the way she described the woman when she told Mildred—"

Mason's unlisted telephone rang a peremptory summons. Mason scooped up the receiver and Paul Drake said, "Mrs. J. C. Kennard, 3691 Lobland Avenue. And I've found out something else, Perry. In that block where Mildred left Diana's car parked, there's a little children's store. A blonde had been in there the day before with a young boy and bought some garments. They were to be altered the next day, but there was some delay and the woman had to wait. She didn't have the boy with her when she went in for them. I didn't show Mildred's picture because I was afraid if I did they'd spot her as the murdered girl and contact the police—but the time element fits O. K. It sure was Mildred."

"Nice work," Mason said. "Got an operative around the office you can trust?"

"Got a girl here just making a report on another matter," Drake said.

"Blonde or brunette?"

"Blonde. You've met her—Anita Dorset."

"O. K.," Mason said. "You and she meet me at 3691 Lobland Avenue. We may get out there before you do. I may have a job for you after you get out there."

Thirty-six ninety-one Lobland Avenue proved to be a modest neatly-kept bungalow with a roomy back yard, a vine-covered porch, and an air of quiet respectability.

Mason said, ringing the bell, "No use waiting for Paul."

The bell brought no response. Mason rang again; then he and Della walked around to the back. The back yard had been fitted up with swings, a sand pile, a playhouse, and an imitation sailboat some ten feet long, equipped with a little cabin and a stubby mast.

They heard Paul Drake driving up, and moved around to the front of the house.

Mason, talking in a low voice, said, "Paul, there's nobody home. The back yard's full of gadgets for kids. There's a house with lighted windows over there. You and Miss Dorset go and see what you can find out. If Mrs. Kennard ran a professional nursery and has suddenly given up the thing, tell the neighbor that Anita Dorset wants to operate a similar nursery, and is very much interested in the carpenter who did the work on Mrs. Kennard's place. He might know where Mrs. Kennard is."

Drake and his companion complied and came back to say that Mrs. Kennard had run a nursery up until the twenty-sixth of last month, then disappeared.

"No explanation?" Mason asked.

"She telephoned this neighbor, asked her to please tell all the women who brought children that the nursery was closed because the woman who ran it had been exposed to smallpox and was being placed in quarantine. It sounded fishy, and the neighbor woman is all worked up over it."

"What about the carpenter?"

"Man by the name of Thurston. He roomed there for a while, and then moved so he would be closer to his work."

Mason said, "I want you to locate Thurston. From him, get the present address of Mrs. J. C. Kennard. The minute you get that, get in touch with me. And keep Thurston sewed up so he can't get to thinking things over and tip Mrs. Kennard off."

"Where will you be?" Drake asked.

"I'll be at the residence of Jason Bartsler if I'm not at the office. Ring the office first."

JASON BARTSLER received them in the library, which he had fitted up as an office.

"Good evening," Mason said.

"Hello, Mason. How do you do, Miss Street. Sit down. What's the cause of this visit?"

Mason said, "I'm calling on behalf of Diana Regis. I think you can give me some help in bringing about a dismissal of this charge against her."

"I'm afraid not, Mason. There are a few things you don't know yet, things that I've learned confidentially from the prosecuting officers in connection with their questions. I'm not at liberty to divulge them."

Mason said, "A nice homey matronly heavy-set woman with a limp. What do you know about *her?*"

Bartsler showed surprise. "Nothing."

Mason said, "Perhaps I can refresh your memory, Bartsler. We'll go back to the night Diana Regis had her experience with your stepson. When she returned in the taxicab, there was a woman waiting to see you, a woman who gave her name, but Diana didn't remember it."

"Oh, wait a minute," Bartsler said. "*Now* I get it. Yes, some woman who wanted to see me on a crazy mining deal. What does *she* have to do with it?"

"She may have a lot to do with it, Bartsler. Suppose you tell me exactly what she wanted to see you about."

"About a mine."

"Can't we do better than that?"

There could be no mistaking the flush which darkened Bartsler's features, nor the anger in his eyes.

"I don't like your tone, and I don't like that approach, Mason. As it happens, I'm telling you exactly what she wanted to see me about."

"Rather an unusual hour for a woman to call on you with reference to the sale of a mine, wasn't it?"

"That's what I thought," Bartsler said. "I couldn't understand why Frank Glenmore let her in to see me. Of course she had a very plausible story about how she worked during the day and couldn't possibly get in except in the evening. But tell me, Mason, why do you think she is of any particular importance?"

Mason asked very casually, "Remember her name?"

"Yes, it was Kennard, and she had what is known as a prospect rather than a mine. In other words, there was a showing of rather good ore, but nothing had been blocked out, and, taken by and large, it certainly wasn't the type of mining deal that I'm interested in at all."

Mason studied Bartsler, and smoked thoughtfully. "Your visitor, Mrs. J. C. Kennard, resides at 3691 Lobland Avenue," he said. "Up to the date that she called on you, she ran a nursery for children of various ages. Does that mean anything to you?"

"Does it!" Bartsler all but shouted. "You mean she might have been in a position to know something about my grandson? She—"

"There is every reason to believe that she had your grandson in her custody," Mason went on. "And following her visit to you, she has skipped out."

Bartsler's hand shot out, his thumb frantically jabbed a bell button. Frank Glenmore thrust his head into the room, saw the visitors, smiled a greeting.

Bartsler said, "Come in here, Frank, and sit down."

Something in the tone of his voice caused Glenmore to give the man a somewhat quizzical glance.

"YOU remember Mrs. Kennard, who called on us two or three weeks ago?" Jason Bartsler demanded.

"Yes. Rather heavy-set. Let's see, I believe she had a slight limp. Her property was in that district that has been so intensively prospected of late."

"What did she tell you she wanted to talk with me about?"

Glenmore's eyebrows elevated. "Why, about selling you her mine, of course."

"Mason seems to think that Mrs. Kennard might know something about my grandson." Bartsler regarded his associate with narrowed eyes. "There is some reason to believe that several months after my son died his wife had a baby. It came out in court today."

"Why—why! Good heavens, Jason! Why, that's been almost three years! A grandson!"

"And this grandson was concealed from me."

"Concealed! Couldn't you have secured a court order?"

"In fact, Robert's widow denied that there ever had been a child. Only today, on the witness stand, did she admit it. Now then, Frank, let's go back to—"

"The time she came here?" Glenmore interrupted. "I remember it very clearly on account of thinking, at first, Diana had come with her. Diana explained that she hadn't, but—"

Jason Bartsler came suddenly upright in his chair. "How do we know she didn't, Frank?"

"Well, let's see. . . . This woman was standing right in front of the door, as though she'd been the one who had rung the bell, and then there was Diana, and right back of Diana the taxi driver. . . . I think it was Diana who said, 'I've left my purse somewhere and had to borrow my taxi fare from this woman,' and I told Diana I'd take care of it, and Diana swept on past me and ran up the stairs in a hurry. Hang it, Jason, I don't *think* they came together. And I'll tell you something else, Jason. If this woman had anything else on her mind except selling her mine, she was an artist."

"Whom did Mrs. Kennard see before she talked with Mr. Bartsler?" Mason asked.

"No one but me."

The telephone rang.

Glenmore moved over to the instrument, picked up the receiver, said, "Hello," then said, "Yes, just a moment, please."

He turned to Mason, extending the telephone receiver.

Paul Drake's voice came over the wire. "We located Thurston and he has the woman's address. Get your pencil. She's staying with a sister, name of Ruffin, 1191 Killman Boulevard."

Mason hung up the telephone, said to Bartsler, "Well, *I* think this woman either had your grandchild, or knows who did—that is, if you really have a grandchild. I wanted to find out what was back of her visit, and that's the only reason I called on you."

"We'll find out, all right," Bartsler said.

"And what was Carl Fretch doing in Diana's apartment?" Mason asked.

"Says he wasn't there," Bartsler said. "He still sticks with the story that he was out with a girl. They parked the car and got out. Someone stole the car. Police checked up. The girl confirmed his story—so there you are."

Mason said, "I'll be going. If you find out Carl talked to this Mrs. Kennard, I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know."

Jason Bartsler escorted them to the door. "I think we're on the homestretch now," he said.

Mason swung his car into Killman Boulevard. Della Street kept track of the numbers. At 1191 he shot the car to the curb, switched off lights and the ignition. They walked up the steps and rang the bell.

Steps sounded behind the closed door, a heavy and then a light one, a heavy then a light.

Della Street's fingers touched Mason's. "Gosh, chief," she whispered, "it's someone who limps."

A heavy-set woman with graying hair, keen determined eyes from which radiated a network of fine lines that gave to her face a somewhat benevolent expression, opened the door.

"Mrs. Ruffin?" Mason asked.

"No," she said, "I'm sorry. Mrs. Ruffin is out."

Mason let his face show disappointment. "That's too bad," he said. "I wanted to see her about a matter of business—about some property she's going to inherit."

"Property?" the woman asked, fairly pricking up her ears. "I'm Mrs. Ruffin's sister, Mrs. J. C. Kennard. Perhaps if she's going to inherit property, I'm going to inherit some, too."

"Oh, are *you* Mrs. Kennard?" Mason asked, taking a notebook from his pocket and turning the pages. "Why, I had you listed as living on Lobland Avenue."

"Come in, come in." The woman beamed at them. "I am visiting my sister for a few days. She hasn't been well, and I thought I'd run over and do the housekeeping for a while."

"I see," Mason said, permitting Mrs. Kennard to escort Della Street and him into the cheaply-furnished living room.

"Do sit down," Mrs. Kennard urged, "and tell me about it. I wonder if it was Uncle Douglas. We always thought he *might* have some property."

Mason smiled. "Well, simply in order to follow the routine procedure in such matters, Mrs. Kennard, let me ask you some questions before I answer any—not that I have the slightest doubt as to your identity, but then, you know, there's a certain procedure we have to follow in these things."

Mrs. Kennard folded her hands on her lap, beamed at him. "Go right ahead, young man, go right ahead."

Mason said, "You're a widow, Mrs. Kennard?"

"That's right. Mr. Kennard died in 1934."

"You have some occupation?"

"Well, for the last few months I've been keeping a nursery. You know, so many people are working now and don't have any place to leave their children, and it's almost impossible to get competent domestic help. Well, I've built up rather a good business."

"Very interesting," Mason said. "How did you get your clientele, Mrs. Kennard?"

She laughed and said, "I just put a want ad in the paper, and you'd be surprised how many women brought their children to me."

"And among the clients was there one named Mildred Danville who was murdered a short time ago?"

MRS. KENNARD had been smiling, the genial, affable smile of one who wishes to make a good impression. When that question hit her with the impact of a blow, she tried to hold her face so that it wouldn't change expression. But the result was a ghastly travesty.

"And," Mason went on, "she left with you a child whose name was Robert Bartsler, and because she didn't give you exactly the most convincing story, you became rather concerned and looked in the telephone directory to find if you could locate someone by the name of Bartsler. You found a Mr. Jason Bartsler, and you rang his telephone. Now suppose you tell us what happened after that, Mrs. Kennard."

Mrs. Kennard blinked her eyes, her tongue moistened her lips, but she said nothing.

Mason's smile was affable. "Really, Mrs. Kennard, I think it will be much better if you tell the truth, and put your cards right on the table. After all, you know, a murder has been committed, and your connection with it puts you in a very, very serious position."

Mrs. Kennard said, "You're crazy!"

"Suppose," Mason went on, "you tell us where the child is, Mrs. Kennard."

"I don't know."

"Will you deny that a child named Robert Bartsler was left with you?"

"I don't know the names of all of my children."

"When you left and closed up your day nursery very suddenly, you said that you had been exposed to smallpox."

"I think I have been exposed to smallpox."

"Yet you told us that you came here to take care of your sister."

"Well, I did."

"Did you take any child with you when you left the nursery?"

"No, of course not."

"So you have no child here at all?"

"Certainly not!"

Mason glanced at Della Street, then let his eyes rove around the room. He noticed a huge dictionary on the top of a small table. He glanced at the dictionary, then at Della, then at the dictionary, then back to Della. She followed the direction of his eyes, frowned, then suddenly smiled and nodded, almost imperceptibly.

Mason turned back to Mrs. Kennard. "Did you discuss anything with Mr. Jason Bartsler other than the possible sale of a mine?"

"No, of course not."

"How did you happen to go to him?"

"A friend told me about him."

Della Street had moved unobtrusively over to the table. "Oh, what a splendid dictionary!" she said. She picked it up, held it some eighteen inches above the table, then suddenly let it slip from her fingers.

The thud of the heavy book on the floor, and Della Street's startled scream, mingled into a sudden volume of noise, following which the silence seemed suddenly tense.

"Oh," Della Street said, "I'm *so* sorry."

The thin reedy wail of a child in an adjoining bedroom grew to a lusty yell.

Mason said, "Come on, Della," and started in the direction of the noise.

They found the boy in a back bedroom, lying in a crib. Mason switched on lights.

Della Street said, "Oh, you poor thing!" and moved over to the crib. She leaned over and picked the child up. Instantly he stopped crying.

"Start dressing him," Mason said. "Bundle him up in clothes and get him ready to move."

Mason rushed back to the front of the house. "Mrs. Kennard," he called. "Oh, Mrs. Kennard!"

There was no answer. The front door was standing wide open. His car, which he had left parked at the curb, was gone.

MASON'S fingers spun the dial of the telephone. "Hello, hello, Police Headquarters? Who's on duty in Homicide?"

"Sergeant Holcomb."

"Put Sergeant Holcomb on the line. This is an emergency!"

A moment later Holcomb's voice said, "Yeah, what is it?"

"This is Perry Mason, Sergeant Holcomb. I want to get a police car on the job immediately."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Listen. I've found out the reason Mildred Danville was murdered, and I think I know who murdered her. Now, in order to keep another murder from being committed, it's going to be necessary to rush a police car to the house of Jason Bartsler at once. Put enough men in the place to see that nothing happens until I can get there."

"Well, ain't you smart!" Holcomb said. "And I suppose after we lead with our chins on this, you'll have some newspaper reporters out there and spill your story to them and make it look as though the Police Department placed a lot of credence in it. Nothing doing, Mason. You paddle your own canoe. As far as this department is concerned, *we* know who killed Mildred Danville, and why."

"Look here, Holcomb," Mason said patiently, "I can't outline my theory to you over the telephone, but I'm telling you just as sure as you're sitting there, that if you don't get men out to Jason Bartsler's place, a murder is going to be committed."

"O. K.," Holcomb said, "if it is, we'll remember that you seemed to have been mixed up in it, and you can explain to the grand jury how you knew so much about it, and why you're not an accessory. Why don't you go there yourself, if you're in such a hurry?"

"Someone's stolen my car," Mason said.

"Well, now—*ain't—that—too—bad! Ha, ha, ha! Good-by, Mason.*"

Mason looked around for a telephone book, got the number of Jason Bartsler's house and dialed it with frantically hurrying fingers.

A few moments later a voice asked, "What number are you calling, please?"

"Westgate 9643."

"Just a moment."

Again there was a delay, then the voice said, "That line seems to be out of order. I am reporting it. Will you call a little later, please?"

Mason's forefinger slammed down the pronged cradle in which the receiver rested, clearing the line for another call, called a taxi company. "This is an emergency," he said. "Can you send a taxicab out to 1191 Killman Boulevard immediately?"

"I'm sorry, we have no cabs available for calls in that district."

"This is a matter of life and death, and—"

"We hear that *so* often," the girl said in a bored voice. "I think I can have a cab out for you in thirty minutes."

"It won't do," Mason said savagely.

He dialed the number of Drake's Detective Agency, and when he had Drake's night operative on the line, said, "This is Perry Mason. Where's Paul?"

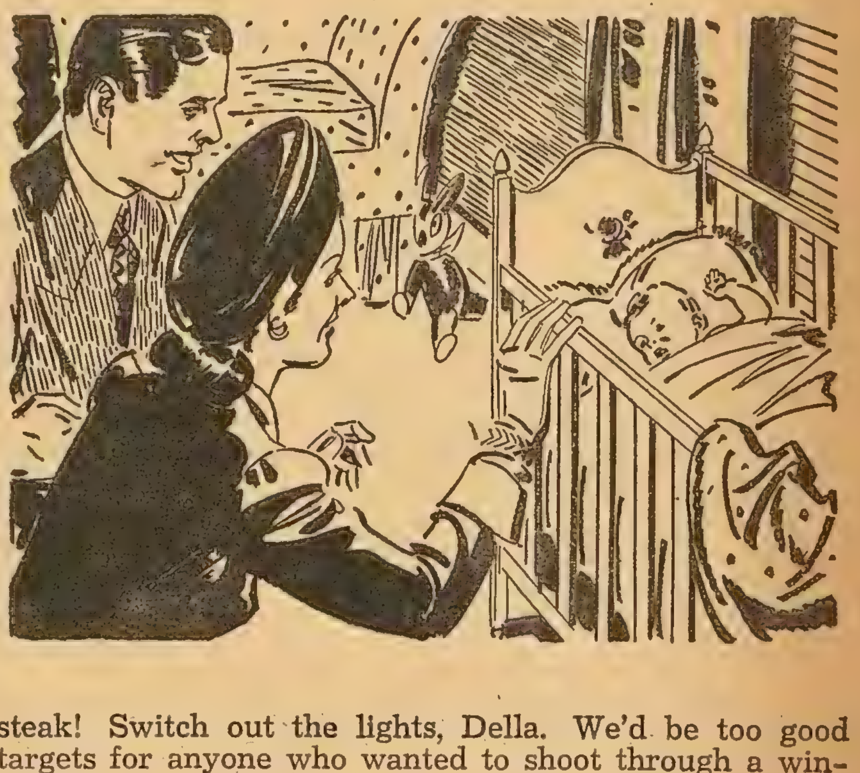
"He telephoned in that he was eating dinner. He left a phone number where I could reach him."

Mason said, "Get a call through to him. Tell him to burn the road up getting out to 1191 Killman Boulevard. I'll be waiting for him. Anita Dorset is with him, and they're entertaining a man by the name of Thurston at dinner. Tell Paul to have Anita stay with Thurston."

Mason hung up the telephone, started pacing the floor.

Della Street entered the room carrying the baby in her arms. "Look, chief. Isn't he cute?"

Mason nodded perfunctory acknowledgment, said, "We've got to get out of here. Paul Drake's on his way to get us, or should be if he's got his stomach full. Lord, I hope he doesn't get the call just as he's being served the steak! Switch out the lights, Della. We'd be too good targets for anyone who wanted to shoot through a window."



"Good heavens, chief! Is there that much danger?"

"There may be," Mason said. "I don't know just what we're getting into, but I'm beginning to get the whole picture now."

The child began to wail, and Della Street said, "There, there, Robert. It's all right. This is Della Street. She is a friend of your mother."

"I want my mommie," he sobbed.

Mason walked over to the darkened window. He raised the shade. "Here are some headlights—coming around the corner. . . . Now wait a minute, Della. Sit tight."

He walked cautiously to the front door. He turned the knob, opened it a few inches. Paul Drake sprinted up the walk.

Mason called over his shoulder, "O. K., Della, come on. Make it snappy!"

Mason pulled the door open, said, "'Lo, Paul. Got a gun?"

"Gosh, no, Perry. What's the matter?"

"Never mind. Let's get going. Della has the baby. O. K., Della, let me help you down the stairs. Careful now. . . . You get in the back seat. . . . O. K., Paul, get in that door. I'll drive."

"Hold your hats," Drake said grimly to Della Street.

Mason held the throttle down close to the floorboard, piloted the car with smooth skill, disregarding boulevard stops as well as traffic signals, winding in and out through what little traffic there was on the boulevard. The youngster in the back seat shrieked with delight, and Della Street was kept busy holding him. Paul Drake held on in grim silence.

From behind them came the blaze of a red spotlight, the sound of a siren. Mason poured throttle into the motor. "It's only another four or five blocks. We haven't time to stop and explain."

The police car behind roared into speed, accelerating as Mason was accelerating. The sound of the siren became a high-pitched screaming that froze traffic in its tracks.

Mason said, "Brace yourself. This is the corner."

He swung wide, pressed his foot on the brake pedal, released it, pressed again, released, then leaned against the wheel. The tires burnt long skid marks into the pavement. The car straightened with a neck-snapping jerk as the wheels once more gripped the pavement. Another two blocks and Mason swung in to the curb and slammed on the brake. Behind them, the police car screamed to a stop. Mason had his car door open, was running up the walk to Jason Bartsler's house.

FROM the interior of the house sounded a shot. A half second later another crashed out. A bullet smashed through a big plate-glass window in the front of the house.

Mason beckoned to the men in the police car. "Hurry up!" he shouted. "Bring that gun!"

A third shot crashed out from the inside of the house.

Della Street screamed at Paul Drake, "Do something!"

He slid out from the car. "Better keep an eye on the kid, Della," he said, and started running.

One of the officers rushed up the front steps, at the door, another one circled around the house.

Two more shots came from the interior of the house in rapid succession. Mason flung his weight against the door, and was thrown back. The officer at the door raised the butt of his sawed-off shotgun, brought it down hard against the sash of a window which opened onto the front porch. The glass crashed in, and the officer kicked out the jagged pieces that remained in the bottom of the pane, then jumped through the window into the lighted interior of the house.

Mason came through behind the officer so fast that their shadows mingled.

From the rear of the house came a sharp command, the cracking sound of a pistol shot, then the heavy boom of a sawed-off shotgun and silence.

There were lights in Jason Bartsler's office. The doors were open.

A voice sounded from the back window. "Hey, a man tried to beat it out this way. Paul Drake grabbed him, but couldn't hold him. The man broke loose just as I came up. I yelled at him to stop and he took a shot at me. I poured buckshot into him. He managed to get through the back yard into the alley. I hit him all right. He's left a trail of blood."

"Go get him!" the other officer barked.

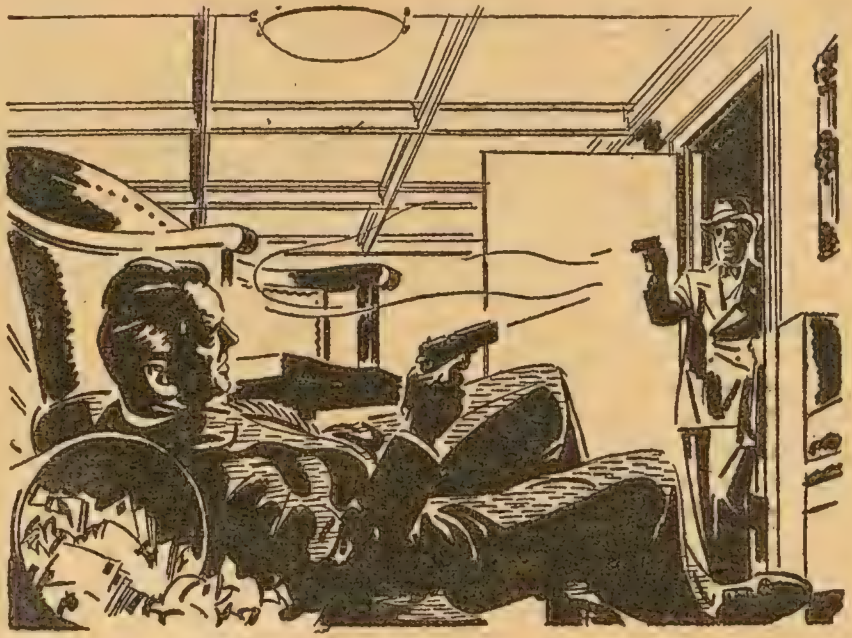
Jason Bartsler was sprawled at full length on the rug of his office. From a leg which was crumpled in under him emerged a slow welling stream of red.

Mason dropped to his knees. A bullet had entered just above the right knee and had gone out through the calf of the leg. It seemed to be the only wound on the man's body. His hand held an automatic.

Mason bent and sniffed the muzzle. It had been freshly fired.

"Fainted from the shock," he said. "Looks as though the bullet hit the joint. Let's get him up on that couch."

This done, he found some brandy, moistened Bartsler's lips with it, held it under his nostrils. Bartsler's eyelids fluttered. Mason tilted the brandy down the man's throat.



Bartsler swallowed, coughed, then reached for the glass. "Did I get him?" he asked.

"We don't know yet," Mason said. "Can you tell me what happened?"

Bartsler said, "Glenmore got a phone call. I heard him talking. He seemed excited. Shortly afterwards I wanted to call, and the phone was dead. I found that the wires had been completely cut through. And then I went to the desk and got out my automatic.

"Glenmore came in. He asked me something, and walked around behind the chair. I glanced up into the mirror and saw that he had a gun. I flung myself out of the chair, at the same time reaching for my automatic, and he shot. The shot hit me in the knee and knocked me flat.

"I saw Frank taking deliberate aim. I read murder in his eyes. And just then there was the sound of a police siren, and that rattled Glenmore. His shot went past my head and into the floor. I don't think it missed me by an inch. I had my gun out then, and Frank started to run. He turned in the doorway and we pumped lead at each other. I don't know whether I got him or not. I took another flying shot as he turned to run. He stumbled, caught at the side of the door, turned and shot again. I guess I fainted. How did you happen to get here, Mason?"

Mason said, "I figured it out. I knew that Mildred Danville must have taken your grandson from Helen and concealed him somewhere. I had reason to believe it was with a Mrs. J. C. Kennard. You remember she called to see you the night Diana Regis got her black eye?"

"Yes, yes. But she wanted to see me about that mining claim."

"What had happened," Mason told him, "was that she became suspicious of Mildred Danville. She knew the boy's name was Robert Bartsler. She looked for a Bartsler in the telephone book, found one, and rang up. Frank Glenmore answered the telephone. She explained to him that she had a child who gave the name of Robert Bartsler, and who had been left by a woman by the name of Mildred Danville, and she wondered if it was all right. Glenmore did some quick thinking. If he could get the possession of that child, it would give him a lot of power. He told Mrs. Kennard to come on down, and when she came to the door he pulled that stall about a mining claim to throw Diana off the track. He hadn't anticipated an audience when he went to let Mrs. Kennard in.

"Glenmore took Mrs. Kennard into one of the other rooms, and made some kind of deal with her. Then he brought her in here to you, after he'd coached her about a mining claim she was to offer you. I take it Glenmore did most of the talking."

"He did at that. But where's my grandson, Mason? If you've found him—"

"Take it easy," Mason said. "I'm coming to that. Glenmore arranged with Mrs. Kennard to take young Robert and go to live with her sister, taking elaborate precautions to see that she wouldn't be traced. But when Diana Regis told Mildred Danville how she received her black eye, and mentioned that a matronly woman with a limp had called to see you and was just ringing the doorbell when Diana arrived, Mildred suddenly realized what had happened. She knew at once Glenmore must have bribed Mrs. Kennard to sell her out. So Mildred decided to make peace with Helen Bartsler, and made a ten-o'clock appointment to meet Helen. But before Helen kept that appointment, Frank Glenmore got there and silenced Mildred's lips."

"How did he know Mildred was wise to him?" Bartsler asked.

"There can be only one explanation," Mason said. "When Mildred learned through Diana that Glenmore had talked to Mrs. Kennard, she made the fatal mistake of telephoning Glenmore and telling him what she knew. That might have worked if Glenmore's motives were merely those of greed, but I think we'll find he has some reason that hasn't been disclosed as yet for wanting to control Jason Bartsler. His back is to the wall. He's stopping at nothing. Mildred quite probably invited him to be there at Helen's house with the baby. Instead he went there prepared to do anything rather than surrender the child until he had what he wanted. Mildred had a gun. She made the mistake of trying to use it. Glenmore got it away from her and in a frenzy of desperation shot her, then he wiped the gun free of fingerprints, took it to Mildred's apartment, broke in, and left it where Diana would be almost certain to touch it."

"But my grandson," Bartsler said. "Hang it all, I want to see my grandson. Pretty quick some damn interne will be shooting hop into me. I want to see my grandson."

Mason turned to one of the officers. "Would you mind going out and asking Miss Street, who's waiting in the car outside, to bring the little boy in? Tell her it's all safe now."

Running steps sounded as a man hurried around the walk from the side of the house. They heard the thud of steps on the porch, then the officer of the prowl car dashed into the room, saying:

"Drake found him in a woodshed next door. Is there a stenographer here?"

Mason said, "We'll take the baby. You can take Della Street."

The officer started for the door with quick strides, met Della Street coming in.

"Quick, Miss Street, come with me. Got a pen and notebook in that purse of yours?"

She nodded.

"Is your stomach strong enough for a dying statement?"

Again she nodded.

Mason took the little boy from her, caught Della Street's eye, made a signal warning her to utter silence, then entered the room with young Robert Bartsler.

DELLA STREET snuggled up close to Mason in the front seat of the car as they pulled away from the big house where people were milling around in confusion, where newspaper photographers were exploding flash bulbs and asking questions.

"Pretty bad, Della?" Mason asked solicitously.

"Pretty bad, but not *too* bad. He'd been hit with a charge of buckshot in the back."

"He confessed?"

"Yes, the whole business. He was in charge of operations on the mines and was supposed to get a royalty on each ton of ore milled. Well, it was quite a mix-up, but some of the mines had run into pretty rich stuff, and Glenmore was surreptitiously mixing rock from the dump with that rich stuff so that the tonnage which went through the mills was all the same. Bartsler became suspicious, and Glenmore was looking for something he could get on Bartsler, some hold that would— Oh, well, you know all the answers anyway."

"Did he say anything about the boy not being Bartsler's grandson?"

"Apparently he thought Mildred Danville had simply stepped in and kidnaped the boy. . . . Good heavens! What's *this?*"

Mason slid the car around and let the headlights illuminate a figure that was limping along the street.

"Looks as though he'd been held up and robbed. It's Carl Fretch!"

Mason opened the door, jumped out to the sidewalk. "Hello, Fretch," he said. "What's the matter?"

Fretch gave him a glance that was evidently intended to be full of scornful dignity, and marched past.

MASON said to Della, "I wanted to talk with him and tell him what's happened at the house. . . . Oh, well, let him go." He grinned. "The boy was out with one of Paul Drake's female operatives, if you'll remember. She was instructed to get information, but that she didn't have to put up with *too* much in order to do it. While the girl was a demure-looking dish, she had really been on the stage with a sparring partner as a female featherweight champion."

Della Street laughed. "Wait until Diana sees him! He's got a beautiful eye that's going to be a shiner by tomorrow morning." Then she asked, "How are you going to break the news to Bartsler about the boy not being his grandson?"

"Don't be silly! I'm not. The boy's an orphan now. No one knows his father. His mother has been killed. He has a birth certificate that describes him as the son of Robert Bartsler and legally entitles him to the name of Robert Bartsler, Junior. Bartsler has a lot of money and the youngster will bring Helen and Jason together."

"But won't Bartsler know? Won't he see there isn't any family resemblance? That—"

Mason laughed. "Before the ambulance arrived, Bartsler was getting acquainted with the boy, and I swear to you I don't think he even knew his knee was paining him. His face was all lit up. He pointed out to me how the boy had his mother's forehead and his son's mouth, and his eyes were the exact image of Bartsler's mother and—"

"Good heavens!" Della Street interrupted. "And *that* from a skeptic who prides himself on being hard to convince."

"Exactly," Mason said. "It simply goes to show how credulous a man can be, despite his efforts to be cynical and hard-boiled, when it comes to something he wants to believe. How many men look at themselves in the mirror and see themselves as they actually are? They see the mental image they have created of themselves, ten to twenty years younger than they are."

Della Street laughed. "You're talking about women now," she said.

"No," Mason said; "a woman is more honest with herself, a little more critical in her appraisal. Women don't kid themselves the way men do. They're more romantic and realistic."

"What are you going to do about Mildred's diary?" Della Street asked, after a pause.

"With proper ceremonies," Mason said, "I am going to burn it. After all, a lawyer is something like a doctor, only where a physician doctors men's bodies, a lawyer has to minister to their minds—although we might do a little judicious blackmail."

"You mean with Helen?"

"Yes. If she's a good girl and treats Bartsler properly, we'll promise to keep the diary out of circulation."

"A felony," Della Street said.

"Exactly."

"But how about Bartsler? What is going to hold *him* in line?"

"I think the grandson will do that," Mason said.

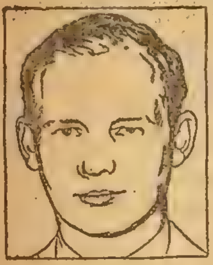
THE END

Puzzle Boy

BOOKS IN REVIEW

BY JOSEPH ANTHONY

EDMUND STEVENS, an American correspondent who speaks Russian and is married to a Russian woman, has written a book with the provocative title **Russia Is No Riddle.**



Edmund Stevens

In those chapters in which he tells his personal experiences, Mr. Stevens goes a long way toward proving his point. He portrays Russian patriotism in terms of understandable human values. He throws a clear, impartial light on the lives of Soviet authors and journalists, the new élite class of Moscow society. He gives the surprising picture of thousands of quiet-mannered Russians lining the streets to watch a parade of German prisoners with just about the attitude you'd expect of an American crowd—disgust; not fanatical hatred.

Mr. Stevens gives a much more thorough analysis of the famous Moscow treason trials than Ambassador Davies succeeded in doing. The world is still puzzled by that spectacle—a procession of defendants taking the witness stand to make gruesome confessions that could only result in their death. Mr. Stevens points out that only those of the accused who had already been completely convicted by their own admissions in preliminary cross-examinations were allowed to play star roles in the drama of the public trials.

Here's a passage that's worth bearing in mind as an explanation, if not an excuse, for the Russians' attitude when their foreign policy seems to us to be too arbitrary:

"Never had I seen so many cripples anywhere as in the Moscow streets, trolley cars, and subways. Everywhere there were crutches, wooden legs, empty, dangling sleeves, and—most horrible of all—the tap, tap, tap of seemingly endless numbers of blind men. Such things, more than any amount of written information, brought home to one the tremendous suffering and sacrifice of the Russian population."

Published by Greenberg: Publisher, N. Y. Price $3.

TOMORROW WILL SING, by **Elliott Arnold**, tells what happened when an American boy of Italian parentage returned to his father's native village as a member of a conquering army.

Elliott Arnold

Lieutenant Eddie Amato, a bombardier in the Air Corps, was a friendly decent lad who didn't like the idea of having people cringe at the sight of his uniform. The only favor he wanted of his uncle, a prosperous farmer, was a chance to get out and work in the fields occasionally, as he had once done on his own farm in Long Island.

Eddie began to get acquainted with his uncle's neighbors; to take the fear out of the eyes of a shy Italian girl; to persuade the farmers that the Fascist story about the secret arrest and execution of New York's Mayor LaGuardia was somewhat of an exaggeration.

The Italians responded to Eddie's warm kindliness—but always in the background there was the memory of German "allies" who had started out by appearing just as cordial. Then Eddie was entrusted with the money they had raised by a co-operative sale of produce—and was waylaid and robbed of the money. . . . Could the farmers be blamed for thinking cynically that this was the pay-off?

Mr. Arnold's story is a bit constricted by the tight pattern of its plot, but the reality of his characters, in spite of this self-imposed handicap, is impressive.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

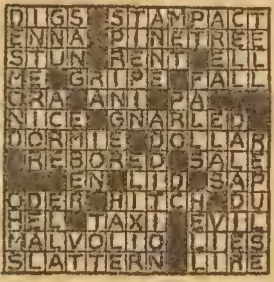
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 This will soon appear in a new green overcoat and start shooting things up
10 Ten billion red points will get you one
14 Warm, isn't it?
15 GIke
17 Old-time device for holding your woman
18 Ellipse of the sun
19 So firm, so round, so fully packed
20 Djinny Tyrant (abbr.)
21 Mades (anag.)
22 Hossiaffs
23 A Franck composer
24 Extra! Girl —— in Father's Pants!
25 Last stop on the line
27 Device for seeing through ten-foot walls
28 Marshall Field III's Time Capsule
29 When Hitler can't sleep, he counts Nazi soldiers jumping over these
30 Gent who lost at Richmond but got paid off on
31 Give Mrs. Lamb the berry
32 Adds a touch of red to the barefoot boy's lower cheek
33 ——, brang, brung
34 The half-drawn shades of night
35 A shameful expression
36 Something to be taken on Thirstdays only
37 He made a trip to the underworld
38 It's easy to fill
39 Outside heating systems
40 Nip nipper
41 Resents having been told off
42 Champ jowls
43 This should be your meat
45 G. I. heaven, France
46 Outboard with wallop (abbr.)
48 Mouth organ
49 Wrinkle makers
50 This was shelled yesterday
51 Deadpans (two words)
53 Pigtailed ice-cream destroyer
54 Bopp
55 Medicated Mickey Finn; bye-bye juice

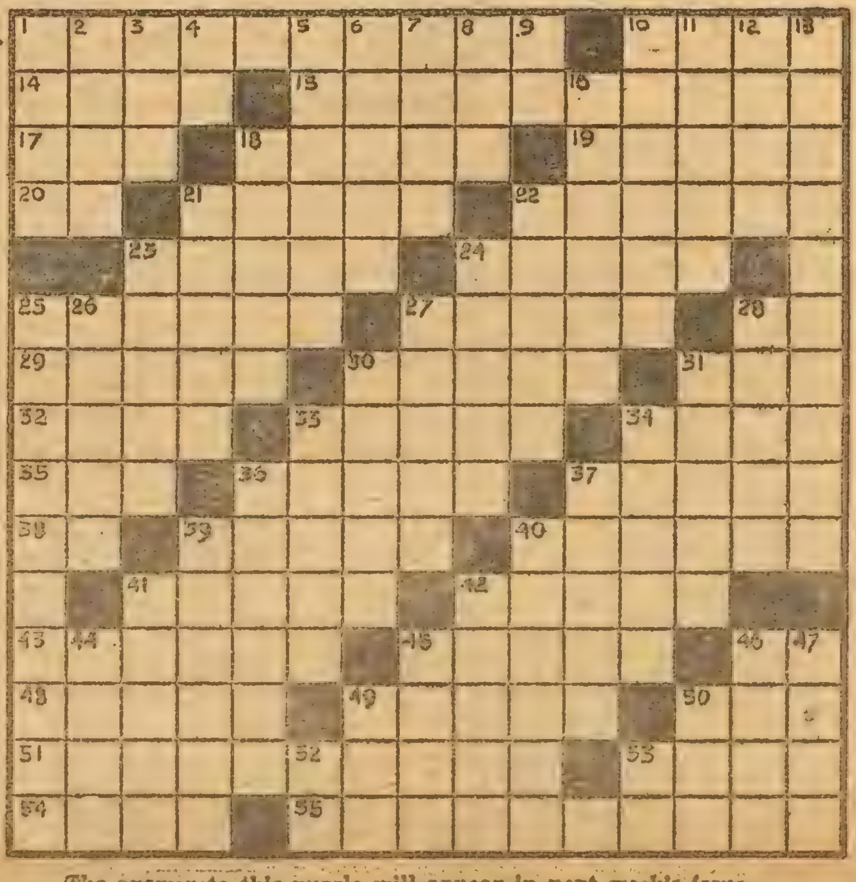
VERTICAL

1 Paper of pins for frying
2 What any fresh shrimp is
3 Unrationed butter
4 Old-fashioned way of spelling glamor
5 Stubborn beast, must be beaten constantly to keep domesticated
6 Caesar's swimmin' hole
7 Double-talk goddess
8 Lair of the New York long-hair Sinatra (abbr.)
9 Kind of tire
10 Dem Bums are poimanently unemployed
11 They have big mouths and spill a lot of stuff about boudoirs
12 What a man with twelve kids gets very little of
13 Duds mechanic
16 This kind of man is hard to find
18 What a camel walks many a mile for
21 Shady dance halls for little outdoor folks
22 Basic Gutter English
23 How Ford got started
24 Göring's is as broad as his bulge
25 They're made of flower and make a nice spread for breadfruit
26 What rubbers do during bad spells
27 Lights up the face
28 A gluey smack
30 Food that gives our Suthn soldiers their intestinal fortitude
31 Passel o' posies
33 Pressure must be brought on this to stop the nation's downhill progress
34 React violently to windy blasts and percussive blows
36 This is green and mint-flavored
37 Crunches chow on Park Avenue
39 Wienerschnitzel
40 Most wolfproof
41 Ex-diver; outmoded device for scaring wits out of Frenchmen
42 Edoats destroyers
44 Swear old-fashioned style
45 Distance between two feet
46 Spritely X-word character from Persia
47 Pan powder
49 Here's an opening for a young bride anxious to get in the cooking business
50 A hole for a miner
52 Singer's favorite distance
53 Glorifier's Expression! (abbr.)



DIGS■STAMPACT
ENNA■PINETREE
STUN■RENT■ELL
ME■GRIPE■FALL
ORA■ANI■PA■■■
NICE■GNARLED■
DORMIE■DOLLAR
■REBORED■SALE
■■■EN■LID■SAP
ODER■HITCH■DU
HEL■TAXI■EVIL
MALVOLIO■LIES
SLATTERN■LIRE

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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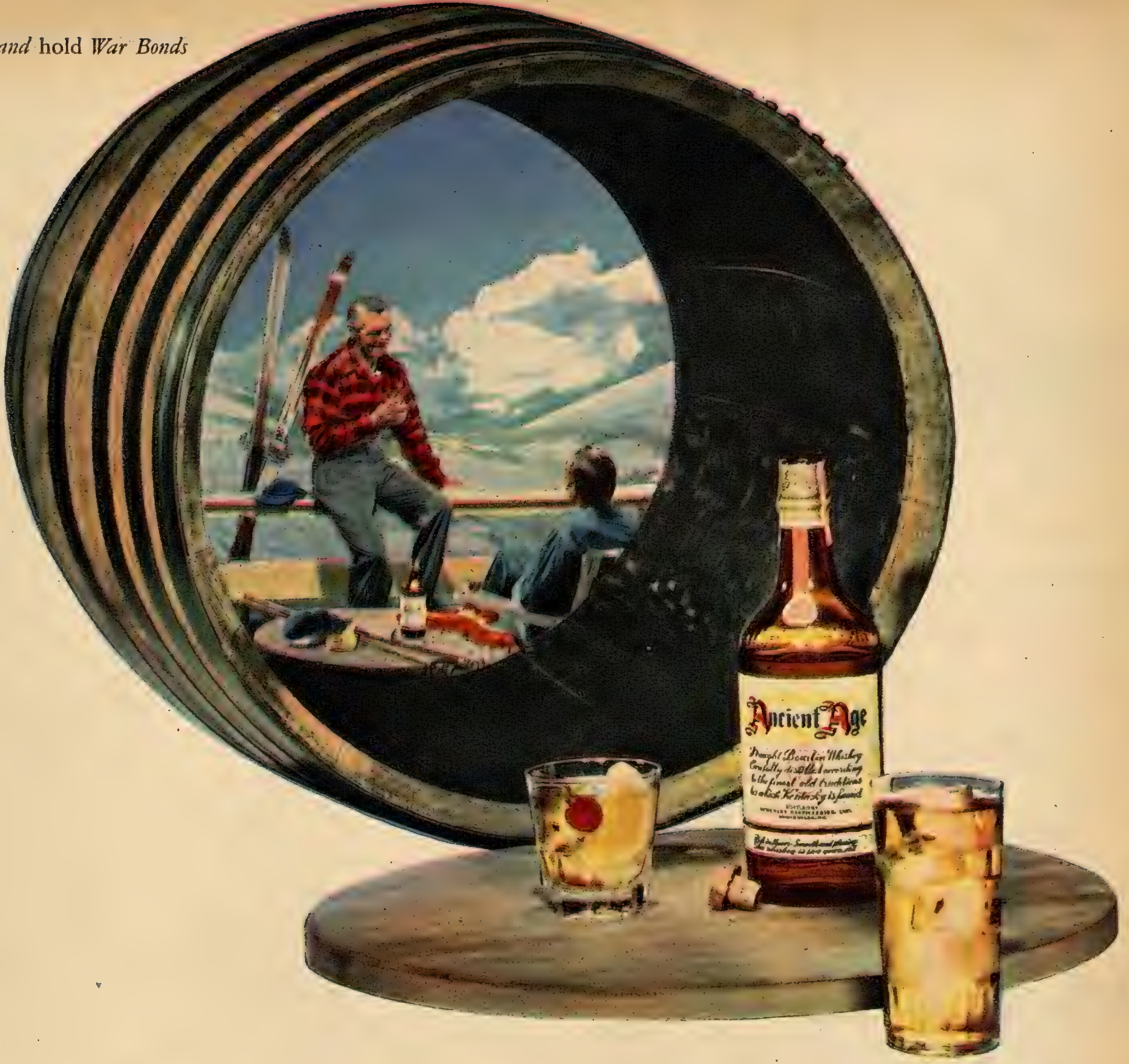

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

THE SCALES OF YAN TAN

Continued from Page 19

Marshaling his men, Kim Lee gave the signal to mount and ride. Down through the darkening clefts and passes of Wu Pao they clattered, then on into the Lao-Shan valley. Reaching rising ground, they halted and dismounted, waiting while Kim Lee and Shu Gat disappeared into the shadows of the pines.

From time to time Shu Gat sounded the call of a rice bird, and presently the signal was answered by a rifleman who stepped forward from a nest of gray rocks.

"Where is Nai Lang?" Kim demanded.

The rifleman pointed to the upper slopes. "He keeps watch, captain, at the edge of the temple grounds."

They climbed upward, repeating the rice-bird call, until they were answered by Nai Lang, who had stationed himself near the carved and painted *pailou* marking the approaches to the temple.

The shrine itself was invisible in the fast-gathering night—beyond the *pailou* nothing could be seen except the dark wall of pines and the seemingly endless series of sunken logs which formed a staircase up the last slope.

"Any further news of the Brown Devil?" Kim asked.

"None, captain," Nai Lang replied. "If Tang Poh, that pig-headed *bonze*, would only permit us to make a search, we would soon have done with this cursed cat-and-mouse game we are forced to play."

"Tang Poh is sworn to the service of the Elder Gods," Kim answered. "He but follows the ancient law, which forbids the shedding of blood within the house of prayers and offers sanctuary to all who pass within the *pailou*."

"Aye, and every thrice-accursed Brown Devil in the province is well aware of the fact," Nai Lang growled. "How many of these barbarians have already slipped through our hands because Tang Poh still serves the ancient law?"

"The fault does not lie entirely with Tang Poh," Kim replied. "It is a long road from Singing Pine Temple to Lao-Shan village, and the Brown Devils who escape our night watchers are given help and hiding by a traitor in our midst. It is this traitor we seek tonight. The Brown Devil must be allowed to pass by us—then we will trail him to the *han-gien's* house. You will instruct your men, Nai Lang, to be doubly watchful, but to make no move against this fugitive Brown Devil, should he appear. Let them stay hidden, giving only the rice-bird call when he has passed."

"*Wah!*" Nai Lang said shortly, and slipped away silently into the shadows.

Returning to his waiting men, Kim Lee assigned them to watch-posts along the lower slopes of the hill. Then, with Shu Gat in his usual place beside him, Kim moved toward his own position, along the banks of Blind Beggar Creek.

They settled down to a long silent watch. Overhead a sickle moon knifed its way through scampering clouds that filled the night with uneasy shadows.

Shu Gat kept glancing up at the moon as though it were a clock. "It grows late—the Hour of the Fox is nearly past," he estimated. "If the Brown Devil makes a move tonight, it must be soon."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before they heard the faint call of a rice bird. "*Hai!*" Shu Gat exclaimed. "The warning comes from the north. The Brown Devil makes for Twelve-Li Road. Let us hasten in that direction—"

"Patience, Shu Gat," Kim answered. "Let us wait until there is a second call from the north."

THEY lay by the creek side, ears straining for the rice-bird signal, but the call was never repeated. Shu Gat stirred restlessly. "*Tsai!* The Brown Devil has taken warning and turned back to the safety of the temple."

"Or else he has shifted his course," Kim said. "Sharpen your eyes now, Shu Gat. Keep close watch upon the moonlit spaces where the pine trees end."

"This is a night of ten thousand shadows," Shu Gat grumbled. "There are creeping shadows everywhere, as though an army of ghost-men were stealing upon us—"

His voice stopped, as Kim Lee's hand gripped his arm. His glance leaped along the line of Kim's pointing finger. "*Hai!* The Brown Devil!" Shu Gat breathed.

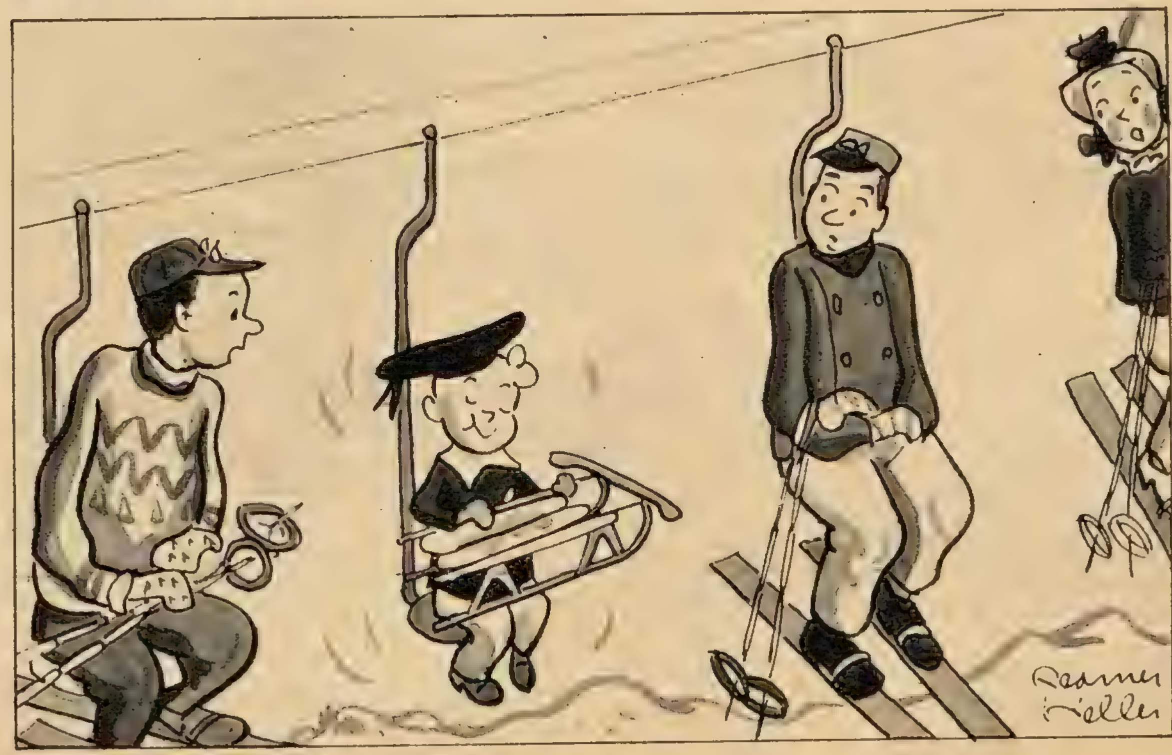
They saw him quite plainly then, sneaking furtively toward Blind Beggar Creek, darting from one patch of shadow to another.

They crouched down as the fugitive Japanese passed close by on the other bank of the creek.

"Follow him!" Kim Lee whispered.

As they trailed the Japanese along Blind Beggar Creek, Kim Lee tried to tell himself that it might not be Foon Tai's house

HARDTACK



for which the Brown Devil was heading.

Even when the Brown Devil came within sight of Foon Tai's farm, and waded across the creek, disappearing into the shadow of the seven willows, Kim Lee clung to his dwindling hopes.

Foon Tai's dog had heard the stranger's approach, and barked from the courtyard of the dark and silent house.

Kim Lee's last reluctant doubt was shattered when the door of Mei-Mei's home opened and Foon Tai came out. For Mei-Mei's father emerged empty-handed, without weapon or lantern, nor did he unleash the watchdog.

"Is Foon Tai mad, to poke about in darkness without a weapon in his hand?" Shu Gat cursed. "At any moment the Brown Devil will spring upon him from behind!" And he swung his rifle into position, covering the Japanese.

But Kim Lee's hand closed over the steel barrel. "Wait, Shu Gat!" he whispered. "We have orders to watch—not to interfere! Wait — and watch!" he ordered fiercely.

They saw the Japanese come to the edge of the willow shadows and beckon to Foon Tai, who joined him.

"By Tao! They talk together — like friends!" Shu Gat whispered. "*Hola!* Can it be that Foon Tai—" He broke off, turning to peer into Kim Lee's face.

"Aye, it is plain they do not meet as enemies," Kim echoed bitterly.

"Behold!" Shu Gat muttered. "See how they steal into the threshing barn! . . . Wait! . . . Now Foon Tai returns—alone! No doubt he has hidden the Brown Devil."

"Shu Gat, can it be that we are mistaken, even now?" Kim argued. "Perhaps the Brown Devil came here by mere chance and Foon Tai has tricked him with false friendship. Perhaps even now he lies dead within the barn."

But that last flickering hope died as they watched Foon Tai's next action.

"Look, Kim Lee!" Shu Gat said. "He draws water from the courtyard well! He carries it into the barn! Does one carry water to a dead enemy? It is beyond all doubt now. Foon Tai is the *han-gien* who aids the enemy in our valley."

"I can scarce believe it, even though I see it with my own eyes," Kim said brokenly. "A man of honorable family, known for his upright dealings with all."

"And who is also the father of Mei-Mei, thy betrothed," Shu Gat added gravely. "I grieve for thee, Kim Lee."

KIM was silent, watching Foon Tai's figure crossing to the farmhouse, disappearing through its dark doorway.

"I have a friend-favor to ask, Shu Gat," Kim said slowly. "Let us not make hasty report of this to Colonel Chou. Let us remain here on watch as long as necessary, until we learn the whole story of this treachery. I must make sure."

"*Wah!*" Shu Gat agreed. "We shall stay hidden and see it through to the end. It is unlikely the Brown Devil will move again tonight, so let us arrange a divided watch."

Kim Lee took the first watch, while Shu Gat burrowed down into a near-by hollow and closed his eyes.

Time passed as slowly as the almost imperceptible drift of the thin sickle moon across the troubled sky. But at last its curving silver blade hung high above the distant loom of Red Fox Hill, and Kim Lee roused Shu Gat to take over the second watch.

For a long time Kim could not sleep because of the disordered thoughts that raced within his mind, but at last sheer weariness tugged at his eyelids. Then it seemed but a moment later when the touch of Shu Gat's hand awoke him.

Shu Gat put a warning finger to his lips,

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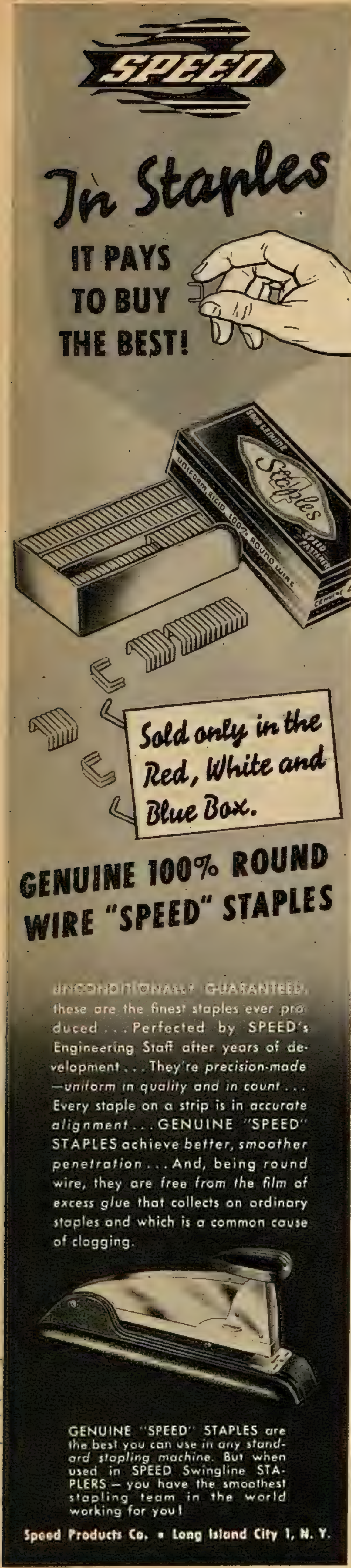
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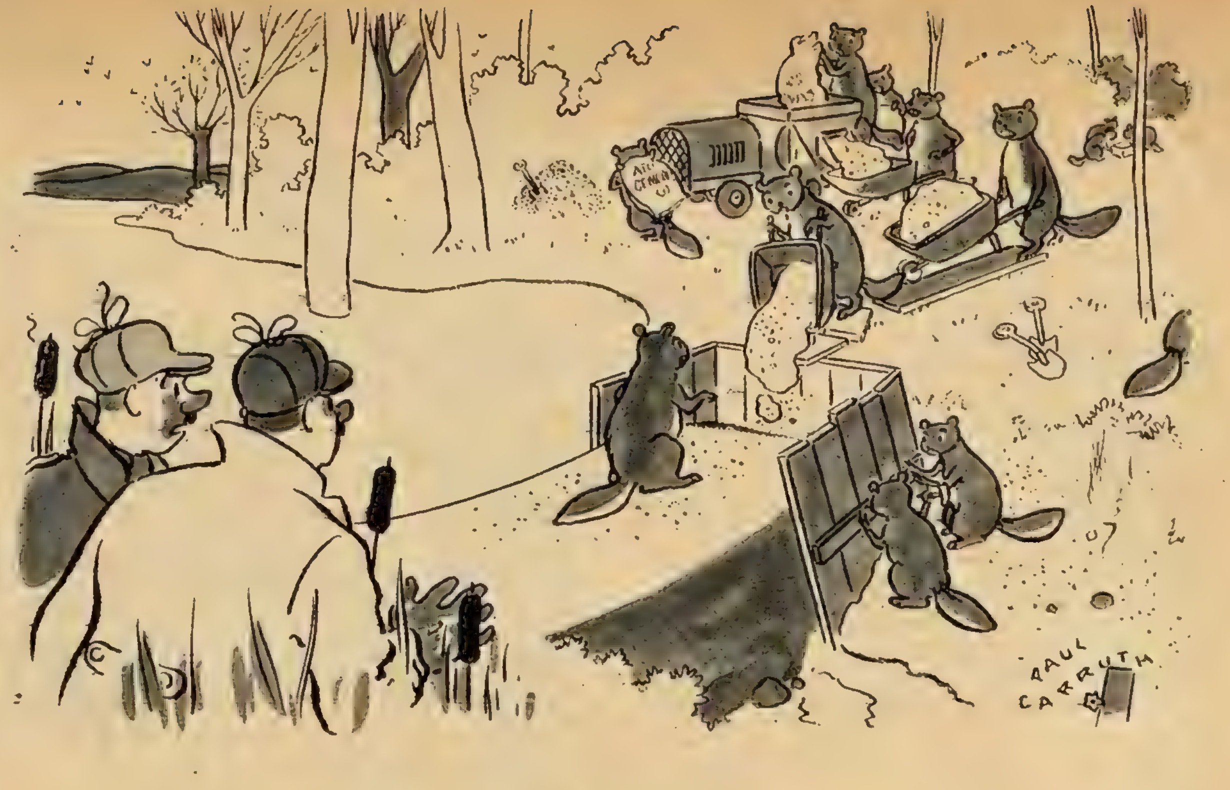

"It all started since Henry Kaiser hunted up here last year!"

and Kim Lee rose cautiously, peering from the thick screen of weeds and bushes in which they lay hidden. Looking out over Seven Willows Farm, Kim saw that Foon Tai was already at work in the fields, and Mei-Mei was at the well.

A little later Mei-Mei called her father to the morning meal, and Foon Tai came tramping in from the fields. But before he entered the house he went down to the row of willows fronting the road, and drawing a strip of yellow cloth from his waistband, he tied it on a lower branch of one of the trees.

"It must be a secret signal for the Brown Devils!" Shu Gat declared.

Soon both Foon Tai and Mei-Mei left the house and went into the fields. An hour or more passed, but still no one had approached the house. Then, over to the north, a boy's red-and-green dragon kite soared up higher and higher into the air, soon followed by others.

"Hai! The valley children signal that the Japanese come!" Shu Gat exclaimed.

And soon a platoon of Japanese soldiers appeared, marching along the dusty road. As they reached the seven willows, where Foon Tai's mysterious yellow cloth hung in plain sight, the officer in charge gave a sharp command. The soldiers promptly turned off the road and approached the farmhouse. The officer blew his whistle to summon Foon Tai from the fields.

"We come to make search!" the Japanese announced in a loud voice. "Resist—and you will meet with instant death!"

The soldiers started noisily on their task, some stamping in and out of the house, others pursuing their search through the farmyard.

"Hoya! Now everything is clear as black writing upon rice paper!" Shu Gat whispered. "This is only a false search, Kim Lee, announced in a loud voice so that Foon Tai's neighbors may hear. See, there are Fen Cham and his family working in the next field. Watch now, when they search the barn where the Brown Devil lies hidden."

In due course four of the Japanese soldiers entered the threshing barn. Within a few minutes all came out again—but with the squad increased by one man!

"By Tao, that was smoothly done!" Shu Gat exclaimed. "Four go in, and five come out, and no one the wiser, except us. *Tsai!* Mark how the stupid Fens stare across the field in sorrow for Foon Tai—for the traitor Foon Tai!"

Pistol in hand, the Japanese officer continued to shout insults upon Foon Tai until the soldiers returned from their sham searching. Then the whistle shrilled again, and the platoon swung off down the road, the extra soldier unnoticed and unremarked.

Shu Gat turned toward Kim Lee. "There is no need now for doubting. We must return and make full report of this matter to Colonel Chou."

"Aye!" Kim agreed in a toneless voice. "Let us return to Wu Pao."

But as they began their careful retreat from Seven Willows Farm, Kim Lee looked back, seeking a long last look at Mei-Mei's distant figure. Then he turned silently and walked on.

WHEN they had climbed the heights of Wu Pao and arrived at the camp, Kim Lee went at once to Colonel Chou and made his report.

"Foon Tai the farmer!" the colonel exclaimed, staring at Kim Lee. "But is he not the father of thy betrothed?"

"Aye!" Kim replied. "But after what I have witnessed, I find no word to speak in his defense. I ask but one favor of you. Let no harm come to Mei-Mei, his daughter, for I will take oath that she shares no part in her father's guilt."

"Wah! Wah!" Colonel Chou agreed. "As for Foon Tai's punishment—that shall be decided upon by vote at Council meeting."

So Colonel Chou summoned the leaders of ten and the captains of twenty, and Kim Lee stood before them and told his story.

The room was silent as a Ming tomb as Colonel Chou set out an empty rice bowl and laid beside it a handful of bamboo splints. "Captain Kim," he said kindly, "we shall not ask you to vote upon Foon Tai's fate."

"Thank you, Colonel Chou." Kim Lee saluted stiffly and left the hut. As he went through the doorway the colonel was saying, "All who favor the death penalty will drop a broken stick into the voting bowl."

Kim paced restlessly outside until the men of the Council emerged from Colonel Chou's headquarters. Then Shu Gat strode over to meet him, his face solemn.

"It is death for Foon Tai," he said. "With not a dissenting vote."

"Tonight?" Kim asked through dry lips.

Shu Gat nodded. "Colonel Chou himself will lead the party. They ride as soon as it is full dark."

Kim Lee turned away in silence and climbed up stony paths to the pine-studded solitude of Wu Pao's bleak summit. He sat down on a high rocky shelf, with the whole Lao-Shan valley spread out below him like a painted map.

He drew out Mei-Mei's little silken package and looked again at the betrothal necklace of moon-silver beads.

Again he could hear the echo of Mei-Mei's shamed whisper: "I am not worthy, Kim Lee . . . not worthy to be the mother of thy sons." *Ai-yee,* and it was a bitter truth, for how could any loyal soldier of Han bring himself to wed with the daughter of a *han-gien?*

"They will send her away," Kim said to himself. "She will be safe, but I shall never see her again."

Kim Lee blinked, his eyes moist, suddenly aware that the rays of the setting sun were blinding him.

CLIMBING down from the ledge, Kim Lee hurried back to the dell. Twilight was already gathering, the cooking fires gleamed before the barracks, but Kim did not slacken pace. On he went, past the barrack fires, leaving the dell behind him. And as he went he resolutely closed his mind to all further thought of what he was about to do.

Darkness came before he reached the level floor of the valley. He quickened his pace into a swift run as he reached Blind Beggar Creek, expecting any moment to hear the galloping *thud-thud* of Colonel Chou's riders behind him.

Spent and gasping for breath, Kim Lee finally reached Seven Willows Farm, bursting unceremoniously into the room where burly Foon Tai sat at his evening meal, with Mei-Mei attending upon his needs.

"Kim Lee!" Mei-Mei gasped.

"Hola!" Foon Tai exclaimed. "Is it no longer considered polite to rap upon an outer door, Kim Lee?"

Kim advanced to the center of the room, trying to control his hoarse breathing. "I come—to give you warning—Foon Tai! The hill soldiers have passed sentence of death upon you! They come tonight to send you to your ancestors!"

"Ma-pa-tzu!" Foon Tai swore grimly. "And what crime have I committed against the hill soldiers, Kim Lee?"

"Do not waste breath in useless pretense," Kim groaned. "There were watchers here at Seven Willows last night—the Brown Devil soldier who came to you for shelter was followed all the way from Singing Pine Hill. All is known, Foon Tai—you have less than an hour of life remaining."

At Kim Lee's tumbling words, Mei-Mei burst into sobbing.

Foon Tai rose slowly from the table and crossed to her, taking her by the wrists. "Is it you who have betrayed my secret, my daughter?" he demanded.

"Not so!" Kim Lee cut in sharply. "The trailing of the Brown Devil was Colonel Chou's plan. He has long known that we have a *han-gien* in our valley."

"Let my daughter answer for herself." Foon Tai spoke harshly, and pinned the girl's eyes with his own gaze. "Speak, girl!"

"Honorable father, I swear I have spoken to no one of what I knew—of what I have seen—" Mei-Mei stammered.

"Tsai! And what, then, did you see?" Foon Tai demanded. "Did I not strictly forbid you to leave your chamber when night callers came to me?"

"I have obeyed, honorable father," Mei-Mei's voice quivered. "You told me these secret visitors were hill soldiers, and I believed you. But one night of round moon, I saw clearly that your night caller was a Brown Devil. I saw you give him hiding within our barn."

"You saw—and you were ashamed for your father?" Foon Tai prodded.

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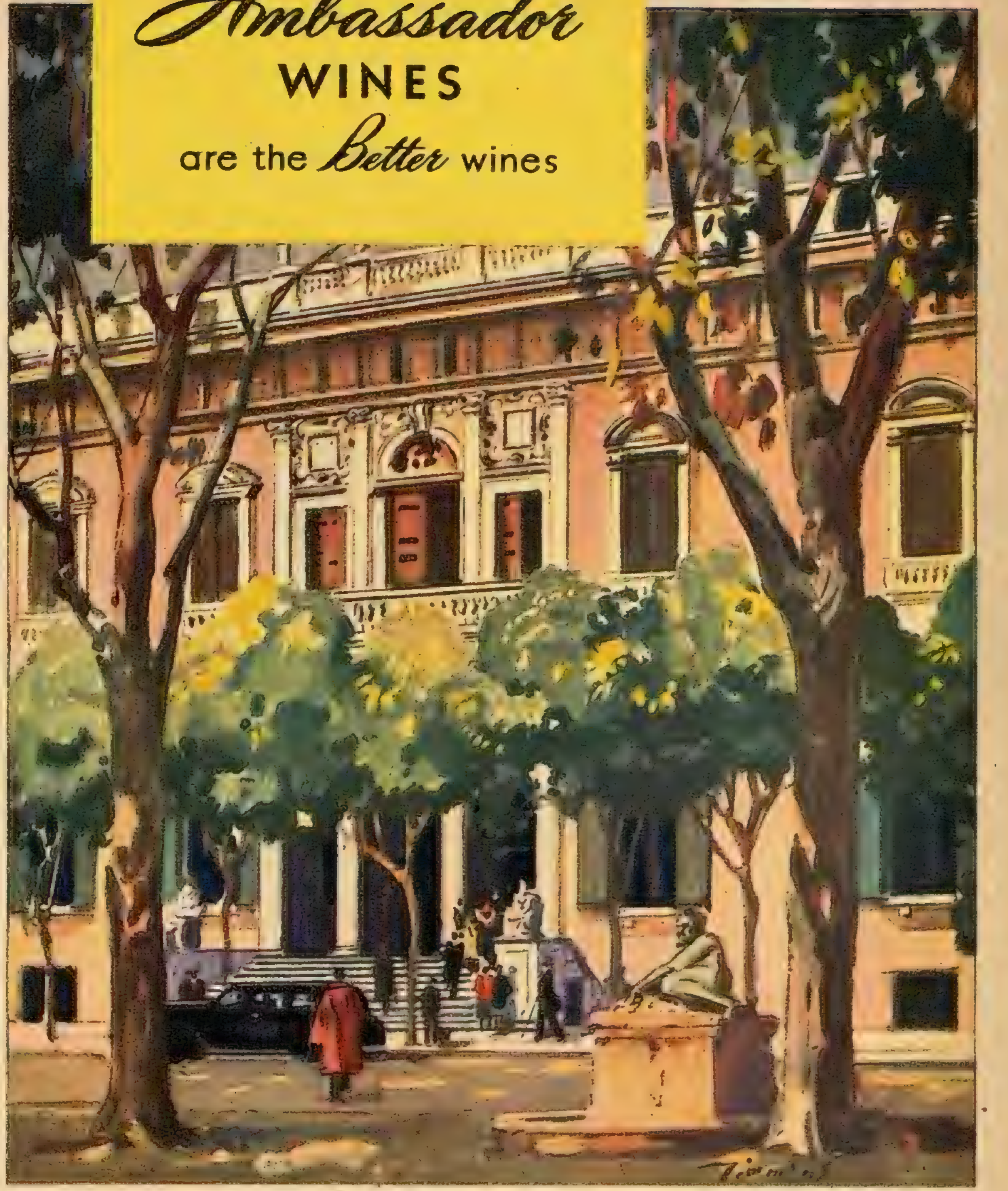

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"I was ashamed," Mei-Mei whispered. "I cast myself upon my bed. I wept—"

Foon Tai drew himself up with a hissing breath, and Kim Lee's voice lashed out in quick warning, "Do not lay hand upon her, Foon Tai, or you shall answer to me!"

The farmer turned slowly, studying the young soldier with intensity. "Why, then, have you come here, Kim Lee? Is it to bid me take flight before your riders approach?"

"It is too late now for escape, Foon Tai. There is only one way in which I can help you. There is still time for you to make an honorable departure from life, instead of waiting for the shameful death of a *han-gien*."

Kim jerked a knife from his belt and tossed it upon the table. "If you act quickly, you will gain a decent burial mound among your ancestral graves in the south field. If you are still alive when the riders come, you will have naught but an unworthy grave below ground, in an unmarked spot. The choice is yours."

FOON TAI'S grim face relaxed in a half-mocking smile. "Gracious thanks, Kim Lee, for your deep concern over the honor of the House of Foon. But it happens I am in no hurry to join my worthy ancestors. So let us await your hill riders. And while we wait I will finish my evening meal."

And Foon Tai resumed his seat at the table. Kim Lee stared at him in baffled bewilderment, but the imperturbable Foon Tai continued eating. The chopsticks were still in his hand when the door opened and Colonel Chou entered with his men.

"Welcome, Colonel Chou and soldiers of the hills," Foon Tai said, rising.

Colonel Chou flashed a glance of surprise at Kim Lee, then turned to Foon Tai. "We come on a mission of death, Foon Tai," he said gravely. "It is now fully known how you have given hiding and shelter to our enemy. Do you deny this?"

"I do not deny it! I give hiding to all Japanese soldiers who come to Seven Willows Farm," Foon Tai said, calmly.

The hill soldiers behind Colonel Chou broke into angry oaths at this brazen confession of treachery, but the colonel held up his hand for silence.

"You speak boldly and to the point, Foon Tai," he said. "There is no further need for words. The Council of the Hills has met and passed sentence upon you. The sentence is death, Foon Tai—a death fitting for a *han-gien!*"

Colonel Chou drew out his pistol.

"*Hai!* Do not be in such haste!" Foon Tai protested. "I have said that I give hiding to all Japanese who come to my door. Aye, but know you that I give them *permanent* hiding, six full feet underground! Send your men out into my *gai-choy* field. Bid them count off ten paces from the first furrow—then dig! They will find the body of a dead Brown Devil! Let them count another ten paces—and another —and another! Aye, until they are wearied of digging!"

Incredulously they stared at Foon Tai. He reached inside his blue *shaam* for a leather pouch, and clearing a space on the table with a sweep of the hand, he opened the pouch and shook out its contents.

Collar tabs from Japanese uniforms, regimental insignia, and a number of round Rising Sun buttons from military caps spilled out upon the table.

Foon Tai stirred the grim collection with his finger. "This is how I keep count of the secret guests in my *gai-choy* field," he said, and added, "It is a large field. There is room for many more—"

"But how may this be true?" Colonel Chou cried. "You speak of enemy dead buried in your field, but we know that last night you sheltered a Brown Devil, and this morning helped him return to his troop."

"It is true," Foon Tai admitted. "The Brown Devil was fortunate that his number was four."

"Four?" Colonel Chou repeated. "You speak in riddles. What do you mean, Foon Tai?"

"Listen carefully," Foon Tai said. "Is it not known to all that I have given my four sons to the armies of Marshal Chiang? Aye, and three of them lie dead in far-off soil."

Foon Tai's voice rumbled like the beat of a war drum. "It is a bitter burden, when a father must mourn his sons. Aye, I thought upon it night and day. I was still thinking of it one moonless night when the dog barked and I found a wounded Brown Devil on my soil. *Hola*, here is vengeance for my dead sons! I thought. But then I thought twice, and held my hand from his cursed brown throat."

Foon Tai paused, squaring his shoulders. "I could have killed him instantly, for he was wounded and helpless, but what is the life of a single Brown Devil against the loss of three sons? This Brown Devil had come to my door by chance. If I killed him, there was an end to the matter. But if I saved him—if I returned him to his troop—I knew he would spread word among his fellows that safety from the hillmen could be found at Seven Willows Farm, and other Brown Devils who fell into danger would also seek my door for help."

Foon Tai smiled. "It was a good plan—an excellent plan. I tended this first Brown Devil—I gave him back to the enemy, and I have been repaid manyfold. Others came to me—and still others. All the Brown Devils know me as a secret *han-gien*—but they do not know that it is only every *fourth* night caller who is returned to them."

"BUT why save every fourth one?" Colonel Chou demanded. "Why not kill all of them?"

"Because I am a man of simple justice," Foon Tai said proudly. "All my life I have dealt honestly and honorably, weighing all things in the Scales of Yan Tan, Lord of Even-handed Justice. *Wah!* The enemy has taken from me three of my four sons—for that I take from them three of every four who come to my door. Should I take all, perhaps the anger of Yan Tan the Just would be drawn down upon my one remaining son. *Hola!* My tale is told. Do you still hold me for a *han-gien*, men of the hills?"

He stood erect and steady, looking at them. Colonel Chou thrust his pistol back into its holster. "You stand cleared, Foon Tai," he said crisply. "To every man there is a weapon best suited to his hand. In your case, let it be the Scales of Yan Tan. We shall not trouble your house again. . . . *Gung ho!*"

"*Gung ho!*" Foon Tai echoed, as the hillmen took their departure.

Kim Lee slipped across the room to where Mei-Mei stood wide-eyed and breathless. "I must leave with my colonel," he whispered hastily. "But I shall return—soon. Listen for my call, and when you come to meet me, wear this, my betrothed."

He pressed the moon-silver necklace into her hand. "Tao willing, my little one," he said, "there will one day be peace again in the land. Then we shall drink the marriage-cup together and give thy brave father grandsons worthy of his dragon blood."

THE END

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IT SURE BEATS ME!

Continued from Page 33

"Look out!" hollered Toody. "He's done coming down!"

The coon was running down the branch. He cut loose with a loud squall and quit the tree with all four feet spread wide. He squalled all the way down. He wasn't waiting for us to take the fight to him; he was bringing it to us!

He hit the ground a belly-buster. The jolt flattened him like a flapjack. It ought to have popped him wide open, but it didn't even jar him. He came up and stood on his hind feet with his back humped. His hair was all frizzed out and his white-tooth snarl was mean.

Fancy was the closest and she hit him first. All he did was reach out and gather her up in his arms in a tight hug. Fancy let out a screech. She didn't like that kind of hugging.

Here came Dick, eager to get in on the scrap. The coon growled big, threw Fancy to one side and slapped Dick between the eyes with his right paw. Dick went back, heels over head, squalling.

Then Queenie and old Mose piled on, and the scrap was too fast and bloody for anybody to keep straight. It was just one big rolling tangle of squalling dogs and coon that moved off, slow, down the slant toward the creek bed.

I followed the fight, hollering as loud as I could holler. Toody was beside me, hollering as loud as he could holler. We sure were having us one big coon fight!

It didn't last long. What with the coon dogs we had, our coon fights never did. But the finish of this one didn't turn out like the rest. Before we knowed what was taking place, both pups fell loose from the tangle and they didn't go back in. Instead, they ran off with their tails tucked. They got behind a big log and just sat there, howling at the moon. Dick and Fancy had already got a bellyful of this coon fight!

WELL, they were just pups. You couldn't expect pups to hang and rattle like old dogs. But about then, here came Queenie, rolling out and yelping. She got to her feet, weaving and staggering. Looked like she was trying to go back in, but couldn't locate the fight.

That left old Mose. And old Mose was finding it rough going. The coon had mounted his shoulders. The varmint was ripping hide with all four feet and gnawing an ear off with his teeth. Cutting that old coon hound to pieces, that's what he was—making scrap meat out of him. And old Mose was sure telling it sad. Old Mose never had tackled him a coon as big and mean as this one before.

Then old Mose was down, wallowing and slobbering and squalling.

Right then it finally came to me that we'd bit off a bigger chunk than we could swallow. The rest of the dogs had already throwed the fight to the coon, and there was old Mose down on the ground, taking a bad whipping.

"He's killing old Mose!" Toody hollered, and there was a lot of scare in his voice.

I waded in myself then, swinging my hand ax. I knowed that coon couldn't kill old Mose. I didn't quite believe yet that he could whip him. But I couldn't afford to take chances. Let a good coon hound take a bad whipping from a coon and sometimes it'll ruin him, break him from ever taking a coon's trail again. And I couldn't let that happen, not to the best coon hound in the country.

I guessed it was fudging on Papa a little, wading in there to help old Mose out of a jam. But Papa didn't even need to know about it.

I knocked the coon loose from old Mose.

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Seemed like I hit him hard enough with the back of that ax to kill him. But it didn't. He just came to his feet with a snarl and made for me.

"Look out!" Toody hollered.

I was looking out all right. I swung at the coon's head, aiming to crush his skull this time. But he was coming at me too fast. He ran under my ax and I missed.

I ran backwards. I'd get him the next swing. But I didn't. I hung my heel in the fork of a dead branch and fell flat on my back. And that old coon came right on up me, snarling and growling and clawing at my belly.

Toody hollered. I hollered. Here came old Mose, roaring like a bull. Then Queenie. Then the pups. The whole bunch, tying into that bad coon again, trying to save me!

The coon stood on my face and reared up to meet them. I rolled. I twisted. I kicked and squalled. It wasn't any use. Whichever way I went, that big coon was right there on top of me, mostly in my face, fighting them hounds for all he was worth.

They kept wallowing over me, smothering me with the hot rank scent of blood and wet dogs and angry coon. I opened my mouth to holler and swallowed a dog's hind foot up to the shank of his leg, seemed like. A pup grabbed my elbow and set back, growling and shaking. Then my head burst open and I went out in a shower of stars. . . .

WHEN I came to, Toody was pouring a hatful of water in my face. He was crying and begging me to be alive.

"I never aimed to do it, Josh!" he said. "I never aimed to do it!"

I sat up real quick to keep from strangling. A big pain hit me in the head and I was sick.

When I got through, I wiped the nasty taste out of my mouth on my coat sleeve and felt of my head. There was a knot on it the size of a turkey egg.

"I never aimed to do it, Josh!" Toody was still crying. "I was just trying to git him offen you, and I hit him with a stick, and I guess I hit you a little bit, too!"

The world started spinning again. When I got through being sick this time, I said, "Where's the coon?"

"We got him!" Toody said. "Old Mose got him a throat holt this time and just shut his eyes and went to sleep with it!"

That was all I wanted to know. I was all clawed and chewed up and had a knot on my head. But if we'd got that old coon, I was satisfied.

I got up and stood till the foggy woods quit whirling, then went over to where Dick and Fancy were biting and shaking the dead coon. Old Mose sat back, leaking blood from his head and ears, but looking mighty proud and important.

I picked up the coon. Even if I hadn't been weak from being sick twice, he'd have made a big load.

"I guess we'll show Papa," I said.

Toody wiped the tears out of his eyes on Mama's shawl, then threw up his head. "Listen!" he said.

I listened, and my heart jumped into my throat and started kicking. It was a horse coming and he was coming fast. He had to be close, too, or we couldn't have heard him, what with the ground so wet and soft. A little cold snake of fear started crawling up my back.

Old Mose threw back his head and said, *"Boo-woo-woo!"* like he always did at home when somebody was coming.

"It's old Bait Gentry!" Toody called out in a high scared voice and started crying again.

"Shut up and run!" I said.

I grabbed up my hand ax and slung the coon over my shoulder and started running. Toody ran after me. Old Mose shut up and followed us and the rest of the dogs fell in behind.

We ran as hard as we could run. Toody wasn't having any trouble keeping up now. He soon took the lead. It was that coon I was packing. That coon was too big and heavy; he was dragging me down, choking off my wind.

The blood hammered in my ears. My lungs got to burning. Seemed like my legs were big chunks of lead and I didn't have the strength to lift them. It hadn't been but a little piece from that barb-wire fence down to Dog Branch Bottom when we started out. Now it was miles and miles.

BEHIND us, that running horse kept coming closer. It got so close that we knowed Bait Gentry would see us any minute now. We had to do something besides running. And we had to do it quick.

There was a patch of heavy fog hanging to the ground off to our right. It wasn't a big patch, but it was thick. We dived into it and lay down. There were some prickly pears there and they stuck in our legs, but we just let them stick and lay quiet. The pups and Queenie came up and whimpered. We shoved their muzzles under our coats to smother any sound. Old Mose wasn't in sight.

Bait Gentry came loping past. He was out in the moonlight, but looking at him through the fog, he was just a big fat gray ghost on a gray horse. His horse's feet pounded the turf so hard that he couldn't hear the loud hammering of our hearts. But that's the only reason he didn't. I lay there and died a little bit, thinking what might happen if he saw us.

He went on by. We waited till he was out of hearing, then got up.

Toody jerked a prickly-pear spine out of his leg and started shivering like a dog in the wet. "I didn't want to come!" he wailed. "I didn't want to come in the first place!"

"He'll never catch us if we keep to the fog," I told him.

The fog had looked spooky at the start, but now it was a mighty big comfort.

We slipped from one fog patch to the next. Seemed like Queenie and the pups knew we were pulling a sneak and they stayed right at our heels and kept quiet. I wondered what had happened to old Mose.

We were about a quarter of a mile from the fence when I found out. We heard him open, off to the left a piece. *"Coo-oon!"* he said. *"Coo-oo-OON!"*

Queenie let out a yelp and headed for him, the pups baying at her heels. Suddenly I wanted to be sick again.

"Run, Toody!" I said. "Run like you never run before!"

We raced for the fence. Old Mose bayed again. *"Coo-oo-OON!"* Seemed like that sound shook the timber, it was that loud.

It happened before the rest of the dogs could reach him. Old Mose gave a yelp, then started howling. Here he came, headed straight for us, hollering his hurt every jump.

And right with him, we heard the beat of running hoofs on the turf and the loud angry cussing of Bait Gentry.

We throwed on some more speed, me and Toody. Bait Gentry had us on the run.

We made it to the fence first, but Bait Gentry was so close behind that we just had to fall through it, tearing hide and clothes as we went.

That's where I lost the coon. I went through the fence all right, but my coon hung on the barbs and his hind leg jerked out of my hand. I wheeled around to grab

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t, and yonder came old Mose with his roud tail clamped between his legs. He vas howling with pain and scare, and iding right up beside him was Bait Gentry, lashing him with the double of his hard-twist catch rope. Right on us he was! had to leave the coon and run. That's ll I could do.

We heard the barb wire screech in the staples as old Mose came through the ence, then we heard Bait Gentry's bull voice roaring at us:

"You little ——s better keep off my and. That dog just got a taste of what ou'll git if I ever come in rope distance f you!"

And that's how it was. That big resilenter coon chewed old Mose up aplenty. But that wasn't what ruined him for oon hunting. It was that whipping he got vhile he was trailing—that's what got him o where ever after when he struck the cent of a coon he'd tuck his tail and slink off like he'd been caught sucking eggs.

Papa just didn't know what he was talking about when he said that a big coon had done it.

But we couldn't produce the coon that old Mose whipped. And we couldn't tell Papa how we'd lost the coon. We just had to swallow all the rawhiding he wanted to hand out. It was that or get our tail ends romped on with a plow line for sneaking into Bait Gentry's pasture.

That's how come we hated Bait Gentry so bad. That and the fact that the next Saturday we saw him in town selling the biggest coon hide ever seen in Mason County and lying about how he'd caught it with the hound he was leading around on a rope. That old flea-bitten pot-licker—he couldn't have put a rusty lizard up a tree!

Bait Gentry died before spring. There was a big lot of kinfolks and neighbors crying at the burying. But me and Toody never done none of it. After what he'd done to us and old Mose, we hoped he fried in hell.

AND there's the puzzler. I mean, how all that hate's gone now. Every bit of it. I know when it went, but I don't know how come.

It was the day I got back home from France and Papa and Mama met me at the train and Mama kept crying and trying to tell me all about Toody, who's giving the Japs hell in the South Seas. But Papa kept hushing her up and wanting to know, right there before everybody, where I'm shot. Which sure hacked me, seeing as how it's in a backside place where I don't like to speak about.

And while all this was going on, I happened to look across the heads of folks shaking hands with me, and there stood Martha Gentry beside her mama, Vitie. Martha was all growed up now and her freckles was gone and her scrawny body was filled out in the right places and she was looking at me. Not sticking out her tongue at me, like she used to, but just looking at me with them big black eyes of hers.

And right there, in the half a second that we looked at each other, before old Grandma Hannah Hutton stepped between us, my hate for old Bait Gentry and all his family curled up and died. Without even a fight. That's what beats me!

Quick as I can cripple around a little better, I'll be heading for Dog Branch Bottom again. Likely some of the grandpups of old Mose lying around under our front-gallery steps will be following me. But I won't be on no coon hunt. I'm heading for the Widow Gentry's cabin up on the head of Dog Branch. I got to find out what was in that look Martha Gentry give me.

THE END

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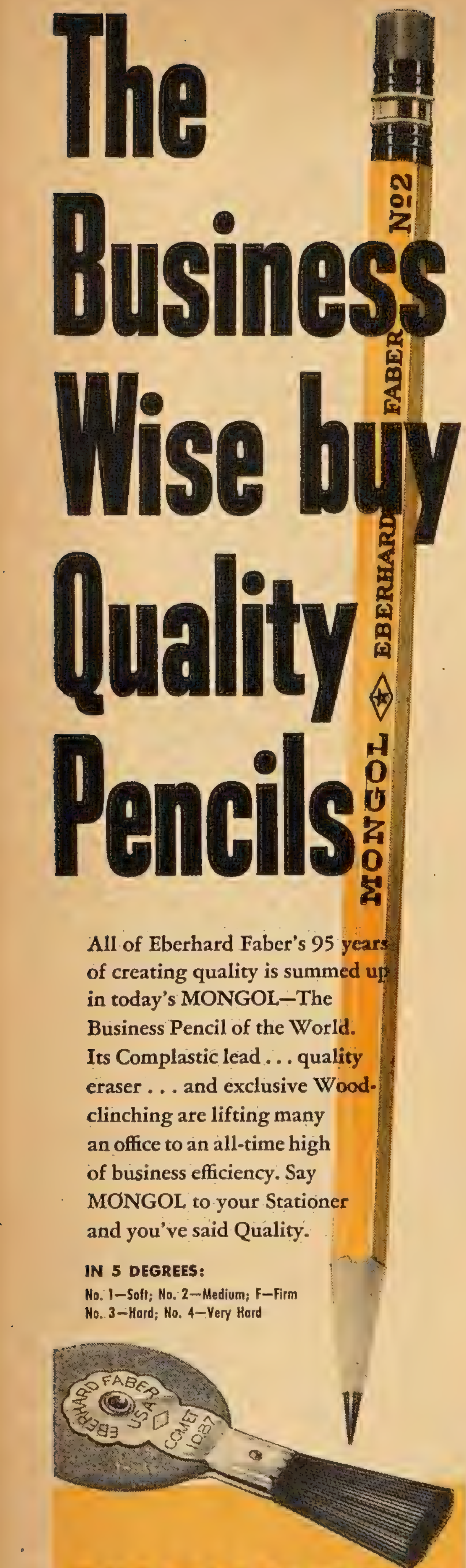

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TRIUMPHS WITH TORSO AND TYPEWRITER

Continued from Page 31

partment store and a sweet-faced old lady asked June the time. June looked at her wrist watch and lisped, "The big hand is on five and the little hand is on ten." "And June was nearly old enough to vote," adds Gypsy.

She has her own unique system of figuring things out, and it has been known to toss big business men into tizzies. One of these was Mike Todd. Gypsy was in the chips following the sale of her G-String Murders to Hollywood, and Mike persuaded her to put some money in his show, Star and Garter, of which she was the star. Lawyers, backers, and the great Todd himself were pacing his office impatiently, waiting for Gypsy to sign her check. Gypsy calmly inquired what she was getting for her money.

"They do algebra, geometry, calculus—everything—to impress me. They multiply by seven and divide by nine. Then I say prove it, just like mother always says. So they do it all over again—only this time they drag in trigonometry. I just sit there tapping my foot. When they are through, I say, 'Make me a pie. Mark out the slices. Shade mine so I'll know what I'm getting in comparison to everyone else.'

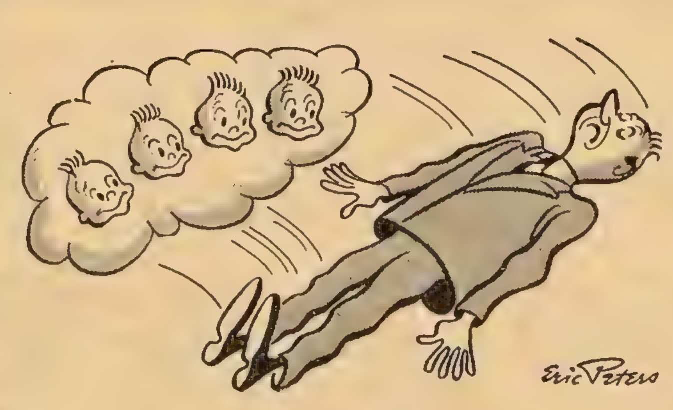
"'Make a pie!' they shout, as if they think I'm completely nuts. 'Jeez,' bellows Mike, 'make the dame a pie before I go crazy!' But they try to explain it to me with apples. 'Not with me you don't do it with apples,' I say. 'Do ya think you're playing with kids? Make me a pie.'"

One of the biggest mistakes of her life was not asking New York City to "make a pie" before she bought her house. Like all theatrical people who have batted around the country living out of trunks and eating hamburgers and chile at lunch counters all the way from Providence to San Diego, Gypsy longed for roots. Two years ago she did something definite about acquiring those roots. She bought a home. Wandering up from the Third Avenue antique shops after a collecting expedition, she saw the house on East Sixty-third Street, its windows boarded up and a huge For Sale sign on the door. The moment she saw it she wanted to unpack her wardrobe trunk and hang up her clothes in the closets, like home folks. She immediately contacted the real-estate broker and learned that the house was built for a Vanderbilt, was sold by the Vanderbilts to Charles Dillingham, late theatrical producer, and had been empty for eight years. It was really two houses—one in front and one in back, connected by corridors, and separated by a patio complete with fountain and two trees. Twenty-six rooms. A wine cellar. An elevator. Before the broker could toss the Vanderbilt name at her again, she said she'd buy the place.

Gypsy soon discovered that the house was no bargain. Since she moved in, she has put well over $80,000 in repairs. There is still much work to be done, but at least everything today is in smooth running order—except the Vanderbilts' complicated communicating system, which is still a mess of tangled wires. When the Hovicks wish to communicate they just yell.

THE previous tenants would have a hard time recognizing their former home today. The most impressive object in Gypsy's spacious Regency drawing room is a mammoth Bougereau nude, given her by Mike Todd to celebrate the opening of her play, The Naked Genius. Her all-white dining room was decorated by her good friend Marcel Vertes, and her priceless Royal Copenhagen china is set off by the white-shelved wall. Her bedroom is done in Victorian décor and features an old-time phonograph that still works, her parasol collection (she has one of Sarah Bernhardt's), needle point she made herself, and a papier-mâché bed inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The number one guest room, which is occupied by June when she is in town, has for its *pièce de résistance* President Benjamin Harrison's White House bed.

Gypsy spends most of her time in the fourth-floor library. It was this library, formerly the favorite room of Dillingham, that really sold Gypsy on the house. "Those paneled walls," she comments, "have been in on so many conferences on show business that I can hear them murmur, 'The third act is weak.'" She calls her library—with its huge bearskin rug, Italian commodes, modern chairs, surrealist paintings, desk, typewriter, and Paul Meltsner painting of herself above the Directoire day bed—"French Provincial." That always causes decorators to utter horrified little screams. "No wonder," says Gypsy. "It's just about as French Provin-



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FOURCAST: The doctor says it'll be quadruplets.

MA'AMMAL: A lady animal.

COM-MEATY-AN: A funny fat fellow.

MOCHASIN: Coffee-colored Indian shoe.

TAXICRAB: He craws along at ten miles an hour.

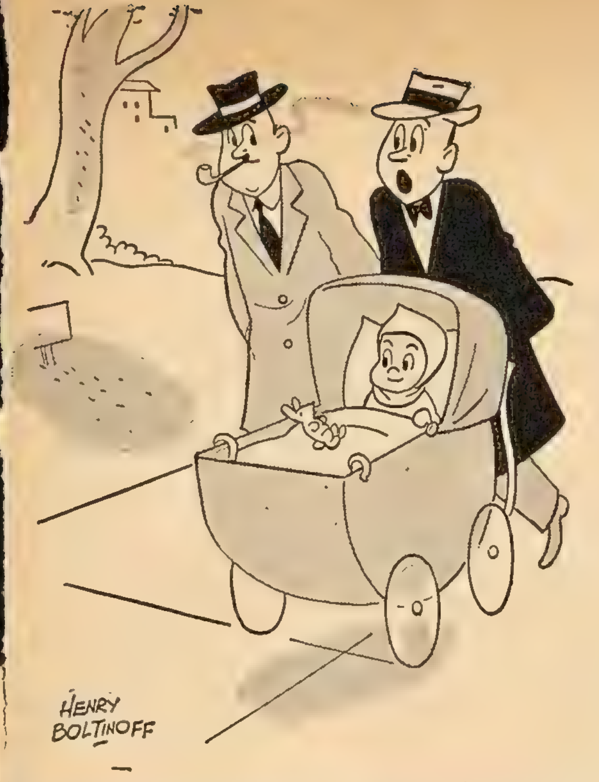
BAYBY: A hound's puppy.

THUNDERWEAR: B.V.D.s for Thor.

MUGLY: Old sourpuss.

CONFIDANCE: What Arthur Murray teaches.

MANNAGER: He takes care of food from heaven.



"You know, I wouldn't do this for anyone but my wife!"

cial as the back line of a Minsky chorus."

Gypsy has her servant problems in this luxurious establishment. She started out with a butler, a cook, and two maids. Soon she was down to two maids. "One of them went to the preview of my picture," she says, "and then there was one." With her ex-Theater Guild secretary, Josephine Healy, helping her with the cleaning and cooking, and with house guests held down to a minimum, she manages fairly well. Gypsy is no slouch at a mop or a dishpan, and she's a whiz at canning and jamming.

WHEN she gives parties, Gypsy hires a waiter from one of the Third Avenue bars to act as butler for the evening. Occasionally the very smart and correct butler's uniform she keeps in the kitchen closet doesn't fit. Then the butler wears anything that can be gotten in a hurry. At one of her very chic affairs in honor of Lady Mendl, the butler was a bit startling in a coat with "Copacabana" in red on its lapel. In case anyone missed it, Gypsy pointed it out.

Eric's nurse evidently had expected better of a twenty-six-room mansion. "She caught Jo Healy scrubbing the dining-room floor once," says Gypsy, "and she hasn't spoken a civil word to her since. Then she went on a slumming tour and took in the basement kitchen, where she glimpsed me catching up with the laundry. That tossed her good. The secretary scrubbing the dining-room floor she'll put up with, but the lady of the house doing out the weekly wash I'm afraid was too much.

"Nana, she calls herself yet! I should pay fifty a week and call her a stage name! She wears full wardrobe day and night, and she has standard dialogue. I say, 'What a nice body Eric has,' and she says, 'Look who bore him.' People say, 'What a handsome boy,' and she says, 'Look who bore him.' That goes on and on. Sometimes when I don't toss her the cue she goes into the script anyway. Some day I'm going to look her straight in the eye and say, 'Look, girlie, you'll get your dough. You don't have to con me out of it.'

"As soon as I finish my vaudeville tour and get the dough in the bank, I'm going to take care of Eric myself. I didn't traipse from class to class in the hospital learning how to take care of him for nothing."

Now that she is back on the road, Gypsy feels that she will be able to finish at least one of her books. "Between seven

(Continued on page 73)

LECTURER'S LOT

Continued from Page 25

to follow certain patterns by which you'd recognize them as members of your "rightist" or "leftist" opposition.

Nazi-inspired questioners never ceased asking if it wasn't true that Germany's honor had been restored by Hitler, and whether it was any of our business what sort of regime the Germans liked. Weren't we having enough troubles of our own, such as strikes, etc.?

Party comrades and fellow travelers, on the other hand, had a manner of inquiring about India and—up to June 22, 1941, when the Axis made war upon the U.S.S.R., —of denouncing the European conflict as a capitalistic enterprise.

Like the professional hecklers, the number of threatening letters addressed to the speaker has decreased noticeably since Pearl Harbor. In fact, this lecturer hasn't been threatened for a long time. But I recall the night in Milwaukee when three messenger boys waited for me at the stage entrance. The letters they carried were quite unkind. One assured me that my days were numbered and that "we have the rope all set and ready for you." Another contented itself with a challenging "Don't you dare!" and a swastika for a signature.

So much for the lecturing. There are other important aspects of the lecturer's life, and one of the most important is traveling—particularly today. Not infrequently now you have to spend about 100 per cent of your strength just to get where you ought to be.

In the middle of the night you may notice that your train is eight hours late, and that, if you hang on to it, you'll never make the lecture. Crouching wretchedly in your upper berth, you consult your map for the nearest airport. Your train doesn't stop there, and you get off at a point fifteen miles from the field. The station is closed and there is no taxi. You leave your luggage and set forth in search of a vehicle. When you've found the milk truck, you'd better be impressive. That you are in a truly pitiable situation is only one side of the picture you've got to draw. The other concerns the importance of your errand, the size and impatience of your audience, and the weight of the responsibility which now rests upon your milkman. Not having a heart of stone, he'll break down sooner or later, and deliver you at the airport, luggage and all.

THERE is a plane that will take off in a couple of hours, but it's sold out. You are not a priority holder and you haven't even got a reservation. Actually, your hanging around here at this unseemly hour doesn't make any sense to the air-line official in charge.

The official must be won over. Your patience and perseverance, as well as your unshakable faith in him personally, must fill the air like an insinuating fragrance. But while he must be ever aware of your presence, he must not for one moment feel oppressed by it. Granted an excellent performance on your part and a reasonable one on the part of luck, you'll make the plane. Even so, however, you'll arrive barely in time for the lecture. Naturally, you will be exhausted, and you will be starved as well. You won't have been able to get into the diner on the train. You'll mount the lecture platform a hungry wreck.

It's not always as bad as that; but I have been through that particular routine a number of times. I remember that on one bus trip we had three flat tires. After the

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third, I got off, walked to the nearest hamlet, and talked the local delicatessen man into a deal. I was to help him deliver his groceries, whereupon he was to drive me to my destination. My arrival there—it was Lewiston, Idaho—in a delivery truck proved more sensational than my lecture.

Many hours of your life as a lecturer are whiled away in hotel rooms, movies, and coffee shops. That is where the great loneliness sets in, or, rather, where it makes itself most felt, for a lecturer is always lonely. So far, you've seen him chatting ceaselessly—talking to audiences, to luncheon and dinner companions, to fellow tourists. But always it is strangers with whom he is chatting. For no sooner does he make friends somewhere than his "marching orders" demand an immediate departure. And in between trips, his solitude is complete. Theatrical road companies have their colleagues to fall back upon. Violinists, singers, and dancers share their gypsy lives with their faithful accompanists. The lecturer is alone.

DOES he mind? In a way he does, I suppose. He understands that the life he's built for himself is not a soft and cozy one. If he is vain by nature, he'll be compensated by success. If he's not vain, yet convinced of the importance of his particular "message," he'll measure his success not by the loudness of the applause and the number of compliments received, but by the number of people who, to his mind, may actually have profited from his endeavor. And unless he is a fairly immodest sample of his breed, he's happy if an average of two or three listeners leaves the lecture hall enriched by a measure of lasting comfort, insight, constructive criticism, and hope.

In his turn, the lecturer learns many things from his audiences. The most reassuring piece of knowledge he may gain from them is this: They are earnest, grown-up people endowed with reasoning minds and feeling hearts. They are neither fools nor children and they won't stand for being "handled," "managed," or "manipulated." At this most crucial moment in the history of their country they are far more concerned, far more deeply aroused and disquieted, than some of their leaders may choose to realize. Never worry about the state of the nation! Just give your listeners the facts—all of them—and let them decide for themselves. The chances are that they'll be doing fine!

THE END

THE ARMY'S BIGGEST ONE-MAN OFFICE

Continued from Page 11

train to its destination without the necessity of moving the wounded men into Eastern cars.

But Whilldin's worries don't stop at the borders of the United States. It's no good to get a load safely out of the country if it can't be transported in England, Russia, or one of the other Allied countries. So he has to know their roads too, and what they can and can't take. Russia, for instance, doesn't go in for many tunnels—pretty wide open there. But England is full of them and has plenty of low bridges to boot.

Although he's quiet and even a bit shy socially, Whilldin plows right through Army protocol when there's a hurry-up job to be done. "He's dizzy that way," says one of his superior officers, "but we don't mind because we realize that he knows what he's doing."

His size doesn't bother Whilldin. After six weeks at Fort Slocum recently, he got his weight up to 120 pounds. "Did it with milk," he says.

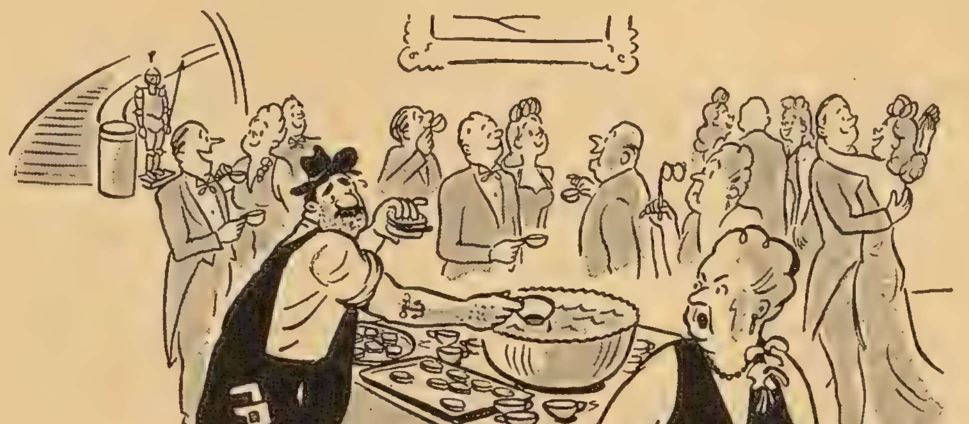
His rise from second lieutenant to captain didn't seem to mean much to him. When he received his last ranking, he didn't trouble to order new markers for his desk and files. He simply inked in "Ex-" in front of "Lieutenant," and let it go at that.

You'd probably figure that Whilldin's hobby would be connected with railroading. On the contrary, he likes boats. He also likes to paint—in both oil and water color. He does flower studies and seascapes that have been shown several times recently in Washington. Not one of them reveals the strain of his present life. They're peaceful, placid subjects that art connoisseurs appreciate and often buy. During his six weeks at Fort Slocum Whilldin wanted to paint some of the adjacent views of Long Island Sound. But it's restricted Army territory, and security officers refused permission.

When he's through being Clearance Chief, though, he says he's going to get a little farm some place near the water, where his wife can raise flowers and he can paint those flowers and the water scenes.

We think he has it coming to him.

THE END



"The broken pipe is *this* way, Mr. Saduski!"

"That's the way he always starts!"

AMERICA NEEDS A STRONG BRITAIN

Continued from Page 17

short war and relief materials, somebody in Britain politely inquired why her cotton-textile exports, which had been seven billion yards in 1913, had fallen to 1,400,000,000 yards in 1939 and had not been able to advance beyond 1,600,000,000 yards during the war. British production, it was pointed out, had gone down during an era when the general level of world consumption had risen 35 per cent. It was suggested that perhaps British manufacturing methods were so sadly out of date as to be unable to compete in the modern world.

Under some pressure the British dispatched a mission, headed by Sir Frank Platt, to tour some of the American mills and to talk to some of our leading technical people. The Platt mission went home and made a report that staggered large sections of British opinion. It showed that in spinning, British output per man hour was 18 to 40 per cent less than in America; in weaving, 56 to 67 per cent. While the United States has upward of 600,000 automatic looms, Britain has only about 14,000. The Platt report says bluntly that Britain is twenty-five to thirty years behind in its textile methods.

A similar picture was brought to light by a mission of coal experts recently sent to Britain by the Combined Production and Resources Board, the Anglo-American economic co-ordinating agency. Coal is one of the most vital things in the world, and especially so to Britain. In prewar years coal accounted for about 70 per cent of British exports in volume and about 12 per cent in value. It was a fine material to load into boats that had brought food and other supplies. If British postwar exports are to be greatly expanded, the pattern of the past would suggest that coal must be a substantial consideration. Moreover, having little hydroelectric power and no oil of any consequence (Britain imports approximately 96 per cent of her oil), the British at home depend heavily on coal for warmth, transportation, and industrial power. Yet if the picture with textiles is dismaying, the picture in coal is nothing less than grim.

The report of the coal experts is still secret, only parts of it having been made public. But these parts, together with our general public knowledge of Britain's coal-mining methods, enable us to fill in the picture. It may be unfair to say that while we use a power cutter, an automatic loader, and an electric train to bring the coal out of the ground, the British still use a pick, a shovel, and a donkey cart, but that exaggeration serves to give the general idea. It is computed that one miner in the United States will produce four times as much coal in one day as will a British miner. The British have taken extreme measures to remedy this situation. They have drafted young men to work in the mines just as we draft soldiers. Our Combined Coal Committee, with the help of the Army and other agencies, has sent Britain large quantities of machinery, including hundreds of bulldozers and steam shovels. This equipment, used to dig coal out from the top of the ground, is helping add twelve million additional tons of coal to the British supply. But mining of this sort is not inexpensive.

The price of coal in Britain has doubled since the start of the war, and this fact is of paramount concern in any consideration of her postwar trade. When you remember the basic importance of coal to all British industry, and that it requires two tons of coal to make a ton of steel, you will see one of the reasons why the price of steel has risen 50 per cent. You will also understand why, in general, Britain is emerging from the war in an even less favorable competitive position than she held in 1939. That is what Britain finds when she realistically faces her problem of increasing exports by 50 per cent.

All this explains why Britain is not so anxious as we are to have wide-open and free markets throughout the world. In Greece, Italy, India, and elsewhere in the world, where British political actions have evoked our criticism, we have been seeing effects, not causes. It is something of an oversimplification, perhaps, to say that the only fundamental cause is Britain's great need to possess markets protected against the highly-competitive goods of other producers. Yet this is certainly one of the fundamental causes.

BRITAIN has held a historic economic grasp on Greece. Though it is sometimes argued that Britain's primary interest in Greece is military rather than economic, the fact remains that there is a very real interest in protecting Balkan markets and the trade life lines to India. No matter whether the strongest motive is desire to support a friendly political regime, to provide a military base, or to keep a market open, the basic consideration here has always been Britain's compelling need to import and export overseas.

Britain supplied Italy with about one half its coal before the war and was quite active there in many ways. She desires to continue in her former role even though Italy is for the moment a bankrupt customer. And, as is not uncommon in the history of mankind, Britain is not un-

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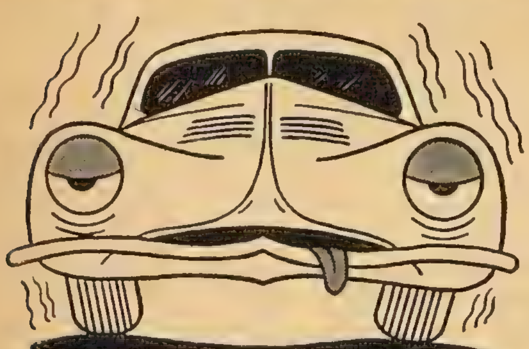

AFTER a tough winter's work, motors get sluggish, unresponsive—downright lazy. The faithful old engine has spring fever—caused by accumulated sludge, gum and acid in the lubrication system. What it needs is an internal bath—**LOOSITE**—to clean out the engine—thoroughly, safely, economically . . . then a tonic—**SILOO**—to prevent further accumulations of dangerous petroleum residues and corrosion.

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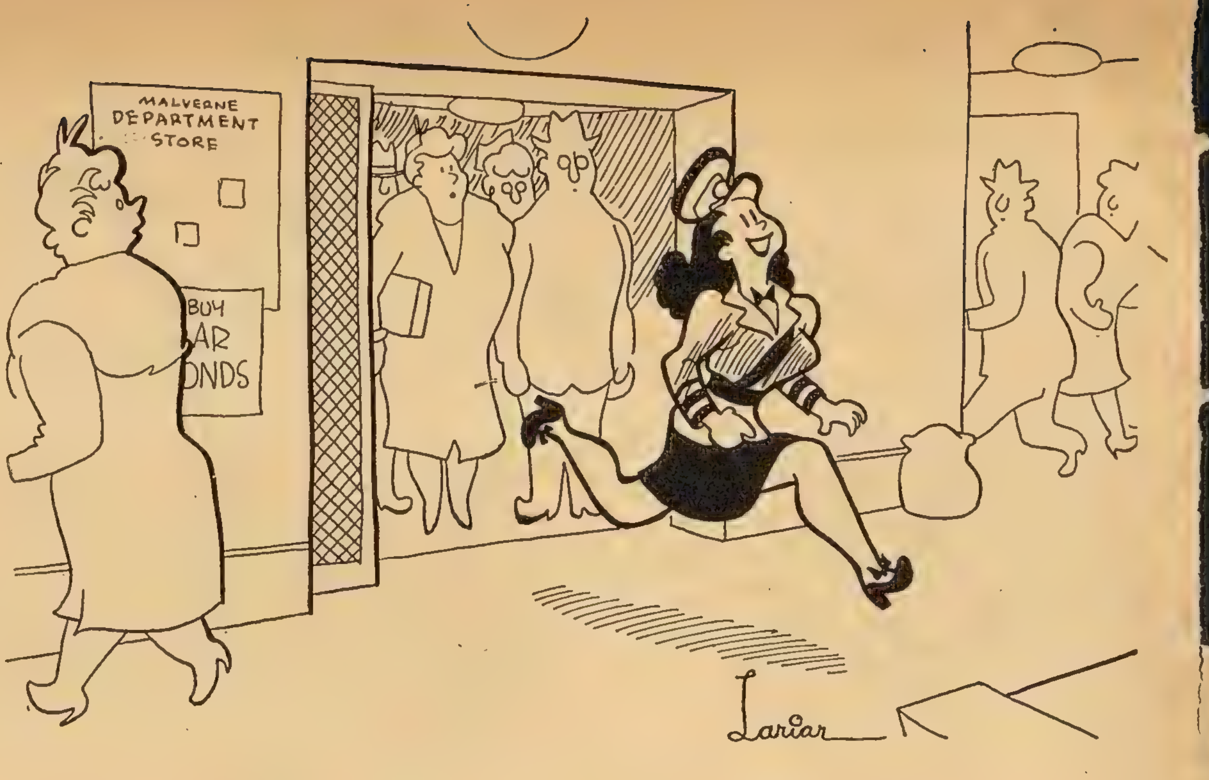


"Girdles! Did I say GIRDLES?"

willing to use strong means to attain her ends.

The American people will emerge from the conflict feeling that a world split up into exclusive economic spheres with high protective tariffs, cartels, State trading, etc., results in limited living standards, subjugated peoples, and, finally, in new wars. So the United States is today seeking a much freer flow of trade not only as an opportunity to add ten to fifteen billion dollars to its national income, but also as a means of laying a solid foundation for peace. This feeling has some of the qualities of a crusade.

The British, by contrast, will emerge from the war badly wounded and feeling they must have protection for their markets even if it means using some of these unhappy devices. There you have the fundamental elements of a dangerous head-on clash between British and American opinion. This clash must be averted, and it can be by promoting understanding in the two countries of what the problems are. Americans must realize that they need the help of Britain in building a better world, and that in order to secure it they must take energetic steps to help Britain regain her own economic health.

AS the Economic Intelligence Section of the League of Nations showed in a study published by Princeton University in 1942, the Anglo-American group of nations controls more than half of the world's raw materials and mercantile trade. In other words, the combined Anglo-American group, which includes Latin America, the Philippines, and all the British Commonwealth of Nations, controls so great a segment that it can influence the entire pattern of world trade. But it can do so, naturally, only in close collaboration.

If the Anglo-American group were resolutely and idealistically aiming toward real free trade throughout the world, it could unquestionably remove many of the economic frictions that generate wars. This is not an easy course. It would not be applauded in some places where reactionary elements try to keep down the living standards of the people. But it is the grand objective that all people of enlightened and liberal intelligence throughout the world hold in their hearts. That some in Britain are fearful of this aim is only a temporary condition. Britain's long-range view is the same as ours. In due course it will be seen that her present political and economic gyrations, some of them disconcerting to us, are in effect only attempts to win needed time for convalescence.

What can we do to help Britain get back on her economic feet and to get her standing by our side as a healthy partner? Here, again, we must guard against oversimplification.

You might say that Britain needs machines and that the United States could furnish them. This is true, but it is only part of the story. More than machines, Britain needs technological help—men capable of setting up mass-production industries. We certainly should be able to help her in that way.

WHILE British industry will require modernization, most British authorities feel that overseas indebtedness is already too high, so America may not be the source to which they will turn for money. They will try first to finance their own modernization. But they will require help in shipping because of their losses during the war, and we should be prepared to explore what we can do in extending that sort of help. There have been suggestions that some of our surplus ships be chartered to Britain or be loaned or sold.

There are several hopeful signs evident in Britain today. Not the least of these has been the prompt and indignant public reaction to disclosures of inefficiency. Even more important is the social revolution that has accompanied the war. It cannot be said that long-standing social and economic evils have been completely eliminated, but Britain's need for waging all-out war has broken many barriers. Management of industry is coming to be based more on ability and less on heredity. Labor has partially learned that when it seeks security by restricting production—which is to say, by barring mechanization—it actually lessens its own security.

These lessons have not been completely absorbed. But we ourselves in America have a good many lessons to learn. This should make it easier for us, and for the British, to adopt a more tolerant attitude toward each other. If Americans must restrain themselves from treading on economic preserves that Britain needs so vitally, that is not an excessive price for happy co-operation with a people who have the same ultimate goal that we have: namely, a happier, more prosperous, and peace-loving world for all.

THE END

THE LAST DAY OF KWEILIN

Continued from Page 21

lefeat. Our flight officer, W. L. Brown of Crows Landing, California, expressed our houghts when he said:

"This is a hell of a place for a bunch of Americans to be on a morning like this."

At eight o'clock we arrived at Luichow nd circled low over the city with the other ships. The railroad station below was a teeming mass of thousands of people, lack specks crowded over and around he trains so that the cars themselves were ardly visible. The Japs weren't to get Luihow itself until almost two months later, ut already the long-suffering Chinese vere on the move northward, away from ne enemy.

While crews unloaded the planes a captain drove us to breakfast. He told us sadly that the men at Luichow expected it would be only a matter of time before we'd be back to haul them out, too.

How right he was! Luichow is gone now, and the sound of Jap boots echoes through the quiet little streets of the town.

KWEILIN is less than an hour's flying time from Luichow. About halfway there, our radio began to sound:

"Fighter control to Red Raiders. Fighter control to Red Raiders. Unidentified aircraft west of the field. Repeat. Unidentified aircraft west of the field."

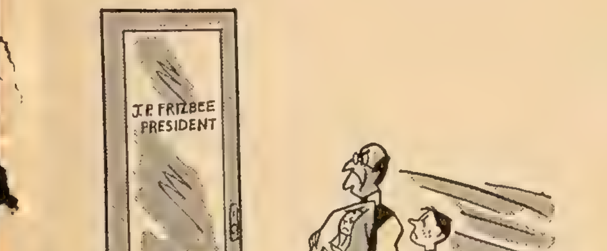
Back came the acknowledgment from the leader of the Red Raiders, a P-51 Mustang fighter outfit on patrol:

"Roger. Leader, Red Raiders, to group. Leader, Red Raiders, to group. Unidentified aircraft west of the field. Let's look 'em over; careful before we shoot."

This conversation had us more than a little worried. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, and we were an easy target. In a few minutes Brown shouted that fighters were coming up off our right wing at three o'clock.

The next few seconds were the longest I've ever lived through. We were all certain that those fighters were Jap Zeros, and our only weapon aboard was a Tommy gun. Our pilot, Lieutenant Carl Tracy of Adrian, Michigan, already had the plane in a screaming dive by the time they crossed in front of us. But they were the American Mustangs.

In a voice half serious but filled with



"Oh, oh—looks like Ashby's going to hit the boss for a raise!"

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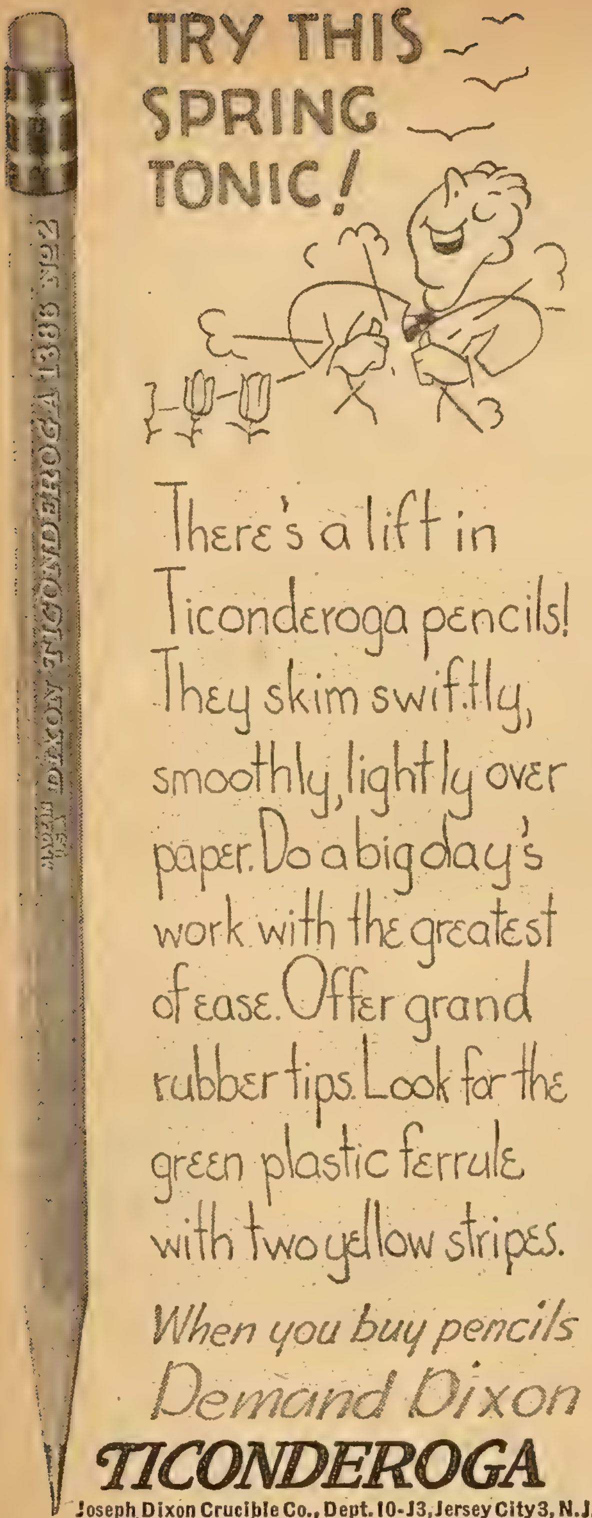
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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

relief, our radio operator said: "I hope they remember what that guy said about looking us over careful before they shoot."

The Red Raiders circled us a couple of times, satisfied themselves that we weren't a Jap in disguise, then headed off to the south. We all breathed easier.

A half hour later we were over Kweilin. That airdrome system, one of the best in China, consisted of three fields almost parallel to one another but with rows of limestone mountains jutting up to form barriers between each of the runways. There was the large Yangtong strip, used by the fighters; Ehrtong, used by the fighters of the Chinese-American composite wing; and Lei Cha Chin, a beautiful new B-29 staging base. Ehrtong and Lei Cha Chin had already been evacuated, and black pillars of smoke rose from their ruins.

All the day long we could hear the sound of exploding bombs as demolition crews went methodically about their work of destroying the remaining installations.

Yangtong, however, was a center of activity. Several C-46s had arrived ahead of our plane and were parked in the dust alongside the single runway because there was no possibility of dispersal. By noon there were more than twenty of the huge Commandos parked the entire length of the field. And there were half a dozen Douglas C-47s, belonging to the Troop Carrier Command, flying in and out of the field all day. Fighters of the Fourteenth Air Force and the Chinese-American composite wing were also operating off the field continuously. But no serious accident occurred, despite the fact that the radio traffic-control tower had long been dismantled.

It would be hard to describe the atmosphere that prevailed on the field. It was the kind of gloom you feel in your heart and not something easily set down on paper. Officers and men went silently about their task of getting our planes loaded with such equipment as could be salvaged. Electric generators and radio equipment had a high priority, as did aircraft engines. Several boxes of PX supplies—cigarettes, shaving cream, and tooth paste—went aboard one plane.

Upon landing we had all reported to the Operations building. There the crews were ordered to stand by their planes. Brigadier General Casey Vincent, the twenty-nine-year-old commanding officer of the base, wanted the ships ready for instant flight in the event of a raid. He sent one lone P-51 Mustang up as top cover for the field, and all day long we could hear its engine high in the sky. It was comforting to know that someone was up there keeping an eye out for us even though we realized that one lone fighter would be of little help against an enemy strafing attack.

I STOPPED beside some K-ration boxes piled beside the runway. A Chinese nurse was sitting there, dressed in slacks and a heavy American flying jacket. Her long dark hair fell down around her shoulders, and she sat staring out at the activity on the field with impassive eyes. I sat down beside her and started a conversation. She spoke beautiful English, but her voice was sad and tired.

Her name was Dulcie Hall, she told me. At least, that was what the Americans called her. She came from Hong Kong. Her parents were dead now, and her brother had been killed fighting with the volunteers there. Only she and her sister were left. When the retreat back into the interior started, they had come to Kweilin together and entered a Chinese government nursing school.

"That seems a long time ago," she told me, "even though it has been only a coupl of years. After we completed our cours my sister and I were separated. I don know where she is, exactly—just that sh is at an American base somewhere to the north of here."

This was her fourth evacuation, he third with the Americans. Hong Kong Hengyang, Lingling, and now Kweilin Many of the G. I.s had been with he through the evacuations of both Hengyang and Lingling. Occasionally one would sto and say:

"So long, kid. See you up north some place. Luck."

She didn't know where she was going There were no specific orders. Just get o a plane and go north. When she stoppe fleeing, she would sign on at some American hospital somewhere and pray at nigh for better days for China.

ONE of the men who stopped to bid he good-by was bearded Lieutenant Norwood Wilson, of Olanta, South Carolina. He had been commander of the American bases at both Hengyang and Lingling and was assigned here as demolition officer.

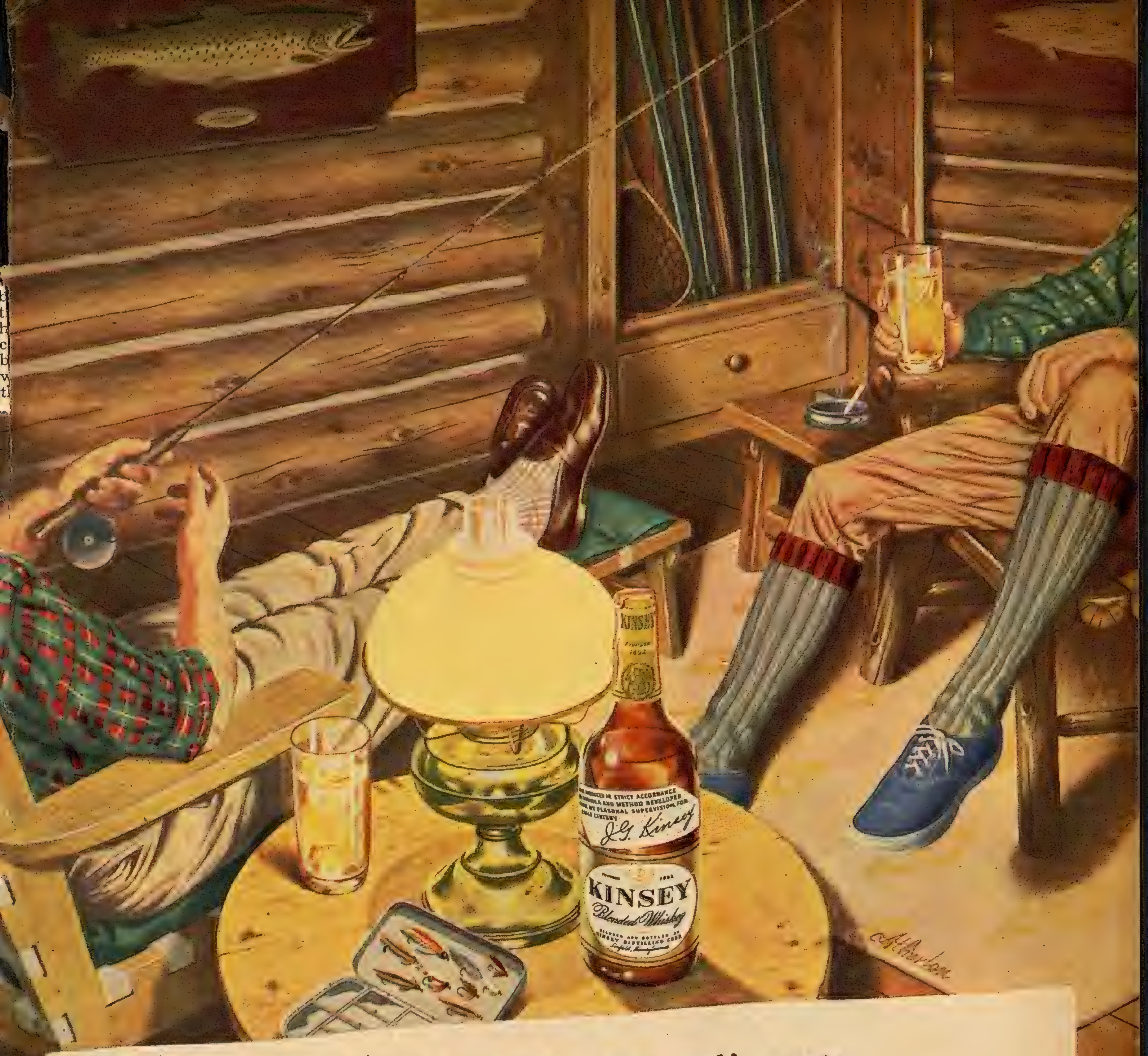
He took me with him in his jeep as he inspected the field. Thousand-pound bombs had been planted throughout the runways. Mines had been scattered freely about the buildings and abandoned equipment. Wilson's chief assistant was Second Lieutenant James E. Beard of Kentucky. Beard, who had just been upped from staff sergeant to second lieutenant a few days before, was one of the saddest men in Kweilin. As a member of the engineers, he had helped to build this field. Now, as an officer, his first assignment was to blow it up.

Only personnel necessary to the demolition of the field and the loading of our planes had been left behind. Many officers and men had been flown out the day before. Still others were trekking out in jeeps and weapon carriers up the river road toward Luichow.

When the evacuation order had come, soldiers were told to take only clothing necessary for the journey out. Most personal belongings had to be left behind. Even Air Forces supplies such as flying jackets and sun glasses had to be abandoned. So the officers in charge opened up the boxes and told the boys to help themselves. It would have broken the Quartermaster Department's heart in Washington, but it had to be done. A common sight around the field that day was G. I.s driving trucks or loading cargo aboard the planes, all wearing brand-new pairs of metal-rimmed Polaroid sun glasses. The clothing left behind by those G. I.s who had already evacuated had been picked up by the Chinese coolies, and there was hardly one out of the thousands on the field who wasn't wearing some item of G. I. apparel.

Around noon a battered C-47 landed and taxied toward the Operations office. Everyone who saw it knew who was aboard. Painted on its nose was "Uncle Joe's Chariot," a name famous all over the China-Burma-India field of operations as that of the personal plane of General Stilwell. With Stilwell was Major General Claire Chennault, commanding general of the Fourteenth Air Force. They immediately went into a huddle with General Chang Fankwei, the Chinese commander of Kweilin. What they discussed is military property, but rumors ranged from the story that a Japanese armored column was swinging around Kweilin, to cut off the road to Luichow, to the tale that more than a hundred Japanese had infiltrated into the field and were working alongside the Chinese coolies.

(Continued on page 68)



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the unhurried
WHISKEY
for unhurried moments

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(Continued from page 66)

This latter rumor had some basis in fact. In midafternoon a single shot split the air. A crowd of Chinese quickly gathered near the tail of one of the C-46s.

I asked a soldier what had happened.

"Oh, they found a Jap working as a coolie, and they shot him," he said casually. The regulars on the field were long used to the idea of Japanese moving about in their midst disguised as coolies. But it worried the pilots, for there was danger that some of the Japs might manage to plant time bombs aboard the aircraft.

Getting the cargo loaded was a superhuman task. There was no loading equipment of any kind on the field. Everything had to be done by hand. Officers and men sweated alongside the coolies. Pilots, stripped to the waist and worn by lack of sleep and food, labored with them.

Despite this tremendous effort, everything couldn't be loaded in the time allotted. With Lieutenant Wilson I drove past a row of twelve aircraft engines that were being wired with dynamite preparatory to blowing them up. Off to one side of the field was a Mitchell B-25 medium bomber with a broken wheel. There was no time to fix it, so it, too, was prepared for destruction. Drums of gasoline were placed in the middle of each barracks and fired by incendiary bullets.

The water system had gone early in the morning, and there was no drinking water to be had. The only food was cold K rations, unpalatable without something to wash them down. Soldiers would take a couple of bites and throw the remainder into the grass. Immediately there'd be a wild scramble among the Chinese. They would scrape the dirt off the food and devour it hungrily.

To make matters more difficult for the harassed pilots, the weather had turned sour in the north. Kunming was zero-zero, and Luichow, only 150 miles away, was reporting low ceilings.

"Get 'em off, though, boys," came the order. "Let's get this stuff out of here and then worry about finding a place to land it."

"Nothing looks well on her."

At dusk, the row of transports had grown shorter. I was scheduled to ride in the last plane, which was to take off at 6.30 whether all of our passengers were aboard or not. After that hour, darkness would prevent getting the ship off the ground. At 6.25 our loaders, who had been sent to collect their gear, hadn't appeared.

"Come six thirty we take off, passengers or no passengers," the pilot announced. At 6.27 a truck pulled in beside the plane and thirty-odd men piled out, each with a carbine slung over his shoulder and a barracks bag in his hand. As the men climbed aboard, the pilot revved his engines.

There was only the glow of the fires across the hills to guide us as we finally roared down the runway and into the air.

Northward, the weather was as bad as we had heard. It was after midnight when we landed at a field far from our starting point. Other planes had come in before us. The hostels were filled, and men were sleeping on their baggage in the freight shed. Some of us, however, were lucky enough to find beds. Down at one end of the barracks a radio was tuned in on the late Chungking news. There was a story about American troops in Paris. I shut my eyes and thought about Kweilin, which had long been known as the Paris of China.

KWEILIN is gone for the time being, and the Japanese have continued their northward march. Luichow, which we had visited on our southbound trip, is also in enemy hands. But before the Japs took that field its demolition had been carried out, and the Air Transport Command had flown out its personnel and high-priority equipment.

What these dangerous evacuation missions by unarmed transport planes meant to the beleaguered American forces in south China is reflected in this commendation by General Joseph Stilwell:

"The Air Transport Command needs no endorsement from anybody. It has accomplished a tremendous task under great difficulties and set a record for delivering the goods that is unequaled anywhere."

THE END

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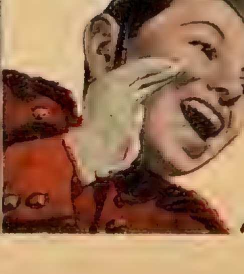

NURSES TO THE FRONT

Continued from Page 20

will have to be assigned to these. This will reduce the allotment to only seventy-four nurses for a 1,000-bed general hospital.

Of some twenty-odd wounded soldiers interviewed at the Halloran Hospital, all emphatically praised the nursing. Only one had a beef, and that was that the nurses who had treated him were second lieutenants. "Hell, the way those girls work and the amount of responsibility they take," he said earnestly, "they all oughta be majors."

Most of the nurses serving in the armed forces want overseas assignments. Those few nurses who have served at the front and been relieved long to return, even though they know the hardships of continued and intense duty.

But as the situation stands, nurses now assigned to hospitals and evacuation centers in this country and in England cannot be spared.

IN this war, nurses first saw front-line duty in North Africa, where they landed right along with the invasion troops. After the African campaign they went to Sicily, then to Italy, where they struggled through the mountains near Rome side by side with American doughboys. Four or five days after the invasion of France the nurses were there. Today they are on duty all over the world, following closely behind our troops. The number of nurses serving overseas now totals 70 per cent of the combined nursing force of the Army and Navy Nurse Corps. As that percentage steadily increases, the demand for new recruits grows more urgent.

The nursing problem at Halloran Hospital typifies that which exists throughout the country. There the nursing staff consists of 150 Army nurses, twenty civilian nurses, ten paid nurses' aides and as many volunteer aides as can possibly be had. The civilian nurses all come from the ranks of those rejected by the services for physical reasons.

The fact that such rejected nurses may still serve in military hospitals here at home is an important one, and, properly publicized, could do much to relieve the shortage.

Even with the aid of civilian nurses, however, the staff is usually just sufficient to handle the hospital's regular needs. But since Halloran is also an evacuation center, the number of patients varies tremendously. When a new convoy of thousands of casualties arrives, the hospital suddenly finds itself very shorthanded. Nurses, nurses' aides, Red Cross workers, WACs, doctors, and everybody else available, including German prisoners of war, pitch in to help. The men have to be checked in (their records are meticulously taken down), segregated, and got to bed. Then dressings are changed and the men are fed.

Those who come from the Second Service area remain at the hospital; the others are shipped out again within two or three days to hospitals nearer their homes or to hospitals equipped to give specialized care. All of these wounded have already had nursing care in hospitals in England, some for as long as three months. They are not shipped back to this country until they are well enough to be moved safely.

The arrival of each new convoy means a tremendous amount of work for the nurses. The volunteer aides do much to relieve them of less skilled time-consuming duties. As Colonel Blech says, "We wouldn't know what to do without the aides. If we only had a backlog of aides to fall back on when a convoy comes in, it would relieve us tremendously. We are trying to work out a system now whereby volunteer aides willing to donate two days a week can be called on quick notice."

The arrival of a convoy at Halloran Hospital is an impressive and wonderful thing. It is difficult to conceive of anyone being happy to arrive by stretcher at a hospital. But these men are. To them Halloran is not so much a hospital as it is the first stop back home. At the wards for stretcher cases, the ambulances back up to a platform and the men are carried in by P. W.s. Unless it is absolutely necessary (and this is only rarely so) they are not physically assisted into bed. The litters are set down next to the beds which fill the wards row by row, and the men get into them unaided. Their unrestrained cheerfulness permeates the wards. One doughboy brought in gaily whips the P. W. carrying his stretcher with a towel. "Snap it up, slave!" he shouts.

The ambulatory cases climb out of the arriving trucks themselves and walk into their assigned buildings, their looks showing how happy they are to be home.

Meanwhile the nurses take temperatures and change bandages, the Gray Ladies distribute magazines, cigarettes, and candy, the WACs type letters to the folks at home, and Red Cross workers with portable telephones (each man is allowed a call home) stop at the bedsides.

TO the men, the nurses are old friends. They have been with them in hospitals at the front, on trains across the Continent and ships that tossed on the Channel. They have taken care of them in the hospitals of England.

What impresses the men most is the infinite patience of the nurses. "We're a pretty cranky bunch sometimes," a wounded veteran admitted, "but those nurses stay just as calm as anything. You can't get their goat no matter what. I know. I've tried." His buddy in the next bed warmly agreed.

The gratitude and appreciation of the wounded toward the nurses who care for them is evident in every military hospital. And that the nurses are capable as well as kindly there can be no doubt. Army and Navy nurses today are getting the most modern training. They are being taught up-to-date methods in the use of sulfa drugs, penicillin, and other specifics. They are learning the proper technique of administering blood plasma and are being trained as anesthetists. They are also being taught to handle neuropsychiatric patients —a specialized field of nursing in civilian life. Two thousand nurses are now assigned to hospital ships, trains, and air evacuation centers, learning how to care for the wounded in transit.

Despite their fine training and willingness to work until they drop, our Army and Navy nurses at home will still need the help of volunteers after the new quota is filled. For most of the new recruits will be sent overseas to relieve those who have served so long without rest.

Every week thousands of wounded men are brought home. They need care. Anyone who can spare time for these men will be doing a real service to her country.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

UNTO ETERNITY

A man is always a fool. When he is young, the world says, "He knows nothing." When he grows older, the world says, "He ought to know better." And when he reaches old age, the world says, "There is no fool like an old fool!"—De Quincey.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

What do you know about-

A Christopher C...?

(Columbus, Immigrant and Sailor. Discovered Indians had invented comfortable underwear (loincloth). Put one on, sailed home to tell people. Jailed for Indecent Exposure.)

An Allen-A...?

(20th Century name for underwear, hosiery and sportswear comfortable as a loincloth. Underwear that fits without binding, creeping up or drooping. Made to keep you comfortable. It's a name to remember.)

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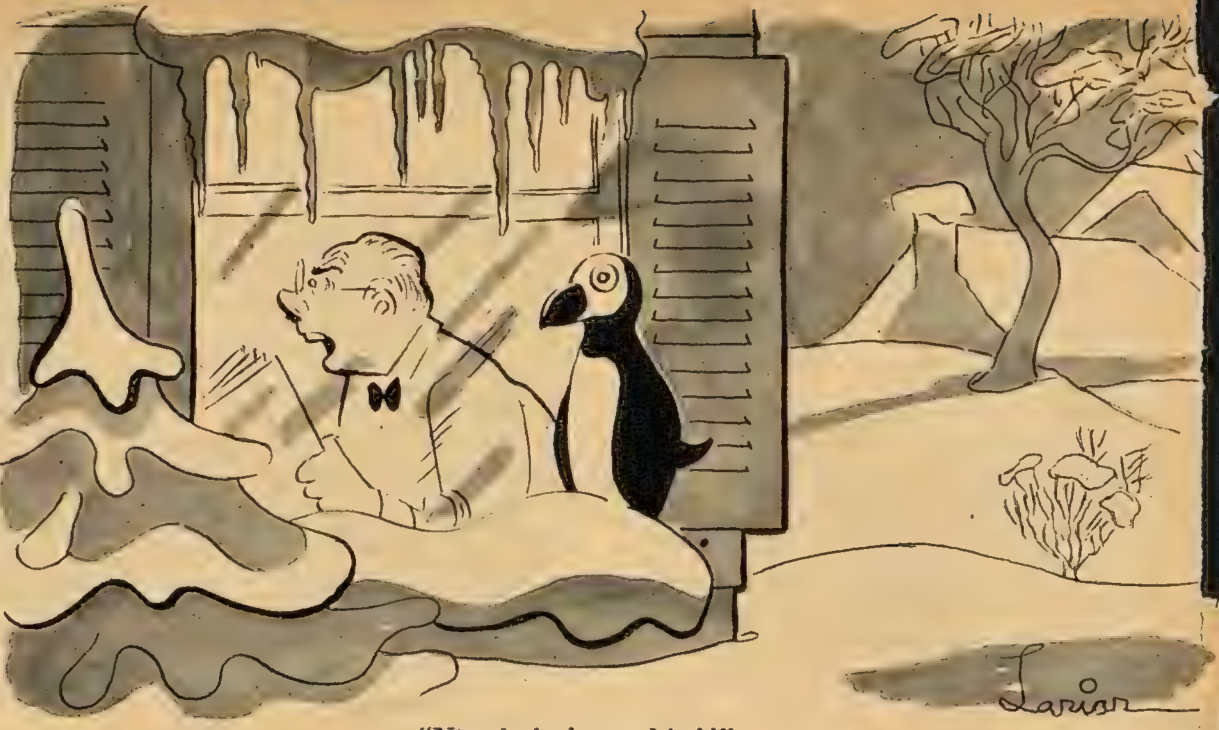
THE HOME FRONT



"No—it *isn't* a robin!!"

ELMER GETS AHEAD

Continued from Page 29

tribute materially to the success of your book."

He packed a bag immediately, said good-by to his mother, and a man from the book concern met him in Grand Central Station and led him to a side-street hotel, where the young man encountered his first luxuries. Everything was paid for by the publishers, who informed him his book was moving along nicely, considering it was a first book. No rivers were being set on fire and New York was still calm, but some of the critics thought the book unusual. One or two hinted that Elmer Riner should be stowed away in some institution and observed.

Elmer was asked to autograph copies of Down on the Farm in the basement of a department store, a chore of easy proportions, as the reading public failed to arrive and clamor.

The ordinary book publisher would rather give an author's tea party than find forty dollars in the street.

Elmer donned his new clothes and was present and bewildered. He was introduced to book critics and other authors and shook hands politely. He smiled and fastened his sleepy eyes on strangers, saying little or nothing. He answered questions calling for "yes" or "no" and let it go at that. When asked by a fat little critic what he thought of the antisocial trends as opposed to direct Stalinism and the ultimate effect on objective literature, he smiled and faded into the next room. His years of silence never served him better. The tea-party guests said he seemed inscrutable, and the publishers acted pleased about the whole thing.

Back in Bryson, Mr. Beasey remarked to Ethel, "If he's getting on so well, why didn't he do something about that loan?"

"He's busy, most likely," she defended. "Anyhow, you have a mortgage on the turkeys, so you're all right."

For some weeks Elmer idled in New York, sending his mother post cards. He found a nice-looking electric clock and shipped it out to Ethel in time for her birthday, and presently the publishers appeared to weary of the six dollars a day. They suggested Elmer ought to start for home and begin thinking of his second book. In Bryson, Mr. Beasey encountered Mrs. Riner and inquired.

"He's still in New York," she said.

"Have him come in and see me when he gets back," Beasey directed, and his tone was ominous.

MRS. RINER was slightly mistaken about the whereabouts of her son. He was not in New York at the moment. He was in action again, moving into the West, but not toward Bryson, and again his expenses were being defrayed by total strangers.

This time it was a group of movie people, and Elmer found them as polite and friendly as his publishers. The movies made the first gesture. An agent strolled into Elmer's hotel on Fifty-eighth Street, called him on the phone, and went up to the room, carrying a document which he spread before Elmer and explained.

Elmer spraddled a chair the wrong way, looked on, wondered, and said nothing. The visitor stated that his movie company had produced a rural picture and was displaying it in theaters and were planning to follow up with a second, which they called Down on the Farm. The man said it had nothing to do with Elmer's Down on the Farm, but the advertising was ready and so was the picture and they couldn't very well change its name at that late day. They didn't want Elmer suing them for taking the name of his book.

Elmer smiled and asked, "What do you want me to do?"

"You better hop out to Hollywood, Mr. Riner. You'll find they're fair people to deal with."

So that's what Elmer was doing when his mother spoke to Mr. Beasey. He sent Ethel a telegram saying: "I am leaving by plane for Hollywood, California, on a matter of business and will be home again soon."

A brisk two-motor plane whirled him to the airport at Burbank and the movie people met him with a shining car and transported him to the studio, where he went into his first movie conference and was offered money.

"The way it stands now, Mr. Riner," they told him, "we're making this picture, Down on the Farm, which naturally hasn't anything to do with your new book. You own the copyright on your book, and as we don't want any trouble we would like to purchase the title from you, so that we'll be legally in the clear. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Elmer.

"In a way, we're buying the motion-picture rights to your book, although we will never use them, or any part of them. Just the name. So we don't feel obligated to offer you much for the title."

"About how much?" Elmer asked.

"Well, five hundred dollars."

"That suits me," said Elmer, who was learning that you should always say yes when people offer you money. He had the cash in his pocket within the hour and went from the studio in good spirits.

Five hundred dollars may not be much money to some, but to Elmer Riner, trained in the ways of economy, five hundred was a fortune. He passed a florist's shop and noticed that a person could walk in, and have a bouquet delivered to someone in a distant place, so he promptly wired a nosegay to Ethel and a message informing her of his business success.

The kindly movie people helped him select a hotel, and before he was scarcely settled therein, another man appeared from the studio. Elmer had an uneasy feeling that the fellow might want his five hundred back, but he was mistaken.

"Mr. Riner," he said, "we are steadily issuing publicity on the Down on the Farm picture, and we will mention you and your book, along with the fact that we have purchased the movie rights."

"That's fine," Elmer said.

"And we thought it would be better if we said we paid you fifty thousand dollars. This is often done, as small sums attract no attention. Will it be all right with you if we say we paid fifty thousand?"

"Sure," said Elmer. "Won't do any hurt."

"Not only that, but it will help sell your book. People reading about the fifty grand will figure it's worth reading."

"I should think they would," Elmer agreed, pleased to find the man wasn't after the five hundred.

THE news spread over the nation, for the one thing people dearly love to read is that some lucky and obscure young author has been paid a mighty sum of money. It cheers and stimulates everyone and proves anew that ours is the land of opportunity, for such a thing could never happen in Russia.

Telegrams fluttered into Bryson, asking how about photographs of young Riner, and the newsreel men popped into town and took scenes of Mrs. Riner feeding her turkeys. Busy photographers chased Elmer about Hollywood and took shots of him leaving the magic studio, holding the check in his hand, cashing the check, admiring the check, endorsing the check, and everything but eating it with oleo.

Back in Bryson, the Herald splashed Elmer and his fifty thousand all over its

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Pasteurized,
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Homogenized,
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As wholesome food
From kelp or cornstalks
Or weeds or wood.
Progress ain't something
One lightly belittles—
But whatever happened
To plain old vittles?

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

first page, along with a sketch of his career, and people began talking about him in terms of admiration and envy, even ones who had often referred to him as a stupid boy.

SPENDING his five hundred with reasonable restraint, he flew out of California on an afternoon plane and arrived home on the local train from Kansas City. When the townsfolk crowded about and asked to see the fifty thousand, Elmer only laughed.

Ethel Beasey met him next day, and they went for a ride in her car, stopped not far from the cemetery, and had a long talk. As usual, Elmer listened and smiled while Ethel talked, and when the sun went down and the ride was over, Elmer Riner was engaged and was booked to marry Ethel within a reasonable time.

When he started on the ride with Ethel, he had no particular thought of marrying her or discussing the subject; and after it was over, he found himself wondering how they happened to talk about matrimony. This occurs often to young men and indicates no particular dullness, but only the calm workings of nature.

After that, events in Bryson moved along rapidly, as though some unseen force were directing. Cedric Beasey was informed and no longer found objection to Elmer. A man cannot sensibly object to a son-in-law with fifty thousand dollars and a good reputation.

Ethel and Elmer were married in the town's oldest church and the best citizens crowded about to shake hands and offer good wishes.

Ethel being his only daughter, Mr. Beasey thought of a nice wedding gift, which was to take Elmer into the bank as first vice-president at a small salary. Salary is unimportant to a young vice-president in a bank where character and stamina count for so much. So now Elmer Riner was not only a novelist with a book published, but a motion-picture author with his name attached to a film, and a banker, too, with a promising future.

He performed his simple duties in the bank where his taciturnity was a steady asset. He still owed the bank the $125 on the turkey loan, but now it was in the family and an item of no importance.

Mr. Beasey waited a reasonable time and eventually spoke of what was on his mind. He said, "Where's that fifty thousand, Elmer? Seems like we might have some of it in our bank." He spoke in a jesting tone, but was not fooling.

"Oh, that," Elmer replied. "Well, Mr. Beasey, I suppose such things take time. Whenever you hear about big money in the movies, you can always look for delays. It'll be along sometime."

That left the situation unchanged, and the leaves came from the calendar and the nights turned crisp and the war came on and draft boards started asking pertinent questions. Elmer went along with his job at the bank, and his marriage with Ethel moved along serenely, and the local paper quoted Elmer, and his publishers wrote him on the subject of doing a second book, and his mother puttered with her turkeys, and Mr. Beasey suddenly died.

He was a man along in years anyhow, with a faulty heart, and his passing was not entirely unexpected. He went home one afternoon from the bank, sat in his usual chair, and died as peacefully as a sunset.

Two days after the funeral Elmer Riner became president of the Bryson National Bank, there being no other candidate and Ethel Beasey sole owner of the institution. Elmer moved into the presidential suite and ordered another blue suit and even better neckties than before. He likewise paid off the $125 and employed a man to run the turkey farm for his mother. He joined several local business clubs, first consulting Ethel, and obtained a priority from the ration board for a new car costing $1,685. His weight increased a bit and he had his hair cut every Saturday and people asked his opinion of the war.

His draft board put him in 2-B as an essential citizen for the time being, and sent him a notice to that effect, and that afternoon on his daily stroll home he encountered his old acquaintance Mildred Nane, who had married Lee Cook, the brightest lad in the class, now proprietor of Cook's Garage.

Mildred was as pretty as ever and for a few moments they idled on the corner at Elm and Main.

"You look fine, Elmer," she said in honest admiration.

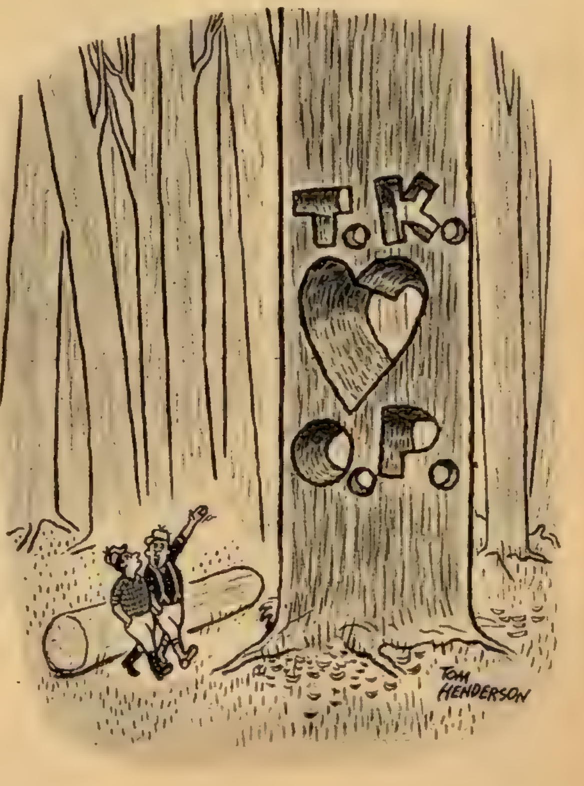
"You do, too, Mildred," he replied.

"And haven't you done well! Remember my class prophecy? I said you would get ahead."

"You sure did," he said with a laugh. "I guess you hit it all right, Mildred."

When he said good-by and crossed slowly to the bank, Mildred stood for a moment, staring after him and wondering whether she might not have made a mistake that day when Elmer asked her to a dance.

THE END



"Boy! that's what I call *real* love!"

(*Continued from page 61*)

ows a day," she says, "there is nothing do but write." Her G-String Murders which sold more copies than any mystery nce Dashiell Hammett's Thin Man), her other Finds a Body (which did all right o), and most of her magazine articles ere written in dingy backstage dressing ooms all the way from San Francisco to tlantic City.

After publication of The G-String Mur-ers by Simon and Schuster, Gypsy was omptly "taken up" by the intelligentsia n New York, and could have spent the st of her days nibbling watercress sand-iches at literary tea parties. There are numerable anecdotes told about her ad-ntures as a literary butterfly, but one of e best concerns the rally arranged by e Victory Book Committee in front of e New York Public Library, with Gypsy d Clifton Fadiman as guests of honor. script had been prepared for Fadiman, t Gypsy announced that she preferred stick to a few impromptu remarks of r own. Panicked at the last moment, owever, by the seething throng before her, she reached for the nearest script. It was Fadiman's, of course, and an enraptured audience heard her open her address with the sweeping statement: "All my life has been spent in the world of books." Two sponsors swooned.

GYPSY, who is as sensitive as the princess who slept on the pea, but wouldn't admit it for the world, realizes that she is wide open to cracks from people in all the various professions she practices. So she usually beats people to the punch by taking cracks at herself. When people insinuate, as people do, that maybe she didn't write her books, she tells about the big important movie star she ran into in the ladies' room at the Stork Club one night. "Darling," purred the great one, "I've insisted to everyone in Hollywood that you really do write your books yourself. After all, I told them, Gypsy is a smart enough business woman to hire herself a *good* ghost writer."

When jealous show people point out that Gypsy cannot sing, dance, or act, she tells about the time the long-distance operator listened in when she called June in Hollywood to advise her not to play in a certain picture. When June hung up in a pet, the operator turned on Gypsy. "How dare you talk that way to your little sister?" she stormed. "You're a fine one to give advice, Miss Lee! You didn't do so well in pictures!"

She also likes to repeat June's description of her dancing. "Gypsy dances," June once told an interviewer, "as if she were sneaking around looking for somebody to kick." Her best story of all, however, concerns the Chihuahua named Topsy who is her constant companion. Gypsy managed to land the dog a job in Star and Garter, where Topsy appeared in an animal act which had many talented dogs performing amazing tricks. But all Topsy had to

(*Continued on page 75*)

SIMPLE PHILOSOPHY

To me, life seems about like this:
A baby's smile, a neighbor's nod,
A wind-blown tree, a mother's kiss,
An honest faith in one's own God,
A book, a flower, a pipe, a friend—
And just a few red points to spend.

—KEN TARBOX.

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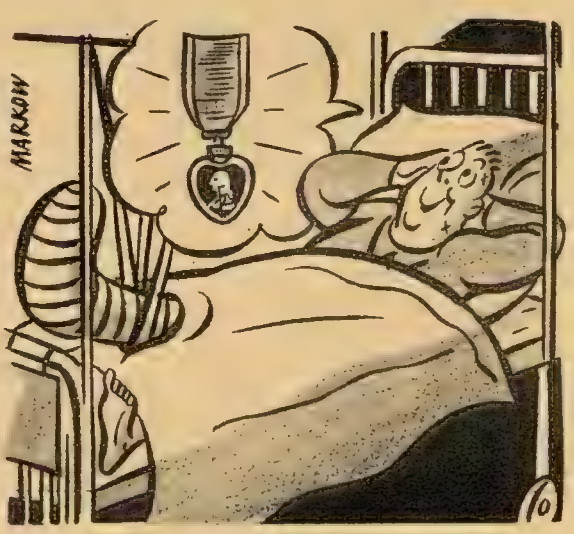
AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

I WAS authorized to wear the Air Crew Members Badge shortly after authorization for such became effective. I flew for eleven months overseas and completed fifty-five missions (exposure to enemy fire probable, expected, and received) before being returned to the States. My total flying time was approximately 412 hours. I have been removed from flying status here because a master sergeant is not permitted to be in such status at this station, and my right to continue to wear the wings has been questioned. I think I am still entitled to wear them, but if not I'll get them off in a hurry.

M/Sgt. C. F. McC., Drew Field, Fla.



Purple Heart!

No hurry. Those authorized to wear the Air Crew Members Badge may continue to wear it, even though no longer assigned to such duties, if they had 150 hours' flying duty or have participated in ten combat missions during which exposure to enemy combat fire was probable or expected.

* * *

A snapshot of my brother taken just before he went overseas shows his insignia as first sergeant with three chevrons over and three under and a diamond in the center; but in a book I have, the first sergeant's insignia is shown with three over and two under and a diamond in the center. Which is correct?

E. M. B., Tylertown, Miss.

Trust the snapshot. When the pay grade of first sergeant was raised from second (equivalent of technical sergeant) to first (equivalent of master sergeant) in 1942, a stripe was added to the insignia, which now shows three chevrons over and three arcs under the diamond.

* * *

I broke my discharge pin. Where can I get a replacement?

J. S., Jr., Scribner, Nebr.

At any Army installation, such as a recruiting station. Cost of duplicate lapel button is seven cents.

* * *

Do I deserve the Purple Heart? My ship hit a mine in the invasion of France, and my right leg was broken and I sustained cuts and bruises.

K. W. A.,
U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill.

Yes. Your wounds were the result of enemy action and were serious enough to require treatment by a medical officer, so you are entitled to the Purple Heart. Make application for it to the Commanding Officer of the hospital.

* * *

My husband is in the Army. If I join the Army Nurse Corps, will my $50-a-month dependency allowance stop?

"Registered Nurse," Seattle, Wash.

No. A soldier's lawful wife is entitled to an allowance whether or not she depends on him for support.

* * *

Where could I obtain a copy of the G. I. Bill of Rights?

Mrs. J. E. M., Boulder, Colo.

Write the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for a copy of Public Law 346, Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944.

* * *

I served a year and a half in the Navy and was discharged in 1943 for an eye injury sustained prior to my enlistment. If I am drafted now, will my naval service count in my favor for being returned to the Navy?

J. W. E., Corcoran, Calif.

Since you have had Navy training, the examining officers would be inclined to assign you to the Navy if you met the physical requirements—but would you be likely to pass the physical examination now, having been discharged for disability two years ago?

* * *

My son was drafted into the Army in December. So far, I haven't heard from him and do not know where he is stationed. How could I find out his address?

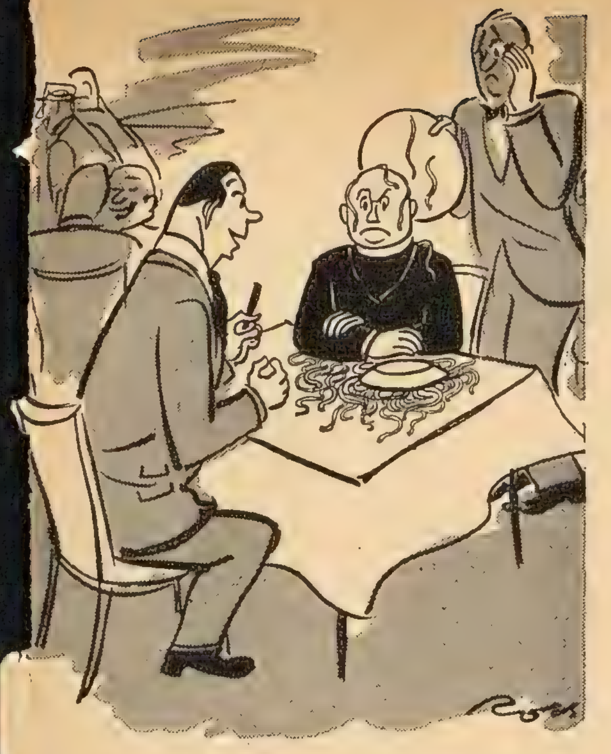
Mrs. E. L., Morgantown, W. Va.

Write the Adjutant General, Washington 25, D. C., for your son's latest address. Give his full name and his Army serial number, if you know it, and state your relationship to him, as they will give this information only to members of a soldier's family.

* * *

In the February 10 This Man's War it was the Expert Infantryman Badge that was pictured in response to a request for a picture of the Combat Infantryman Badge. As old Longfellow might have put it, art was wrong and time was fleeting!—but the accompanying *description* of the Combat Badge was O. K., and that badge happens to have been pictured in the illustration of the March 10 This Man's War.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.



"Sometimes it's a handicap, isn't it, to always have to watch your language?"

(*Continued from page 73*)

do was scamper across the stage, take a startled look at the audience, and scamper off. Topsy, of course, always got more applause than the dogs who performed difficult feats. One night Mike Todd, producer of the show, happened to see Gypsy as she left the theater with Topsy cuddled in her arm. "There," said Mike to the doorman, "go the two greatest no-talent queens in show business."

Topsy also managed to get a part in Gypsy's picture, The Belle of the Yukon. William Seiter, the director, had no intention of giving a job to Topsy. He had selected another dog, a well trained poodle who worked in pictures regularly. On the first day of production, however, Gypsy took one look at the dog and announced, "That damn pooch bit me in a picture at Fox seven years ago. I never forget a face." Topsy got the job. And proceeded to bite Seiter.

GYPSY doesn't talk much these days about the early years of her incredible career—mostly because she wants to save her best copy for her autobiography. She was born Rose Louise Hovick in Seattle, January 9, 1914. Sister June was born two years later. Shortly afterward the Hovick parents separated, and mother found herself with two little girls on her hands. When the kids were barely out of diapers, mother sent them to dancing school. Gypsy, or Louise, as she was then called, considered it a romp. But June, who had considerably less humor and considerably more talent, took it seriously. Soon mother had organized an act, known as Dainty June, The Hollywood Baby, and Her Newsboys. For three years the act played independent houses, and then mother promoted it into the big-time Keith-Orpheum circuit for a number of years.

The act was built around Dainty June. She danced, sang, and generally knocked her brains out with histrionic endeavor. Gypsy, billed as the Doll Girl, simply cruised around the stage a few times, talking a song or two, looking glamorous. During this period the girls lived the tough life of troupers. Their education was as thoroughly neglected as possible. (In Belle of the Yukon, Gypsy had a song number called Millicent De Vere in which there was a line that read, "My mother always made me go to school." "I can't say that," said Gypsy to the director; "my mother will sue me again. I can just hear her say-

(*Continued on page 77*)

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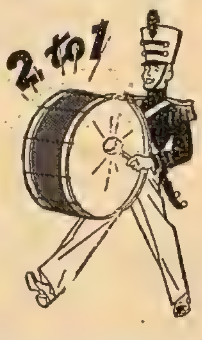
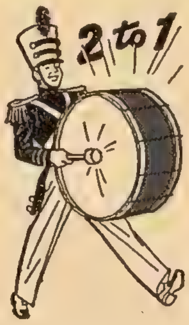
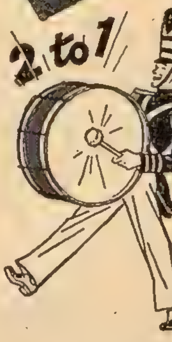


Join the Big Parade of men who are flocking to stores all over the country to accept our sensational 2 to 1 shave cream bet! Here are the terms: Either you prefer Mennen Shave Cream to *any* brand . . . OR — you get a handsome necktie! A necktie that *actually costs* Mennen $1.



Compare Mennen Shave Cream—fairly and squarely—against *any* shave cream on the market today. See if you don't agree that Mennen gives you a faster, smoother, more comfortable shave! *A cleaner shave that keeps you presentable longer! You* be the judge! Let your wife (or lady friend) be the jury.



Unless you decide — after your first trial — that you like Mennen Shave Cream better than any brand you ever used, mail us the empty carton with a letter of explanation. We'll send you the necktie posthaste, and postpaid. *We* can lose this wager . . . *but you can't!* Accept this sensational 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream — Lather or Brushless — today!

Bet expires May 31, 1945

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- Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)
- Brushless (Tube or Jar)

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MENNEN Brushless SHAVE

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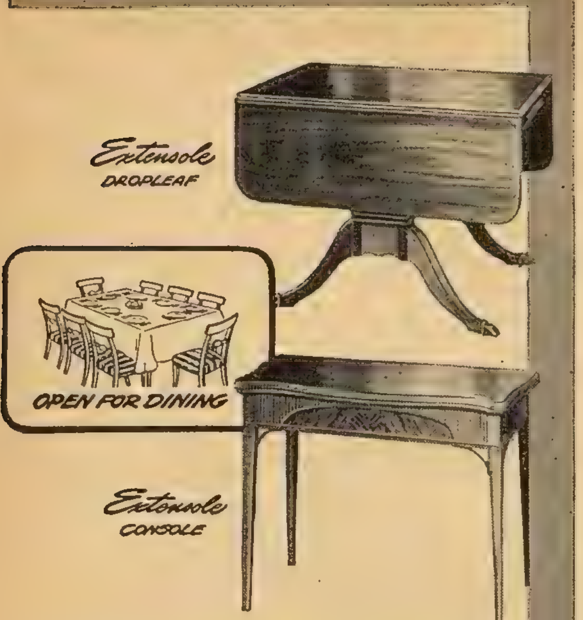

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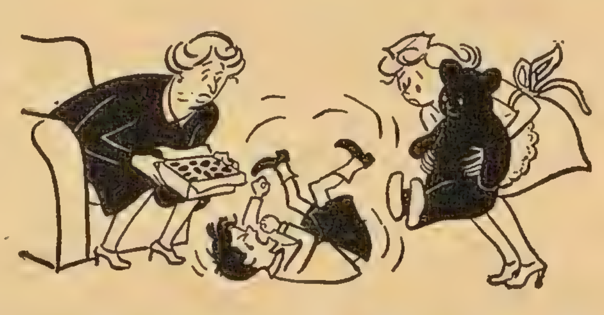
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

MOTHER COMES LAST: I'm all for the psychologists continuing to concern themselves over the happiness of the very young, and little Willie's urgent need for a sense of security; but how about a few of them getting worked up over Mother? Take an advertising friend of mine, for example, whom we shall call Selita. She finally gave up her career for the sake of Sonny, aged four, so that when he came home from kindergarten he would be met by a serene and companionable mother instead of a too-indulgent grandma and maid. The immediate result was that Sonny became so wild because of the drastic change in his retinue that the school psychologist wistfully urged his perplexed mother to call for him at twelve thirty instead of letting him stay at school till the usual closing hour of three. It was hoped thereby that the rest of the children could catch up on their peace and quiet, while Sonny was getting adjusted to Security in the shape of his attractive mommy. After a few weeks of airing him in the park and clumsily trying to help him build blocks with hands accustomed only to the typewriter, Mother reports her disposition has gone on the rocks and that she longs for the Security of a noisy, adult office. Sonny, however, is acquiring that Sense of Security which Only a Mother Can Impart. When he completes his adjustment and goes back to full-time school, his mother plans to take a rest cure.



LONG-DISTANCE SHORTAGE: W. Leroy Neubrech, chief of the pulp-and-paper unit of the Commerce Department, warns us that the paper shortage may last at least three years after the war ends in Europe. So, even when we have our optimistic moments about the return of peace and plenty, we must not relax in our determination to save all paper, from used envelopes and bags and newspapers for salvage, to wrapping paper which we can smooth out and use ourselves.

MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE: Three young ladies of New York City proved recently that they cannot be trifled with by mere men. Mrs. Simone Bramerel, cashier at the Caviar Restaurant, 18 East Forty-ninth Street, confronted with a diner who had cowed all the male help, used her telephone across his head to such good effect that he spent the subsequent three days in hospital. . . . Another obstreperous male made a mistake when he attempted to molest Mrs. Ella Bonifay on her way home. Mrs. Bonifay, whose husband is now overseas, happens to be welder, and it was but the work of moment to send the man spinning, whereupon he took to his heels. . . . Grace Lichtenstein, bookkeeper, went to the bank collect the weekly payroll. Returning wi $5,000 in a brown envelope, she enter the elevator and was followed by a ma with a gun who ordered her to hand over the money. She cuddled it quietly under her coat and snapped, "Don't you dare touch me!" The operator in the adjoining elevator by this time had returned to the main floor, where he joined his pleas with Elevator Man Number One's to give the would-be robber the cash. At this point Thug Number Two appeared and gave orders which Miss Lichtenstein likewise ignored. Then a visitor entered the lobby, and the hold-up men decided they were outnumbered, and fled.

WAX WORKS!—Textile specialists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture suggest reviving a stocking economy practiced long ago in Europe's wooden-shoe lands. They state that rubbing candle wax on the heels and toes of stockings before each wearing will make them last four times as long. If only a thin film of wax is applied, it will not complicate laundering or impair the appearance of stockings. In other words:

Rub candle wax on heel and toe,
And watch their wearing power grow!

ANOTHER WORLD: At the Ed Harrises' cocktail party recently I was one of the few non-musicians present, so I was perhaps the guest most fascinated with their lingo. My ears flapped like Dumbo's when I heard Roger White beg Lawrence Tibbett to tell him how to "sustain my G." Lawrence opined formulas weren't as easy to evolve as his suppliant's question implied, and that it took a teacher to teach. Warren Thorpe observed that a successful teacher had to express himself far better than the average mortal, and recalled a golf teacher who, after explaining in eleven different ways how to make a stroke, finally put it across on the twelfth by telling his pupil to swing as a certain dancer had swung her hips in a floor show the night before. A good singing teacher must be practically hypnotic as well as articulate, and the pupil must try to be putty in his hands. Host Harris recalled having once asked Arthur Middleton, who had retired from the concert stage, if he considered himself a good teacher, to which Mr. Middleton replied, "There *are* no good teachers—there are only good pupils."

HERE'S A SENSIBLE WAY TO RELIEVE

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Of 'CERTAIN DAYS' of the month

Helps Build Up *Resistance* Against Such Distress!

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"SM's" [pronounced S-Ems] are available *only* through properly licensed pharmacists. Never sold by mail or mail order houses. Consult your physician — purchase from your pharmacy.***S. M. Laboratories, Seattle 1, Wash.

(*Continued from page 75*)

ing in a hurt voice, 'Why, Louise, you know I never made you go to school in your life!'") Mother often had to fib about their ages to avoid serious brushes with the law. If worst came to worst, Gypsy and June went to school for a few days.

June, overworked and hating life, started having nervous breakdowns when she was ten. "June wanted to die—just for the vacation," says Gypsy. When she was thirteen, June tried to solve her problems by eloping with the tap dancer in the show.

With the family's prize package married, Gypsy stepped in and took over the act to keep mother and herself from starving. She retitled it Rose Louise and Her Hollywood Blondes, and they barnstormed around the country for a year. When the act was stranded in Kansas City a year later, an agent offered mother a chance to play the local burlesque theater. Mother was very haughty, but Gypsy, the practical one, said, "We gotta eat." The act followed the strip-tease number. When the stripteaser quit, or didn't show up one night, Gypsy went on in her place, and did a satirical take-off on her that convulsed the customers. Cast in this new role, her salary promptly jumped from seventy-five dollars to $350 a week. Somewhere along the burlesque circuit from Kansas City to Broadway, she changed her name from Louise to Gypsy Rose Lee, possibly because she was dark and liked to tell fortunes backstage with tea leaves.

BILLY MINSKY introduced Gypsy to New York in March, 1931, at his Republic Theater on Forty-second Street. She was an immediate sensation and was held over for twelve weeks, a record. There followed engagements as a show girl in Ziegfeld's Hot-Cha and Follies, George White's Scandals, and Billy Rose's Casino de Paris.

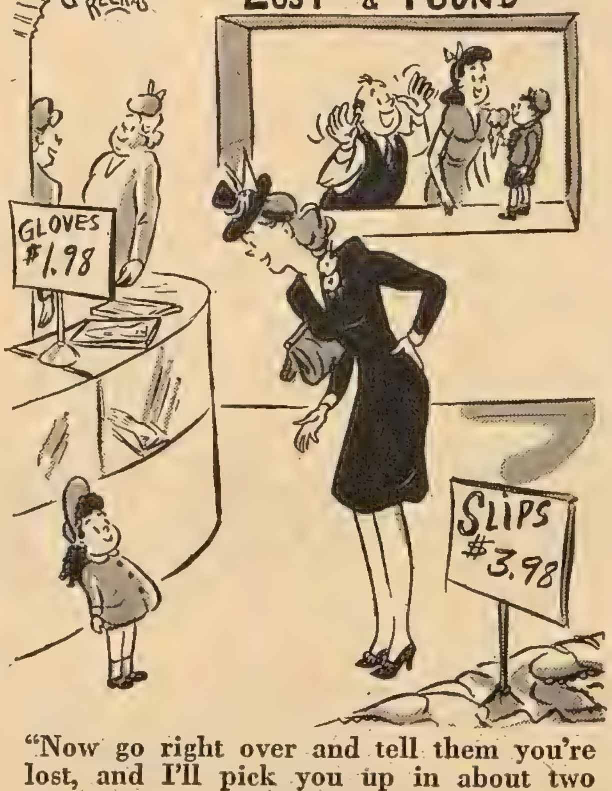
"But I was getting fed up by this time," says Gypsy. "Who the hell wants to be a white zombie!"

So back she went to burlesque in 1935, and as the star of the Irving Place house she was acclaimed in New York as "the dark young pet of burlesque," at a salary of $900 a week.

Gypsy believes that sex on the stage should be played only for laughs. "Bare flesh bores men," says Gypsy. "Black silk stockings are far more seductive than bare legs." Audiences soon caught on that Gypsy was a fraud and had no intention of giving her "all" as a stripper. "Darlings,

(*Continued on page 81*)

LOST & FOUND



"Now go right over and tell them you're lost, and I'll pick you up in about two hours!"

Easy Way to GREATER BREATHING COMFORT

USE AS A SOOTHING
REPEAT
Vicks Inhaler
Charged with
Methyl Salicylate
CHEMICAL CO.
TURN TO OPEN

Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer in Seconds!

At home, at work, no matter where you are, no matter what you are doing, this handy Vicks Inhaler is always ready to make a cold-stuffed nose feel clearer. It is packed with medication that brings greater breathing comfort in a hurry. Easy to carry in pocket or purse — and you can use it as often as needed. Try it.

VICKS INHALER

SOOTHE THROAT
So good because they're medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub.
VICKS Medicated COUGH DROPS

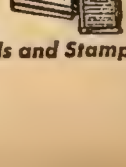
How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then *cleanse* and *soothe* them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients—safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES • REFRESHES



★ Invest in America — Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

SIX-LETTER WORD MEANING

YOU!

For a long time, many people (including some very smart ones) have been saying, “The public doesn't want war pictures.”

We disagree . . . politely, but firmly.

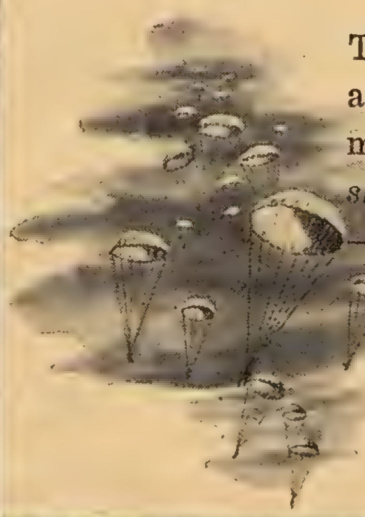
We think the American public doesn't want *second-rate* war pictures. Make a really fine, sincere, entertaining picture with a war theme, say we, and the public will welcome it with cheers.

We proved our point with “Air Force” . . . “This Is The Army” . . . “Action In The North Atlantic” . . . “Destination Tokyo.” The public (a six-letter word meaning “you”) hailed them as hits!

Now we're proving it even more conclusively, with a picture that's getting the same enthusiastic reception from audiences that it got from the *professional* critics!

For OBJECTIVE BURMA is a gloriously entertaining picture. It is also a picture that privileges you to understand a little better what goes on in the minds of several million American boys a long way from home.

That's why we're as proud of OBJECTIVE BURMA as of any Warner picture ever made. For it demonstrates once more that *“combining good picture-making with good citizenship”* is a Warner policy that continues to make good sense —and *great* entertainment!



WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

“ORCHIDS TO WARNERS' OBJECTIVE BURMA!”
Walter Winchell

“NO PHONY HEROICS . . . A STIRRING TRIBUTE TO THE MEN WHO HELPED TO RE-OPEN BURMA!”
New York Times
(T. B. M.)

“WARNER BROS. HAVE BROUGHT ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT WAR FILM TO TOWN!”
New York Herald-Tribune
(Otis L. Guernsey, Jr.)

“ONE WHALE OF A MOVIE!”
PM
(John T. McManus)

“ASTONISHINGLY FRESH!”
New York Sun
(Eileen Creelman)

“AN ALMOST PERFECT THING . . . A MASTERPIECE!”
New York Post
(Archer Winsten)

“WARNER BROS. HAVE ADDED ANOTHER TO THEIR LIST OF RECENT ACHIEVEMENTS!”
New York Daily News
(Kate Cameron)

“NO CONVENTIONAL MOVIE PLOT . . . TERRIFIC DRAMA!”
New York Journal-American
(Rose Pelswick)

“YOU CAN START YOUR 1945 LIST OF 10 BEST PICTURES RIGHT NOW WITH

OBJECTIVE, BURMA!”

New York World Telegram
(Alton Cook)

starring
ERROL FLYNN
WILLIAM PRINCE • JAMES BROWN • DICK ERDMAN
GEORGE TOBIAS • HENRY HULL • WARNER ANDERSON
Directed by RAOUL WALSH • Produced by JERRY WALD
Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall & Lester Cole • From an Original Story by Alvah Bessie • Music by Franz Waxman

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Two young officers (Walbrook and Livesey) become friends after a trumped-up duel.

COLONEL BLIMP

(Eagle Lion-United Artists)
Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr

ARTHUR RANK, one of the foremost British film producers, is notable for his hands-across-the-sea ideas. His first American release through United Artists is a fine introduction to the best in English cinema fare—sumptuously produced, beautifully colored, and full of engaging human touches which enliven a whole British panorama from the Boer War to 1943. Though the forty-year story takes a long and somewhat rambling two hours and eighteen minutes, its fascinating background of English character and tradition makes it nearly as effective as a flying trip to England.

Colonel Blimp is based on David Low's famed English cartoon character of the paunchy, mustachioed Conservative, always found airing his opinions in a luxurious Turkish bath. He's a symbol of upper-class complacency and unprogressiveness, and trusts blindly and dangerously in the "rules of the game." The career of a typical "Blimp" is shown in the life story of the youthful officer, Clive Candy (Roger Livesey), who starts out gallantly enough in the early days of his military career by dashing over to Germany on impulse and trying singlehanded to quash some disturbing anti-British propaganda. This gets him into hot water all around—with the highly charged German military faction which was already fomenting the troubles leading to the first World War, and with the nervous War Office at home. The whole escapade is anxiously hushed up and smoothed over by a ridiculous face-saving duel.

But before Clive realizes he's in love with the redheaded English governess (Deborah Kerr) whose farsighted indignation started the whole affair, he's lost her to the engaging German officer (Anton Walbrook) assigned to the duel. From now on, Clive, in typical English good-fellow fashion, keeps right on missing the boat. By 1918 he has become a bumbling elderly colonel, stodgy with the dead weight of a long military career. By 1943 he finds that England, fighting an all-out modern war, has no time for his outmoded ideas. When a brashly efficient and impertinent younger generation finally brings him to a showdown in the inevitable Turkish bath, Blimp faces up to things at last with a Gargantuan splutter.

The outstanding performances of Livesey, Anton Walbrook, and Deborah Kerr (who plays three idealized ladies in Clive's long life) do much to hold this panoramic tale together. Although the very richness of detail often obscures the idea, there's a very startling thesis hidden away in the graciously told story. Behind the failure of Blimp to keep up with the times, there's the proposition that you can't win a modern last-ditch war with "civilized" methods. That's too big a question to be defined or clarified by any moving picture—but it's certainly something to think about.

(Other review on page 80)

Years later the Englishman and the German find that wars can't change real friendship.

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

"BRING ON THE GIRLS"

Paramount, the company that gave you last year's *greatest* motion pictures,* now steps out with *this* year's most colorful package of luscious lovelies, merry music and riotous romance!

It's ankles aweigh with Veronica Lake, a sizzling cigarette girl who has everything, even cigarettes!

• • •

And here's Sonny Tufts to bowl you over with his barrel-house rhythm as he shouts,

"Bring on the Girls"

With that Conquering Hero Eddie Bracken on the receiving end for all those charmful little armfuls!

• • •

And spicy Marjorie Reynolds who really brings on the songs the way she did in the late, great "Holiday Inn."

• • •

While Johnny Coy brings on the dances!

• • •

Spring will be a little early this year, thanks to Director Sidney Lanfield, his four happy stars and those gay and glorious de-icers who bring on the sighs!

• • •

Plus Spike Jones and his City Slickers.

• • •

"Wow!" said a friend of ours. "All this and Technicolor, too!"

• • •

So when you see "BRING ON THE GIRLS" across the marquee of your favorite theatre, drop in for a joyous session of entertainment, straight from

Paramount Pictures

*Paramount won 53 out of 71 "firsts" in the national best-picture and best-star polls of 1944!

WAITERS have it

POETS have it too!

Medical reports indicate that *over one-third of the population has simple piles (hemorrhoids).* Too many people are ashamed to admit it... too many people suffer needless pain.

You can do something to relieve the itching, irritation, soreness and distress. The makers of Unguentine offer a nationally recognized product—*Unguentine Rectal Cones*—to help relieve pain, fight infection, promote healing. Use as directed. Your money back if not satisfied.

Unguentine Rectal Cones
Easy to use... sanitary... inexpensive. Twelve in a package, at drug stores, 75¢.

A Norwich Product Norwich

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: PIXACOL has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-25, Box 3583, Cleveland, Ohio

STOPS Most Rupture Worries!

C.E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer along with an ill-fitting truss? Learn about our perfected invention for most forms of reducible rupture in men, women and children. Patented air cushion softly, silently helps Nature support the weakened muscles—day and night. Thousands made happy. Weighs but a few ounces, is neat and sanitary. No stiff springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Welcome relief GUARANTEED.

Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write TODAY for full information and Free Book on Rupture! All correspondence confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 210-D State St., Marshall, Mich.

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Snow seems pretty romantic to Louise (Rosalind Russell) and her beau (Donald Woods).

ROUGHLY SPEAKING

(Warner Brothers)
Rosalind Russell, Jack Carson, Donald Woods

LOUISE RANDALL PIERSON'S blithe, best-selling autobiography arrives on the screen as a humorous and endearing but extremely long-winded movie. The author's scenario comes out rather like a two-hour confab with a loquacious and confiding lady who insists upon telling you every single thing she did for thirty-odd years, and who ends up wondering breathlessly if it all was worth the effort. But there's no doubt that her movie family is a likable clan; their ups and downs, though confusing, are often funny, touching, whimsical, and uproarious.

Louise (Rosalind Russell) had two successive husbands, five children, a lot of spunk, and plenty of struggles with outrageous fortune. Her stuffy first spouse (Donald Woods) opined that his domestic life was like living with Carrie Nation in a den of lions. Her second (Jack Carson) came jauntily into her life with a blazing Christmas tree on his head, and remained to grow roses that didn't sell, test planes that nobody bought, peddle vacuum cleaners, and make life generally exciting. Through it all the adaptable Mrs. Pierson brought up the kids, filled in with odd jobs like turning the front lawn into a parking lot, and kept up her spirits with terse comments such as wishing Plymouth Rock had fallen on the Pilgrims.

Lots of loving detail has been lavished on this family saga—so much that it almost swamps the distraught script. Nevertheless, the period atmosphere is excellent, and the fine touch of Director Michael Curtiz is evident in many of the separate scenes. Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson are convincingly jolly and affectionate, Donald Woods is good as the humorously inadequate first mate, and the raft of youngsters (shown in three separate sets) makes a pleasant if slightly overpopulated family gang.

SPECIAL MENTION

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN (20th Cen.-Fox).
Peggy Garner, Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn.
HANGOVER SQUARE (20th Century-Fox).
Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell.
OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.).
Errol Flynn, Henry Hull.
THE FIGHTING LADY (20th Century-Fox).
U. S. Navy personnel.
THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO).
Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (Columbia).
Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, Janet Blair.

"Oh, she's OLD! Almost thirty!"

At twenty, thirty seems ancient.

At thirty, forty is distant middle age.

At forty, well, it'll be a long time before you're fifty.

The point is that ten years *ahead* always seems like a long time. Yet, actually it passes "before you know it"... and you find yourself face to face with problems, opportunities, needs, that once seemed very far in the future.

This is a good thing to remember today, when you buy War Bonds to speed the winning of the war.

In ten years—*only* ten years—those bonds will bring you back $4 for every $3 you put into them today.

Think of what that money may mean to you in 1955. An education for your children... a home... maybe even retirement to the place and the life of your heart's desire.

All this your War Bonds can mean to you... if you buy all you can today and hold them to maturity.

It won't be long till 1955. Not half as long as you think.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

(*Continued from page 77*)

please don't ask me to take off any more," Gypsy, who had taken off very little, would say. "I'll catch cold. No, please. I'm embarrassed. See, I'm shivering now." The ustomers loved it.

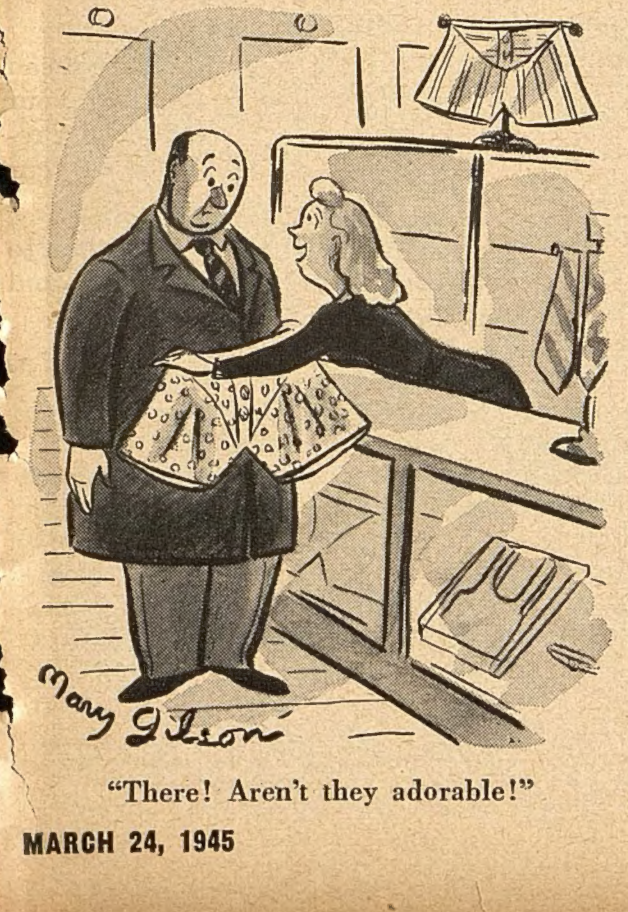
When asked about her two husbands, Gypsy says, "Both my marriages were unortunate." In 1937, when Gypsy, again alled Louise Hovick, was working in Holywood at Twentieth Century-Fox, she married Robert Mizzy, a dental-supply manufacturer. She divorced him in Chicago in 1941. A year later she married Alexander Kirkland, former Group Theater actor, at a very elaborate wedding at her farmhouse, Witchwood Manor, located "a snob's throw" from swanky Tuxedo Park, New York. Carl Van Doren was best man, and there was a goodly sprinkling of the literati. Mother Hovick jockeyed for the good camera positions and told Mrs. Kirkland, Senior, when to wet her lips.

ON her way to Hollywood last year to star in Belle of the Yukon for International Pictures, Gypsy spent three months visiting Army camps and Navy bases. She traveled in a trailer with Topsy and her secretary, Jo Healy. Needless to say, she was a great hit with the G. I.s. She brought along costumes for the boys, put on shows under any and all conditions, and finally worked herself into a fine case of pneumonia. She visited forty camps in all, twenty-seven of them after she had recovered from pneumonia.

Everything happened to Gypsy, but the high point of the tour was probably the night she slept in the makeshift officers' quarters at Fort Benning. She assumed that she had a private bath and proceeded to do her laundry. Stockings, panties, and girdles hung from everything in the bathroom. Then she discovered that she was sharing it with the officer next door. During the night this officer snored so loudly that the thin partition between the two rooms vibrated. Gypsy couldn't sleep. "Roll over, dear," she murmured, figuring that was probably what his wife would say to him.

The next morning she bumped into the officer as they were leaving the quarters. He just turned out to be a famous general, that's all. Gypsy hadn't seen so many stars since the night at the old Apollo when, beaming with personality, she missed her step and fell off the runway —knocking a man unconscious.

THE END



"There! Aren't they adorable!"

REDUCE 3 to 5 Pounds a Week Yet EAT Plenty!

Money Back Guarantee

USERS SAY

Physician Writes: "Enclosing check for 12 cans of Cal-Par."

Drops 35 pounds: "Thanks to the Cal-Par Plan I reduced from 160 to 125 lbs. I feel wonderful." Mrs. E. C., Kas. City, Mo.

Nurse Reports: "Lost 45 lbs. in 31 days; never felt better."

90 Lbs. Fat Gone: "Your Cal-Par Plan helped me redûce from 288 to 198 lbs. Friends tell me how wonderful I look. Recently I had an operation; my doctor said he never saw anyone recover so quickly." Mrs. V. E., Augusta, Kas.

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds a month and more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S. military hospital and a state public health officer. Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing a pleasure because it has NO STRICT DIETS, requires no exercises. HARMLESS, too, because it calls for no reducing drugs.

Here is Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan EXACTLY as given over the air to millions: For lunch take 2 teaspoonfuls of CAL-PAR in a glass of juice, water or any beverage. Take nothing else for lunch except a cup of coffee, if desired. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat sensibly. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure. Get a $1.25 can of CAL-PAR (30 DAYS' SUPPLY) at health food, and drug stores.

- ***NO EXERCISE!***
- ***NO REDUCING DRUGS!***
- ***ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS!***

If your dealer hasn't CAL-PAR, we will send you postpaid a special can for only $1.00. This $1.00 can is not sold at stores. Money back if not satisfied. Fill out coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today. We will also send you FREE, Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing containing important facts you ought to know including weight tables and charts of food values.

CAL-PAR Dept. 11C
685 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00 for a special CAL-PAR can, to be sent postage paid, and Dr. Parrish's booklet on reducing. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1.00 will be refunded. (C.O.D. orders accepted)

NAME..
ADDRESS.....................................
CITY..

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM

MUSCULAR ACHES

Stiff Joints • Tired Muscles • Sprains • Strains • Bruises

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

TOOTHACHE?

DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

Join the War . . .
Against Waste

A *Dry Bath* for your dog

Avoid the fuss and muss of bathing your dog by cleaning quickly, efficiently and thoroughly with Sudbury Hygienic Cleaning powder. Recommended by authorities . . . helps rid fleas and mites . . . leaves coat soft and silky. Order by mail, C. O. D. $1 plus postage for Giant size or send $1, we pay postage, Sudbury Laboratory, 986 Dutton Road, South Sudbury, Mass.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
← GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

'INVISIBLE' LIQUID

proves great success for

SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

Promptly Relieves Itching— Aids Healing!

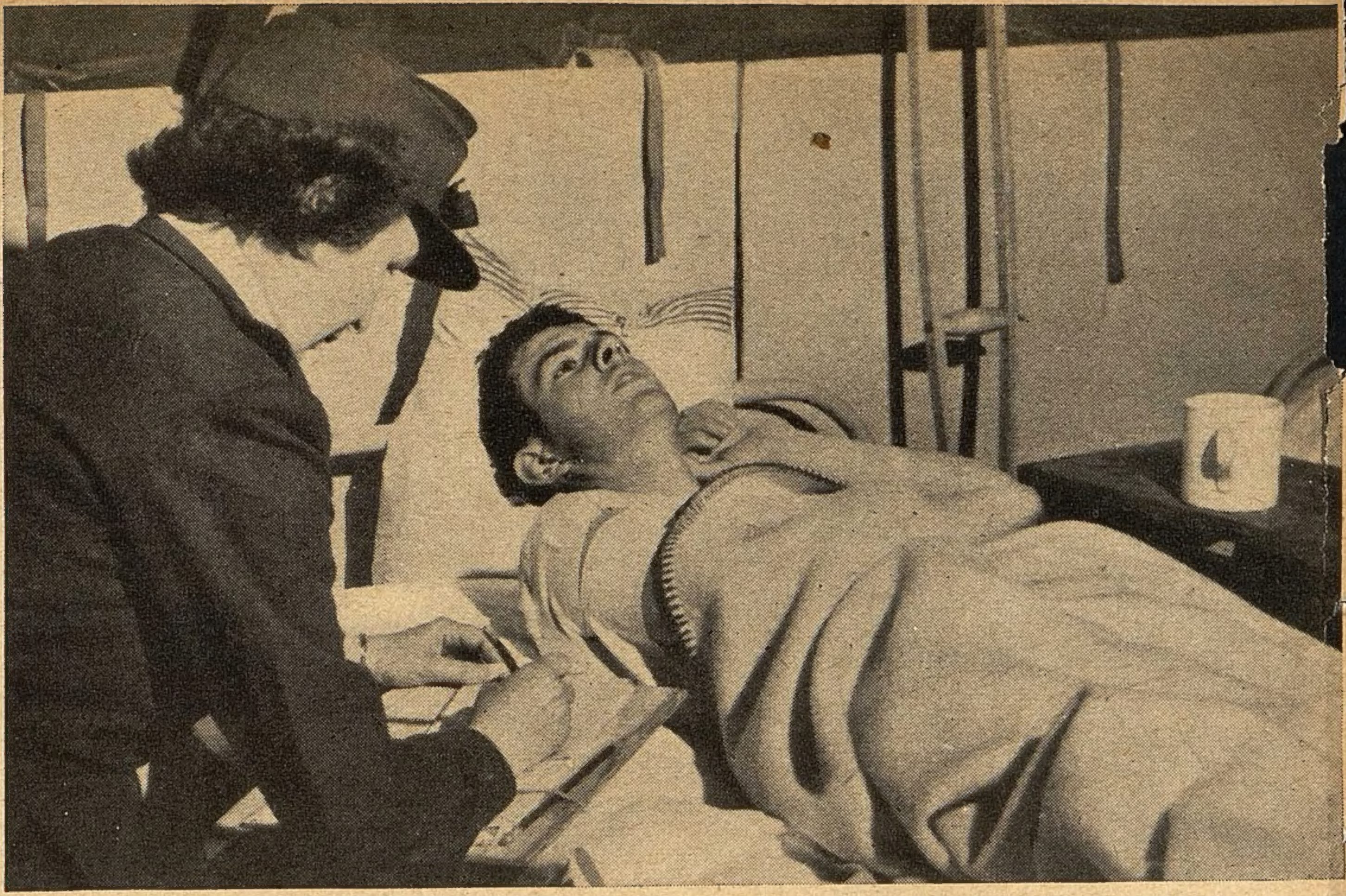
First applications of wonderful soothing, highly medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula — promptly relieve the intense itching and burning of Eczema, Psoriasis, Athlete's Foot blemishes and similar skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless, *invisible* Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. The first trial convinces! In 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases. All drugstores. → **ZEMO**

MARCH 24, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



A typical Red Cross mercy act—a worker writes a letter home for one of our wounded.

THE RED CROSS—Mercy Agent of Every American

OUR greatest organization of mercy, the American Red Cross, is now in the midst of its 1945 drive for funds. The sum of $200,000,000 is needed to carry on its greatly expanded wartime activities.

This is a lot of money. Actually, however, America spends more than this to run the war for less than one day. The money sought by the Red Cross is merely a drop in the bucket of our gigantic war expenditures.

What do we buy for this drop? Is it needed? Is it well spent? Do our people get good value for it?

Ask the servicemen—those in overseas theaters who often would have no place to go and nothing to do were it not for the clubs located in leave areas and at camps; the clubs on wheels which travel to men in isolated sectors, carrying doughnuts and coffee, magazines, comforts, games, books, and phonograph records.

Ask the wounded in the hospitals who need much more than the excellent medical care given them by the Army and Navy doctors and nurses. The Red Cross helps the wounded solve personal problems and overcome anxiety. It keeps them occupied and amused and, by bucking up their morale, helps greatly in the process of recovery.

Ask our men who are prisoners of the enemy. Without the comfort parcels sent to them through the Red Cross they would be poorly off indeed. Included are food, clothing, medicine kits, and facilities for recreation. It supplies them with news of their own home towns and keeps their families informed as to how they're getting on.

Ask the families of servicemen. The Red Cross helps them out of all sorts of trouble with which they cannot cope without aid.

Ask the Army and Navy surgeons who have seen hundreds of thousands of lives saved by the administration of blood plasma which the Red Cross collects.

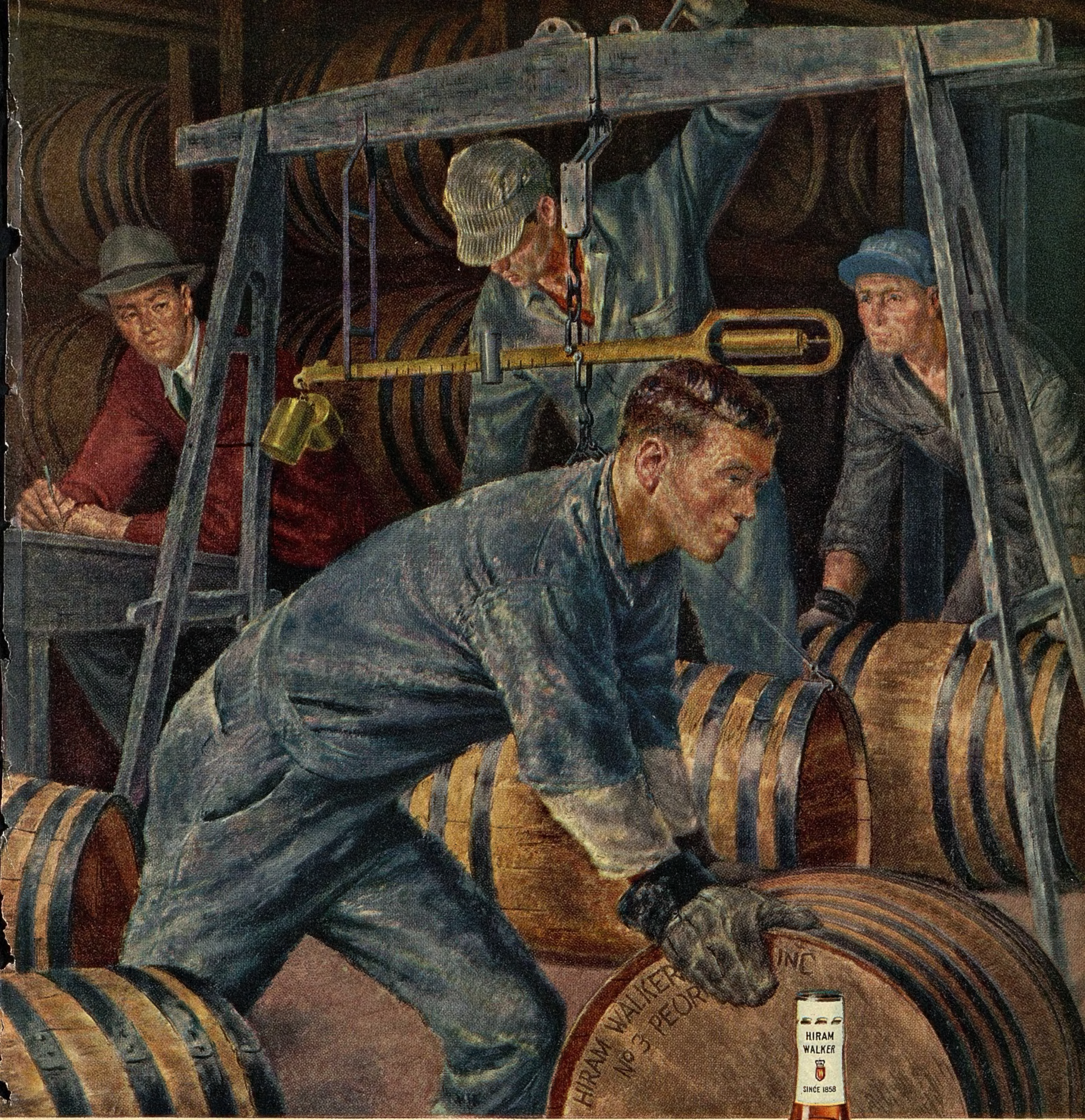
Ask the suffering millions in the countries of our allies whose bleak existence through a long nightmare of war and occupation has been made endurable by Red Cross assistance.

Ask the victims of disaster in our own land. Always the Red Cross is there to save lives and relieve suffering when flood, fire, tornado, or earthquake brings sudden death and devastation.

The Red Cross is the instrument through which all of our people can give expression to the mercy that is in our hearts. Every American can be proud of the Red Cross and its work. We can deem it a privilege to contribute to its support. As well supplied as we are today with money, we can easily afford to double or triple whatever we have given in the past.

The ways to contribute are many and easy. Give where you work or through your local Red Cross chapter. Go to the movies during the week of March 15-21, which all the nation's 16,000 theaters have designated as Red Cross Week. When the collection box comes around, put in bills, not coins. Be proud to have done your part to help the Red Cross meet the ever increasing demands being made upon its facilities as the war winds to a conclusion and more wounded fill our hospitals, more destitute refugees are liberated, and more and more tragedy comes to light in this very tragic world.

Paul Hunter


HIRAM WALKER
No 3 PEORIA
INC

"Weighing the Aged Whiskey"—painted at the distillery by Joseph Hirsch

87 years at fine whiskey-making makes this whiskey good.

It's as hard to describe fine whiskey as it is to make it—you must judge the mellow goodness of Imperial by your own standards. Hiram Walker's whiskey-wisdom, learned through all the years since 1858, makes the difference you'll enjoy.

IMPERIAL

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

HIRAM
WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

It takes barrels of money to win a war. It takes all the money you can put into war bonds. Buy more . . . hold them!

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker and Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

All-American Taste

PERHAPS baked beans were first prepared by a Boston genius... but today, you'll find them on the finest menus from Bangor to Seattle, New Orleans to St. Paul.

Seagram's 5 Crown is also an all-American favorite. To give it superb flavor, only the finest whiskies are blended with grain neutral spirits distilled especially for blending. Every drop is *true pre-war quality* ...worthy of Seagram's 88-year-old tradition of craftsmanship.

Think of this when you buy. Good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
Seagram's

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York